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THE ISLE OF PEACE.

THE Isle of Peace lies cradled in the wide arms of a noble bay. Fifteen miles long and from four to five miles in width, its shape is not unlike that of an heraldic dragon, laid at ease in the blue waters, with head pointed to the south-west. From this head to the jutting cape which does duty as the left claw of the beast, the shore is a succession of bold cliffs, broken by coves and stretches of rocky shingle, and in two places by magnificent curving beaches, upon which a perpetual surf foams and thunders. Parallel ridges or low hills run back from the sea. Between these lie ferny valleys, where wild roses grow in thickets, and such shy flowers as love solitude and a sheltered situation spread a carpet for the spring and early summer. On the farther uplands are thrifty farms, set amid orchards of wind-blown trees. Ravines, each with its thread of brook, cut their way from these higher levels to the water-line. Fleets of lilies whiten the ponds, of which there are many on the island; and over all the scene, softening every outline, tinging and changing the sunlight, and creating a thousand beautiful effects forever unexpected and forever renewed, hangs a thin veil of shifting mist. This the sea-wind, as it journeys to and fro, lifts and drops, and lifts again, as one raises a curtain to look in at the slumber of a child, and, having looked, noiselessly lets it fall.

The Indians, with that fine occasional instinct which is in such odd contrast to other of their characteristics, gave the place its pretty name. Aquidneck, the Isle of Peace, they called it. To modern men it is known as the Island of Rhode Island, made famous the land over by the town built on its seaward extremity—the town of Newport.

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It is an old town, and its history dates back to the early days of the New England colony. City it calls itself, but one loves better to think of it as a town, just as the word "avenue," now so popular, is in some minds forever translated into the simpler equivalent, "street." As the veiling mists gather and shift, and then, caught by the outgoing breeze, float seaward again, we catch glimpses, framed, as it were, between the centuries, quaint, oddly differing from each other, but full of interest. The earliest of these glimpses dates back to an April morning in 1524. There is the cliff line, the surf, the grassy capes tinged with sun, and in the sheltered bay, a strange little vessel is dropping her anchor. It is the caravel of Vezzerano, pioneer of French explorers in these northern waters, and first of that great tide of "summer visitors," which has since followed in his wake. How he was received and by whom, Mr. Parkman tells us:

"Following the shores of Long Island, they came first to Block Island, and thence to the harbor of Newport. Here they staid fifteen days, most courteously received by the inhabitants. Among others, appeared two chiefs, gorgeously arrayed in painted deer-skins; kings, as Vezzerano calls them, with attendant gentlemen; while a party of squaws in a canoe, kept by their jealous lords at a safe distance, figure in the narrative as the queen and her maids. The Indian wardrobe had been taxed to its utmost to do the strangers honor,—coffee bracelets and wampum collars, lynx-skins, raccoon-skins, and faces bedaubed with gaudy colors.

"Again they spread their sails, and on the fifth of May bade farewell to the primitive hospitalities of Newport."

Wampum and coffee bracelets are gone out of fashion since then, the application

\* "Pioneers of France in the New World."

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of "gaudy color" to faces, though not altogether done away with, is differently practiced and to better effect, and squaws are no longer relegated by their jealous lords to separate and distant canoes; but the repu-



SOME CURIOUS THINGS TO BE SEEN IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.

tation for hospitality so early won, Newport still retains, as many a traveler since Vezzerano has had occasion to testify. And still, when the early summer-tide announces the approach of strangers, her inhabitants, decking themselves in their best and bravest, go forth to welcome and to "courteously entreat" all new arrivals.

Again the mist lifts and reveals another picture. Two centuries have passed. The sachems and their squaws have vanished, and on the hill-slope where once their lodges stood a town has sprung up. Warehouses line the shores and wharves, at which lie whalers and merchantmen loading and discharging their cargoes. A large proportion of black faces appear among the passers-by in the streets, and many straight-skirted coats, broad-brimmed hats, gowns of sober hue, and poke-bonnets of drab. Friends abound, as well as negroes, not to mention Jews, Moravians, Presbyterians, and "Six Principle" and "Seven Principle" Baptists; for, under the mild fostering of Roger Williams, Newport has become a city of refuge to religious malcontents of every persuasion. All the population, however, is not of like sobriety. A "rage for finery" distinguishes the aristocracy of the island, and silk-stockinged gentlemen, with scarlet coats and swords, silver-buckled shoes and lace ruffles, may be seen in abundance, exchange-

ing stately greetings with ladies in brocades and hoops, as they pass to and fro between the decorous gambrel-roofed houses or lift the brazen knockers of the street-doors. It is a Saint's-Day, and on the hill above, in a quaint edifice of white-painted wood, with Queen Anne's royal crown and a gilded pennon on its spire, the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, missionary of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is conducting the service in Trinity Church. The sermon begins, but is interrupted by a messenger who hurries in with a letter, which he hands to the divine in the pulpit. The clergyman reads it aloud to his audience, pronounces a rapid benediction, and "wardens, vestry, church, and congregation" crowd to the ferry-wharf, off which lies a "pretty large ship," just come to anchor. A boat rows to the shore, from which alights a gentleman "of middle stature, and an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect," wearing the canonicals of an English dean. He leads by the hand a lady; three other gentlemen follow in their company. The new arrival is George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, philosopher and scholar, who, on his way to Bermuda with the project of there planting an ideally perfect university, "for the instruction of the youth of America" (!) has chosen Rhode Island as a suitable vantage-point from which to organize and direct the new undertaking. His companions are his newly married wife and three "learned and elegant friends," Sir John James, Richard Dalton, and the artist Smibert. Not every Saint's-Day brings such voyagers to Newport from over the sea. No wonder that Trinity Church services are interrupted, and that preacher and congregation crowd to the wharf to do the strangers honor!

The Berkeley party spent the first few months of their stay in the town of Newport, whence the Dean made short excursions to what Mrs. Berkeley terms "the Continent," meaning the main-land opposite. Toward the close of their first summer, James, Dalton, and Smibert removed to Boston, and the Berkeley family to a farm in the interior of the island, which the Dean had purchased and on which he had built a house. This house still exists, and is still known by the name of Whitehall, given it by its loyal owner in remembrance of the ancient palace of the kings of England.

The estate, which comprised less than a



hundred acres, lies in a grassy valley to the south of Honeyman's Hill, and about two miles back from what is now known as "The Second Beach." It commands no "view" whatever. Dean Berkeley, when asked why he did not choose a site from which more could be seen, is said to have replied that "if a prospect were continually in view it would lose its charm." His favorite walk was toward the sea, and he is supposed to have made an outdoor study of a rocky shelf, overhung by a cliff cornice, on the face of a hill-ridge fronting the beach, which shelf is still known as "Bishop Berkeley's Rock."

Three years the peaceful life of Whitehall

with fatal clearness of meaning, that if Dean Berkeley was waiting in Rhode Island for twenty thousand pounds of the public money to be got out of *his* exchequer, he might as well return to Europe without further loss of time. The bubble was indeed broken, and Berkeley, brave still and resolutely patient under this heavy blow, prepared for departure. His books he left as a gift to the library of Yale College, and his farm of Whitehall was made over to the same institution, to found three scholarships for the encouragement of Greek and Latin study. These bequests arranged, his wife and their one remaining child sailed for Ireland. There, a bishopric, and twenty years of use-



WHITEHALL, BISHOP BERKELEY'S RESIDENCE.

continued. Two children were born to the Bishop, one of whom died in infancy. The house was a place of meeting for all the missionaries of the island, as well as for the more thoughtful and cultivated of the Newport society. At last, in the winter of 1730, came the crisis of the Bermuda scheme. Land had been purchased, the grant of money half promised by the English Government was due. But the persuasive charm of the founder of the enterprise was no longer at hand to influence those who had the power to make or mar the project; and Sir Robert Walpole, with that sturdy indifference to pledge, or to other people's convenience, which distinguished him, intimated

ful and honorable labor, awaited him, and the brief dream of Rhode Island must soon have seemed a dream indeed. Few vestiges remain now of his residence,—the shabby farm-house once his home, the chair in which he sat to write, a few books and papers, the organ presented by him to Trinity Church, a big family portrait by Smibert, and, appealing more strongly to the imagination than these, the memory of his distinguished name as a friend of American letters, still preserved by scholarship or foundation in many institutions of learning—and the little grave in Trinity churchyard, where, on the south side of the Kay Monument, sleeps "Lucia Berkeley, daugh-



PURGATORY.

ter of Dean Berkeley, *obit* the fifth of September, 1731."

The traveler who to-day is desirous of visiting Whitehall may reach it by the delightful way of the beaches. Rounding the long curve of the First Beach, with its dressing-houses and tents, its crowd of carriages and swarms of gayly clad bathers, and climbing the hill at the far end, he will find himself directly above the lonely but far more beautiful Second Beach. Immediately before him, to the left, he will see Bishop Berkeley's Rock, with its cliff-hung shelf, and beyond, the soft outlines of Sachuest Point, the narrow blue of the East Passage, and a strip of sunlit main-land. The breezy perch where "Alciphron" was written is on the sea-face of one of the parallel rock-formations which, with their interven-

ing valleys, make up the region known as "Paradise Rocks." Near by, in the line of low cliffs which bounds the beach to the southward, is the chasm called "Purgatory," a vertical fissure some fifty feet in depth, into which, under certain conditions of wind and tide, the water rushes with great force and is sucked out with a hollow boom, which is sufficiently frightful to explain the name selected for the spot. The rocks which make up the cliffs are in great part conglomerate of soft shades of purple and reddish gray. Beyond, the white beach glistens in the sun. The sand-dunes which bound it are yellow, the salt marshes behind them stretch in fields of umber and vivid glances of green. The stillness of utter peace seems to rest over the spot, broken only by the dash of surf and the calling

sea-birds ; it is difficult to realize that only a mile or two distant is one of the gayest watering-places in America, and a throng of pleasure-seekers to whom quiet is a distasteful and undesired thing.

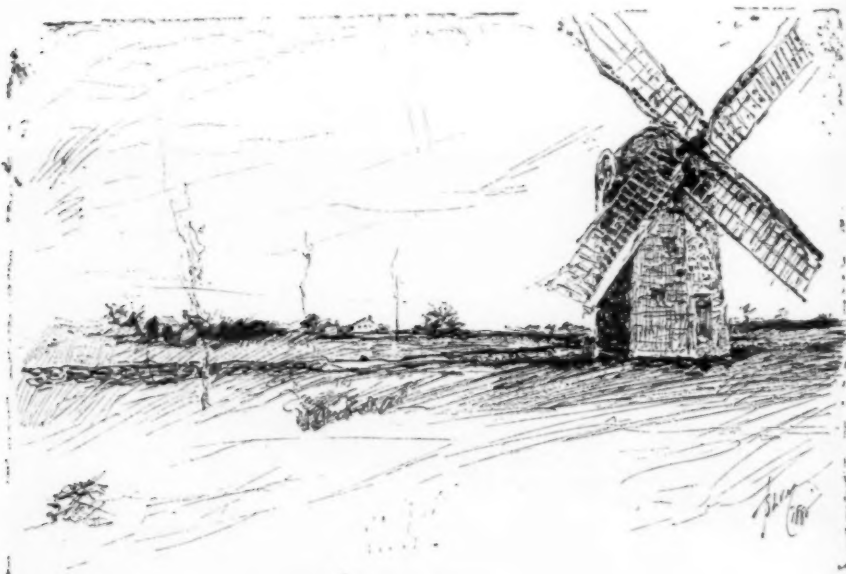
sea-weed, that harvest which, ripening without labor, is neither bought nor sold, is setting inshore under the urgings of wind and tide, and scores of farmers have crowded to the spot to gather it. An artist could



GATHERING SEA-WEED.

But the Second Beach is not always so quiet. It may easily happen that the pilgrim to Whitehall, topping the hill on a brilliant autumn morning, shall come upon a scene in which quiet plays no part. The

hardly wish a better subject for his pencil than one of these wild harvestings. The plunging horses, forced far out into the surf, their slow return, half swimming, half wading, dragging the heavily loaded rakes



AN ISLAND WINDMILL.

which leave behind them a long furrow of foam, the heaped-up kelp glistening in the sunshine, the oxen, yoked by fours, waiting for their load, the shouts of the men, the dash, the excitement, and beyond and above all, the wonderful blues and iridescent greens which are the peculiar property of Newport waters and the Newport sky. To the left, the white road curves on past farm-houses and "cottages of gentility." Farther away on the valley slope, the slow sails of a windmill revolve and flash, casting a flying shadow over the grass. A mile farther, and the road, making a turn, is joined to the right by what seems to be a farm-lane shut off by gates. This is the entrance to Whitehall. The house can be dimly made out from the road—a low, square building with a lean-to and a long steep-pitch of roof, fronting on a small garden overgrown with fruit-trees. The present owner holds it from the college under what may truly be called a long lease, as it has still some eight hundred and odd years to run. He has built a house near by, for his own occupation, and alas! has removed thither the last bit that remained of the decorative art of the old Whitehall, namely, the band of quaint Dutch tiles which once surrounded the chimney-piece of the parlor. But the parlor remains unchanged, with its low ceil-

ing and uneven floor; the old staircase is there, the old trees, and, spite of the tooth of time and the worse spoliation of man, enough is left to hint at the days of its early repute and to make the place worth a visit.

One more glimpse through the mist before we come to the new times of this our Isle of Peace. It is just half a century since Berkeley, his baffled scheme heavy at his heart, set sail for Ireland. The fog is unusually thick, and lies like a fleece of wool over the sea. Absolutely nothing can be seen, but strange sounds come borne on the wind from the direction of Block Island—dull reports as of cannon signals; and the inhabitants of Newport prick up their ears and strain their eyes with a mixture of hope and terror; for the French fleet is looked for; English cruisers have been seen or suspected hovering round the coast, and who knows but a naval engagement is taking place at that very moment. By and by the fog lifts, with that fantastic deliberation which distinguishes its movements, and presently stately shapes whiten the blue, and, gradually nearing, reveal themselves as the frigates *Surveillante*, *Amazone*, and *Guépe*, *The Duke of Burgundy*, and *The Neptune*, "doubly sheathed with copper"; *The Conquerant*, *The Provence*, *The Eveillé*, also

"doubly sheathed with copper"; *The Lazon* and *The Ardent*, conveying a host of transports and store-ships; with General Rochambeau and his officers on board, besides the regiments of Bourbonnais, Soissonais, Sain-tonge, and Royal Deux Ponts, five hundred artillerists and six hundred of Lauzan's Legion, all come to aid the infant United States, then in the fourth year of their struggle for independence. Never was reinforcement more timely or more ardently desired. We may be sure that all Newport ran out to greet the new arrivals. Among the other officers who landed on that eventful eleventh of July, was Claude Blanchard, commissary-in-chief of the French forces—an important man enough to the expedition, but very little important now, except for the lucky fact that he kept a journal,—which journal, recently published, gives a better and more detailed account of affairs at that time and place than any one else has afforded us.

It is from Blanchard that we learn of the three months' voyage: of sighting now and again the vessels of the English squadron; of the Chevalier de Fernay's refusal to engage them, he being intent on the safe conduct of his convoy; of the consequent heart-burnings and reproaches of his captains, which, together with the stings of his own wounded pride, resulted in a fever, and subsequently in his death, recorded on the tablet which now adorns the vestibule of Trinity Church. The town was illuminated in honor of the fleet. "A small but handsome town," says Blanchard, "and the houses, though mostly of wood, are of an agreeable shape."

The first work of the newly arrived allies was to restore the redoubts which the English had dismantled and in great part destroyed. It was at this time that the first fort on the Dumplings, and the original Fort Adams, on Brenton's Reef, were built. The excellent Blanchard meanwhile continues his observations on climate, society, and local customs.

One of his criticisms on the national characteristics strikes us oddly now, yet has its interest as denoting the natural drift and result of the employment of a debased currency.

"The Americans are slow, and do not decide promptly in matters of business," he observes. "It is not easy for us to rely upon their promises. They love money, and *hard* money; it is thus they designate specie to distinguish it from paper money, which loses prodigiously. This loss varies according to circumstances and according to the provinces."

Later, we hear of dinners and diners:

"They do not eat soups, and do not serve up ragouts at their dinners, but boiled and roast, and much vegetables. They drink nothing but cider and Madeira wine with water. The dessert is composed of preserved quinces and pickled sorrel. The Americans eat the latter with the meat. They do not take coffee immediately after dinner, but it is served three or four hours afterward with tea; this coffee is weak, and four or five cups are not equal to one of ours; so that they take many of them. The tea, on the contrary, is very strong. Breakfast is an important affair with them. Besides tea and coffee, they put on table roasted meats, with butter, pies and ham; nevertheless they sup, and in the afternoon they again take tea. Thus the Americans are almost always at table; and as they have little to occupy them, as they go out little in winter, and spend whole days alongside their fires and their wives, without reading and without doing anything, going to table is a relief and a preventive of *ennui*. Yet they are not great eaters."

On the 5th of March, 1781, General Washington arrived in Newport. Blanchard



FORT DUMPLING.

thus records his first impressions of the commander-in-chief:

"His face is handsome, noble, and mild. He is tall—at the least, five feet eight inches (French measure). In the evening, I was at supper with him. I mark, as a fortunate day, that in which I have been able to behold a man so truly great."





OLD FARM-HOUSE, NEWPORT ISLAND.

Following the close of the war came a period of great business depression, in which Newport heavily shared. The British, during their occupation of the town, had done much to injure it. Nearly a thousand buildings were destroyed by them on the island; fruit and shade trees were cut down, the churches were used as barracks, and the Redwood Library was despoiled of its more valuable books. Commerce was dead; the suppression of the slave-trade reduced many to poverty, and the curse of paper money—to which Rhode Island clung after other States had abandoned it—poisoned the very springs of public credit. Brissot de Warville, in the record of his journey “performed” through the United States in 1788, draws this melancholy picture of Newport at that time:

“Since the peace, everything is changed. The reign of solitude is only interrupted by groups of idle men standing, with folded arms, at the corners of the streets: houses falling to ruin; miserable shops, which present nothing but a few coarse stuffs, or baskets of apples, and other articles of little value; grass growing in the public square, in front of the court of justice; rags stuffed in the windows, or hung upon hideous women and lean, unquiet children.

ten years later, calls the place “*cette ville triste et basse*,” and further ventures on this remarkable criticism of its salubrity:

“The healthfulness of the city of Newport and its environs is doubtless the result of the brilliancy and coolness of its climate, but this coolness proves fatal to its younger inhabitants, and the number of young men, and, above all, of young women, who die yearly of consumption is considerable. It is noteworthy that the inscriptions on the tombstones in the cemetery indicate in almost all cases that the person interred is either very young or very old—either less than twenty years of age or more than seventy.”

Whether this statement of Count Rochefoucauld's bears the test of examination would be impossible now to determine, for the century since his visit has made changes in the city of the dead as marked as those effected in the city of the living. But the “cool and brilliant air” with which he finds fault has since been proved by many invalids to be full of health-giving properties. Consumptives are more often sent to Newport for cure, nowadays, than away from it. Asthma, diseases of the chest and throat, nervous disorders, insomnia, excitability of brain, are in many cases sensibly benefited by the island climate, which, however, is less “brilliant” than

Count Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, writing

sedative. This is attributed to the relaxing effects of the Gulf Stream, which is popularly supposed to make an opportune bend toward the shore and to produce a quality of air quite different from that of other New England sea-side climates. Whatever may be the truth as to the bend of this obliging current, it is certain that something has given to the place an exceptional climate, pure, free from malaria, and exempt equally from the fiercer heats of summer and the severer colds of winter. Much has been done during the past twenty years to counterbalance these great advantages. The drainage of the place is in an inchoate and primitive condition, population has increased with no adequate increase of sanitary provision, and there is an almost amusingly strong distaste and disbelief in the necessity of improvement. But, spite of these drawbacks, the town is so happy in its situation and in the torrent of splendid sea-wind which blows continually over it, that it still retains and deserves its reputation as a healthful place, and the next decade will doubtless see it put beyond danger or suspicion of danger.

It was not till about the year 1830 that the true source of Newport's prosperity was realized to be her climate. Since then she has become more and more the Mecca of pilgrims from all parts of the country. Year by year, the town has spread and broadened, stretching out wide arms to include distant coigns of vantage, until now the summer city covers some miles in extent, and land, unsalable in the early part of the century, and but twenty years ago commanding little more than the price of a Western farmstead, is now valued at from ten to fourteen thousand dollars an acre! Every year adds to the number of cottages and villas and to the provision made for the accommodation of strangers. The census, which in winter counts up to less than seventeen thousand, is, during the four months of "the season," swelled by the addition of thousands of strangers, many of whom are, in a manner, residents of the place, owning property and paying taxes. A large number of these partial residents make their season a long one, giving nearly or quite half the year to their sea-side homes, and every winter brings an increasingly greater number of new-comers to replace the summer absentees; so that, taking the year through, society in Newport possesses an unique variety and charm. With much of the freedom and simplicity of the

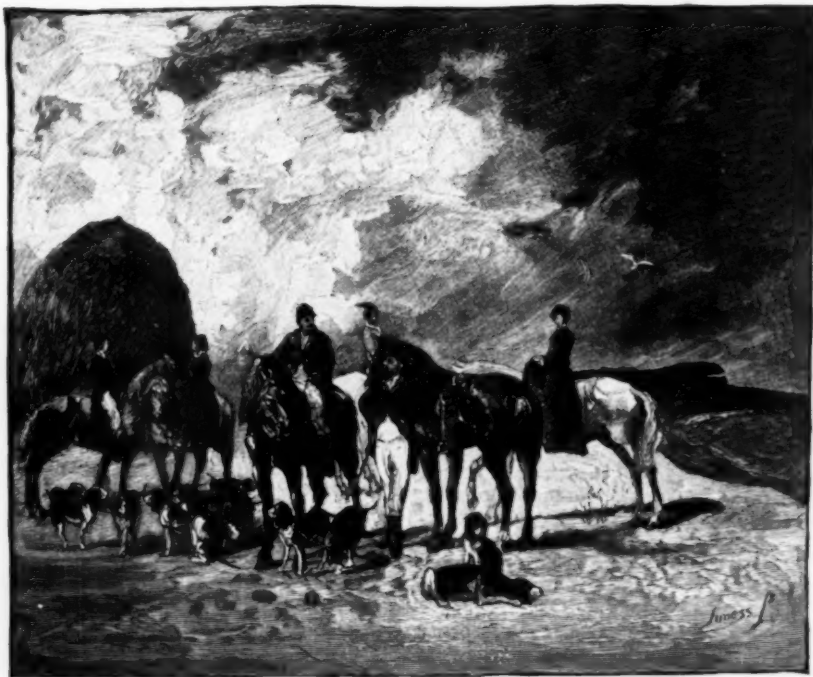
country in its out-of-season habits, there is nothing of the narrow dullness inevitable to most small communities, and the fact that its members, in great part, belong to and are in alliance with the larger cities, gives a vivacity and range of interest to their occupations and amusements which it would be hard to match in any other American town of the same size.

Newport, as it appears to its crowd of



CLOCK-TOWER OF THE CASINO.

summer visitors, is so well known as hardly to require description. The most famous, perhaps, of American watering-places, it is distinctly the most elegant. There is very little of the hotel life which is so prominent a feature of Saratoga, and our other springs and spas. It was tried, but it failed. One by one, the big caravansaries, with their piazzas and bands, their "hops" and crowds of dressy idlers, have been taken down piecemeal, to make part and parcel of smaller houses, or, in some cases, ignomin-



THE MEET.

iously sold for fire-wood. The Ocean House alone remains to represent this phase of accommodation. For differing tastes, there are lodgings of every grade of comfort and elegance—apartments, houses, half-houses—to be had on the terms of home-like seclusion, with everything from cook to candles furnished from the outside, besides scores of cottages and villas of all sizes, situations, and prices to be let furnished. In this way, Newport, even in the height of the season, is a congregation of homes, and a large proportion of visitors preserve their domestic privacy, living in their own hired houses, dispensing and receiving hospitalities. It is this fact, perhaps, more than any other, which makes her personality so distinct and so unlike that of the customary "resort," with its crowd, and noise, and glare, its impossibility of separateness, its unrefined display, and absolute discomfort.

The amusements of Newport, in the season, are many and various. First and foremost should be named the Casino, a new feature, but already a most important one. This charming place, which is both

like and unlike the conversation halls which, in Europe, bear the same name, is built on the Avenue not far from the Ocean House. Its aspect from the street is that of a low, picturesque façade, two stories in height, in the old English style, of brick and olive-painted wood, quaintly shingled and oddly carved, with wide casement windows, and here and there a touch of gilding. A single year has toned its color down to a delightful oldness, which would do no discredit to a street in Chester or Coventry. A broad entrance-hall in the middle of the building leads to an inner quadrangle, turfed and set with flower-beds, in the midst of which rises a splashing fountain. Above and below, on the street side of this quadrangle, are club-rooms and offices, broken by a picturesque clock-tower. To right and left are more club-rooms, a restaurant, reading, dining, and smoking rooms; dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen; smaller saloons, where entertainments may be given; and kitchens, wisely ordered on the second floors, where their noises and smells can annoy no one.

The fourth side of the quadrangle is filled with a double curve of roofed galleries, two stories in height, where ladies sit the morning long, work in hand, chatting with their friends, enjoying the smell of the spray-freshened flowers, and listening to the music of the band. Beyond this first quadrangle lies another and wider one, edged with trees and shrubberies, past which winds the carriage-drive from an entrance at the back. This lawn is devoted to open-air tennis. At its far end is another long building, in which are racket-courts, bowling-alleys, and a beautiful ball-room, fitted up with a stage and all appurtenances for private theatricals. It will be seen how many and how various tastes may be served by a building of this sort.

Polo play, and sitting by to see polo played, are among the other favorite Newport amusements. Still another is to ride or drive to the meets of the Queen's County Hunt, which, in the latter part of the season, has a run about twice a week. Foxes are not too plentiful in the island, and there are days when the hounds are forced—*faute de mieux*—to follow a trail of anise-seed, instead of their more legitimate scent. But the pace, the jumping, and the chance of broken bones are equally good; and, as Reynard does not complain, and no baby in act of being soothed of its infant

ailment by the mild infusion which does duty as scent, has as yet fallen a prey to the mistaken ferocity of the pack, there seems no reason to cavil. Ladies often join in the sport.

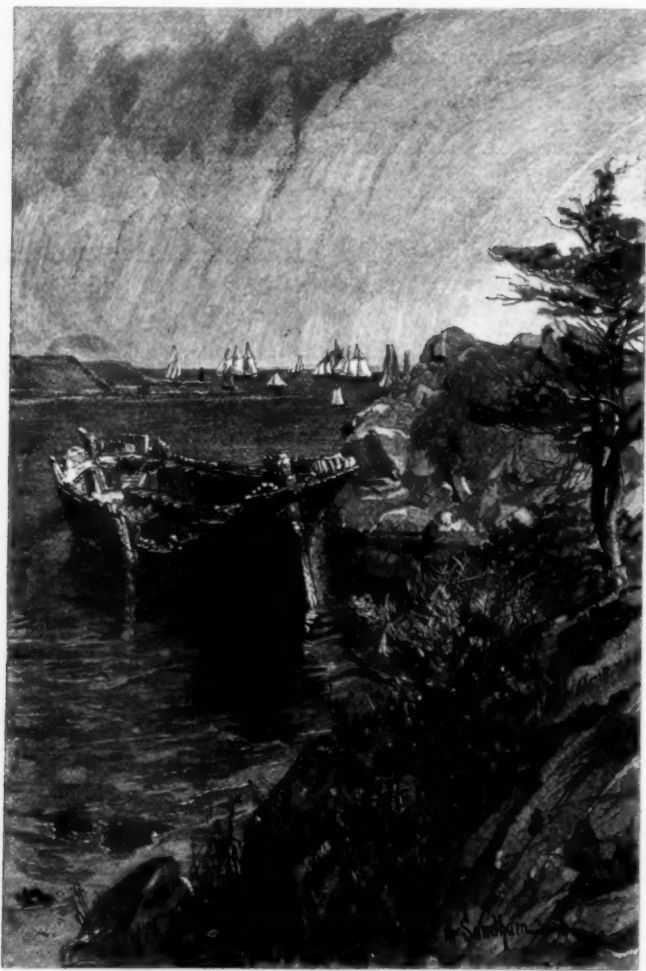
The Fort music is another bi-weekly pleasure, involving as it does the pretty drive round the southernmost curve of the bay, with the villa-crowned slopes of Halidon Hill on one hand, and on the other the wide outlook of blue water, broken by many islands. Close by is the tiny rock with its time-washed light-house, where dwells the brave Ida Lewis, heroine of so much daring adventure, and beyond stretches the long point of Brenton's Reef, surmounted by the



LIME-ROCK LIGHT—THE HOME OF IDA LEWIS.

casemates and smooth glacis of Fort Adams. In the deep point of the inner cove lie the wrecks of two ships, one of them an abandoned slaver, drifted many years since into this quiet harbor, and gradually breaking to

and the celebrated ocean drive, which for nine miles follows the sinuosities of the shore from Bailey's Beach to Brenton's Cove, there are others less famous, but no less enjoyable: the drive over the two



WRECK OF A SLAVER.

pieces under the slow, untiring touches of wind and tide. Only the ribs now remain; they lie, black, skeleton-like shapes, reflected in the tranquil waters of the cove—a perpetual pleasure to such artist eyes as take pleasure in contrast and happy accidents.

Besides the fashionable Bellevue Avenue,

beaches, for example, and out to the long end of Sachuest Point, through gaps in stone-walls and across fields of grain, by overgrown tracks, where wild flowers and tall, nodding grass half bury the wheels; or the drives to Coddington's Cove, to the Glen, to Lawton's Valley, or along the shore





OLD ORCHARD.

of the eastern passage. These inland drives afford constant characteristic glimpses. Many of the farms are old. Now and again you come upon country-seats dating back to the last century, and embowered amid historic elms or lindens. There is always good chance of catching glimpses of a windmill, that inevitably picturesque shape, and the certainty of old apple-orchards. The apple-orchards of the Isle of Peace have an unusual character of their own. Low, thickly growing, with densely interlaced branches and gnarled trunks, twisted into strange shapes by the scourging winds, they are as solemn of aspect, as full of intense and passionate expression, as groves of olive. Contrast is one of the charms of Newport Island, and every turn affords it: on one side the repose and the quaint peace of old stability and habitual simplicity; on the other the whirl and dazzle and directed movement of modern life and modern luxury in its most splendid and pronounced development.

For those who prefer sailing to driving, the beautiful harbor of Newport affords a daily delight. At the close of a summer's day, when sky and water and shore are bathed in a soft mist of radi-

ance, which is more like magic than reality, nothing can be more charming than to flit with a favoring wind past the shores of Canonicut, and so out to Beaver Tail. The water in the little inlets and fiords of the rocky coast lies still and blue—blue as ultramarine; but farther out in the glancing tide-way, all other jewels, opal and tourmaline, and sapphire and diamond, seem melted and fusing, and running a race together. Above, on the rocky headland, is the ruin of the Dumplings' Fort. Yachts come sailing in from the sea—proud, beautiful shapes, their sails shining against the sunset. As the dusk deepens, light-houses flash into view



THE KETTLE BOTTOM.

on distant points, their revolving lamps throwing a beam, now red, now gold,—

“Petal by petal each fiery rose,  
Out of the darkness buds and grows,”—

while, noiseless as white-winged moths, the fishing-boats flit in for the night. And, perhaps, just where the sunset lies on the water with loveliest pink, you may come upon a huge rock-table, set in a wild confusion of waves and spray, on and about which innumerable black forms of sea-birds perch and flap, flecking the surf with their wings, and filling the air with strange, wild cries. “Cormorants,” the old fishermen call these birds, and their favorite rock, the “Kettle Bottom” by name, is rarely found without them.

The Cliff-walk, with its four miles right of way through carefully kept private grounds, and its fine effects of rocks, and surf, and precipice, is another of the pleasures of Newport. It ends at the boat-house close to Bailey’s Beach, and opposite the point on which lies the Spouting Rock, whose chief attraction seems to be a certain coy indisposition to spout.

A walk in the older and more thickly settled parts of the town is not without its rewards. There are to be found well-known objects of interest,—the Jewish burial-ground, with its luxurious screen of carefully tended flowers; the Redwood Library, rich in old books and the possession of the finest cut-leaved beech on the island; and the old Stone Mill, on which so much speculative reasoning in prose and verse has been lavished. Those ruthless civic hands which know nor taste nor mercy, have, within a year or two, despoiled the mill of the vines which made it picturesque, but even thus denuded it is an interesting object. There is old Trinity, with its square pews and burial tablets, and a last-century “three-decker” pulpit, with clerk’s desk, reading-desk, and preaching-desk, all overhung by a conical sounding-board of extinguisher pattern—a sounding-board on which whole generations of little boys have fixed fascinated eyes, wondering in case of fall what would become of the clergyman underneath it. And, besides these, each westward-leading street gives pretty glimpses of bay and islands and shipping, and there is always the chance of lighting on a bit of the past,—some quaint roof or wall or door-way, left over from Revolutionary times and holding up a protesting face from among more modern buildings.

Newport is famous for its lawns, which

rival those of England in freshness and verdure, being fed by a like perennial humidity. Nowhere are geraniums so splendid a red, roses so fair and sweet, or foliage-beds so magnificent, as here. There is a universal love and culture of flowers. The smallest house has its strip of garden, its window boxes, or basket-hung piazza.

Very little can be said in praise of the architecture of modern Newport. There are many costly houses, but few whose exteriors are beautiful. Of tasteful interiors there are many, and in many varieties of style, from the grand château to the Queen Anne cottage. Among the more lately built houses are some pretty examples of Jacobean and seventeenth-century styles, and two or three really old houses have been restored with admirable effect.

Many hundreds of people can be found to testify to the charms of the Newport summer, but only a chosen few know how delightful are its winters. After the crowd takes its flight; after four-in-hands have ceased to roll and key-bugles to sound in the streets, and one by one the big houses on the cliffs and along the Avenue have certified their emptiness by shuttered windows and nailed-up doors; and the bric-à-brac dealers have folded their rugs like the Arabs and silently stolen away,—the real Newport comes out of the corner where all summer long she has lain hidden, and stands on the shore to watch the flight of her gay-plumed birds of passage. Presently a sense of peace begins to fill the place. Roses go on blossoming, the geranium-beds grow redder and more riotous, frosts delay; day after day brings such noonshine, such sun-settings, and such sweet air as August never dreams of. People return from their summerings, scattered circles are reunited, winter plans are made and carried out with that zest and enjoyment which only small and intimate communities can know. Autumn lingers on till Christmas, and, when winter comes, he seems like autumn’s twin-brother, only to be distinguished from him by an occasional burst of temper, soon repented of;—or if, as may chance once in six or seven years, the winter prove a severe one, with weeks of ice and snow, even then, Newport, sharing the common fate of New England, contrives to temper and modify the harshness of it by her own friendliness, so that cold seems less cruel and less hurtful than it is anywhere else. Nothing in the way of air can be imagined more delicious than the wind

which sometimes breathes in from the ocean on a bright winter's noon. It has positive fragrance, as if blown from invisible spice-islands immeasurably distant, and winnowed from all suspicion of impurities by its passage over a thousand leagues of salt sea. The days go by happily and swiftly. There are pleasant things to do,

mingling of old and new which meets you on every hand. A large portion of the place belongs and can belong to no other day but our own, but touching it everywhere, apart from it but of it, is the past. It meets you at every turn, in legend or relic or quaint traditional custom still kept up and observed.



SPOUTING ROCK.

and leisure in which to do them—leisure to study, to enjoy, to be lazy, to form friendships. There are music, acting, gay little reunions, and entertainments with bright, novel features to quicken them; people have time to be original. And suddenly, one day, spring peeps in at the window, not unwelcome exactly,—for how should spring lack welcome?—but unexpected and disturbing. The best, the choicest of the year is over, and Newport, with a furtive sigh, girds herself afresh for the agreeable toils of the near summer.

But, winter or summer, the charm which most endears Newport to the imaginative mind is, and must continue to be, the odd

Many farm-hands and servants on the island still date and renew their contracts of service from "Lady-Day." The "nine-o'clock bell," which seems derived in some dim way from the ancient curfew, is regularly rung. The election parade, dear to little boys and pea-nut venders, continues to be a chief event every spring, with its procession, its drums, its crowd of country visitors, and small booths for the sale of edibles and non-edibles pitched on either side the State-house Square, which, in honor of this yearly observance, is called familiarly, "The Parade." One of the oldest militia companies in New England is the Newport Artillery, and "The Mercury,"

established in 1758 by a brother of Benjamin Franklin, is the oldest surviving newspaper in the United States. Newport also possesses a town-crier. He may be met with any day, tinkling his bell at street corners and rehearsing, in a loud, melancholy chant, facts regarding auction-sales, or town-meetings, or lost property. And, turning aside from the polo-play or the

change of the day, you may chance on an old salt spinning yarns of pirates and privateers, phantom ships, or buried treasure, or an antiquary full of well-remembered stories whose actors belong to the far-gone past,—stories of the extinct glories of the place, of family romance and family tragedy, or tragedy just escaped. What could be finer contrast than tales like these, told on a street-



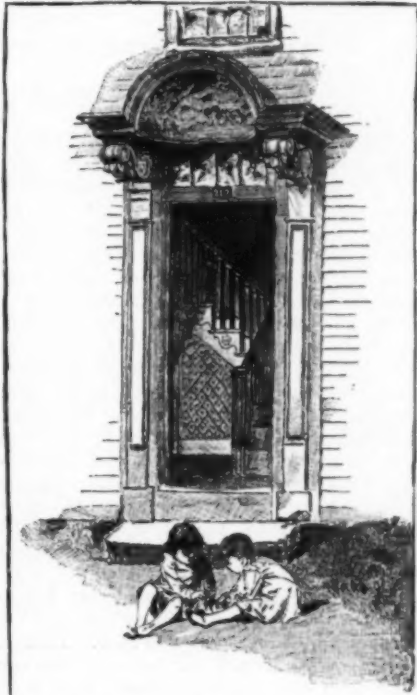
VIEW IN THAMES STREET.

Avenue crowded with brilliant equipages, a few rods carries you to the quiet loneliness of a secluded burial-place, with the name of an ancient family carved on its locked gate, in which, beneath gray head-stones and long, flowering grasses, repose the hushed secrets of a century ago. Or, fresh from the buzz and chatter, the gay inter-

corner where, just before, perhaps, the question had been about Wall street or the Casino, if the French frigate were still in the bay, or when would be the next meeting of the Town and County Club! Indeed, it is not so many years since visitors to Newport might have held speech with a dear old lady whose memory carried her

back clearly and distinctly to the day when, a child six years old, she sat on Washington's knee. The little girl had a sweet voice. She sang a song to the great man, in recompense for which he honored her with a salute. "It was here, my dear, and here, that General Washington kissed me," she would say to her grandchildren, touching first one and then the other wrinkled cheek; and to the end of her life, no other lips were suffered to profane with a touch the spots thus made sacred.

In a country whose charm and whose reproach alike is its newness, and to a society whose roots are forever being uprooted and freshly planted to be again uprooted, there is real education and advantage in the tangible neighborhood of the past; and the Newport past is neither an unlovely nor a reproachful shape. There is dignity in her calm mien; she looks on stately and untroubled, and compares and measures. The dazzle and glitter of modern luxury do not daunt her: she has seen splendor before in a different generation and different forms, she has shared it, she has watched it fade and fail. Out of her mute, critical regard, a voice seems to sound in tones like the rustle of falling leaves in an autumn day, and to utter that ancient and melancholy truth, *Vanitas vanitorum!* "The fashion of this world passeth away." We listen, awed for a moment, and then we smile again,—for brightness near at hand has a more potent spell than melancholy gone by,—and turning to our modern lives with their move-



DOOR-WAY OF HOUSE ON THAMES STREET.

ment and sunshine, their hope and growth, we are content to accept and enjoy such brief day as is granted us, nor "prate nor hint of change till change shall come."

## NEWPORT.

## SUMMER.

MYSTERIOUS greens and vivid opal tints,  
And rosy dawns, and softest noon-day blues  
Blend in the sea-line, clasp and interfuse  
With unimaginable charms and hints  
Of color, seen in shifting gleams and glints.  
Gay laughter mingles with the lapsing deep,  
Gay voices mock the booming of the swell,  
Like wedding music mixed with funeral knell,  
Or children sporting by a giant's sleep.  
The sails of Fate drift past, unseen, unguessed,  
Swift speed the days on wings of rainbow hues,  
Joy seems a daily comer, met and kissed,  
And for a season life seems but a jest,  
A game, bright, aimless, watched through fairy  
mist.

## WINTER.

THE sun has cast aside his veils of mist,  
And full and golden smiles upon the sea  
Which foams and sparkles, touched to life and  
glee,  
And every day by eve and dawning kissed,  
Flushes to deeper rose and amethyst:  
Strange spice is in the air, the far-blown breath  
Of ocean purity, its heart of heart:  
Under the brief drifts hidden and apart  
The early tulip sharpens its green sheath,  
The sleepy, blue-eyed violets rouse and start;  
Keen blows the wind and loud the breakers rave,  
Far flung upon the cliffs the frozen-foam;  
But friendly voices sound beside the wave,  
Lights flash, there is the happy sense of home.



## THE DAUGHTER OF HENRY SAGE RITTENHOUSE.

### A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE, the daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse, retarded her steps for a moment to look at some sand-birds that were nimbly tripping and wearily piping upon the shore; then, as if they lacked the engaging qualities for which her glance searched, she started on. The sand-pipers rose at her approach, and, after a short, low flight along the beach, again alighted, and resumed their tripping and their piping, while the salt water crept over their feet, and the sound of the surf drowned their small complaint. Again she overtook them, and again they lightly flew; and, for the greater part of a mile, both followed the margin of the thundering sea with a lightness of movement and of aspect at variance with the tune their spirits seemed to carry, which, aiming at cheerfulness, fell short in dreariness.

Miss Rittenhouse was somewhat incongruously clad in a thin white muslin, through which the sea-breeze blew. Plumes, still in curl, adorned her hat, and a white lace fichu was quaintly crossed over what should have been her young and ardent bosom. In her very simplicity she had achieved high fashion,—high fashion at that time approving the costumes most in harmony with her quaint and dainty person. Not to be too quaint, she wore diamond studs in the lobes of her ears; and, not to be too simple, took care that the quality of her lace should excite admiration.

She was not quite alone in her walk. She was accompanied by a little Philadelphian,—she, too, being a native of that city, whose capacity for producing unobjectionable children is unsurpassed.

They were twenty-two, or thereabouts, and were wandering, with the consent of the young lady's mother, along a Rhode Island beach,—a beach used in winter for wrecks to ground upon, and in summer for the milder purpose to which these descendants of the Quakers were at present putting it.

It was the unfashionable hour of five o'clock, and they had gone to an unfashionable distance, with a vague intention of enjoying that freedom from conventionalities which was represented as a large and attractive feature of the place. But the

enjoyment which often fails to accompany freedom was wanting here. The evening was gray; the ocean turbulent; and the narrow beach, bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by huge sand-dunes, had, at that hour, no other promenaders. Anne was almost afraid, and the soul she had brought out for an airing seemed to shrink within the fichu which bound its residence.

It was, in fact, a large landscape for small city younglings to fill; but the young man did his best to fill it with his unimposing presence and with the sort of conversation that he poured into reception-rooms in the city of Brotherly Love. He was wholly unaffected by the gray desolation, and absorbed in the improvement of his present opportunities.

He was a son of Ex-Senator Corbin, and much impressed by the fitness of his attentions to a lady also distinguished by parental eminence. Wide white cuffs were a prominent adjunct of his toilet, and on the lapel of his coat was a diamond-shaped pin, inscribed with three letters in Greek.

"This is my third year here," he informed her. "I come early and stay late. There are a number of places I should like to show you before the crowd gets here. About the first of August they begin to pour in,—about next week. We're early. The ladies are here, and the college fellows, but I think I've noticed that the men who are in business don't run down till August. That is the advantage of not being in business."

But with all his advantages, he plainly, in her eyes, relieved but partially the barren waste, and he was frequently reduced to swinging his cane and wondering that the daughter of her father should be so little stimulated by the son of his.

With all her style and her prettiness there was a shadow under her eyelashes which looked like dullness, and it was not without a sense of relief that he relaxed his efforts to drive it away, as they approached the hull of the half-buried schooner which was the object and the end of their prolonged excursion.

From the ocean side it looked intact, and its masts rose tall and straight, as if it had

outridden the storm and sailed into the sand as into a safe and permanent harbor.

"Perhaps you'd like to go aboard," Corbin suggested, tapping with his cane its blackened sides; and he started to the right in search of an entrance.

Finding herself alone, Anne shrank away toward the left, where the sea was less aggressive. It was there that the hull had struck and broken, and she walked in alone over the sands that filled the hold, lifting her skirts and looking athwart her plumes at the timbers that remained of the deck. A few iron bolts and bars were scattered about, together with some mussel-shells, white and broken, but Anne disturbed none of these things. The waves roared without. The bow was full of shadows. She even began to hear steps and a stirring of the dry, dead crew. These signs were not encouraging, and remarking that there was nothing there to see, she turned back.

The figure, however, that she addressed was not Corbin's. It was that of an older and much less exquisite man who barricaded her exit, and who, with the brim of his hat turned back, observed her with a momentary freedom bordering upon impertinence. He had evidently looked long enough to have passed from the whole to the details, —to the lace on her fichu, the diamonds encamped on the lobes of her ears. He had a gun in one hand, and with the other he arrested his progress through the aperture in the wreck, as if he had surprised unexpected game. His florid features were fixed in speculation, and his attitude and dress were not the result of a study to please the fastidious. Small brown feathers clung to his clothes, and around his neck was knotted a blue-and-white silk handkerchief. His flannel coat, buttoned tight about his body, was much wrinkled in the back across his waist, and a tendency to overdo the perpendicular in his carriage gave a further suggestion of rotundity to a figure which was still unencumbered. Anne paused and changed color, hesitating whether to go back among the shadows or forward toward the more doubtful corporeal presence; when, undeterred from his purpose, he, too, entered. For a moment, the weather-beaten hull harbored the slight young girl and the ambiguous prowler; but as Corbin approached, he moved on toward the bow, picked up some articles which he had there secreted, then lifted himself by the timbers overhead, and disappeared.

A moment later, he joined a larger and

still looser-looking comrade, and the two proceeded down the beach together in the direction whence the eminent Philadelphians had come.

"They look pretty rough," observed Corbin, following their movements. "They have been after sand-birds,—probably they came through the dunes."

"I don't know," said Anne, watching their swinging strides with more interest than she had yet evinced. "We visitors are all too fine."

"Oh, they are visitors, too," he rejoined. "All sorts come, you'll find. These are the sporting kind. They look capable of selling their game to the eating-houses."

"They won't do that," said the girl, with conviction.

"Then they'll have a little supper and eat it themselves, with plenty of beer."

As the children of their parents advanced on their return, the beach became diversified by long rows of bathing-houses, on whose roofs an army of dark-blue suits were flapping themselves dry. Beyond were bowling-alleys, junk-shops, clam-houses, laundries, shooting-galleries, fish-markets; and still beyond, on higher ground, rose a score of large frame structures, which vied with one another in that spacious and joyous appearance aimed at by all hotels contrived for the deception of summer guests. The entertainment of these guests was obviously the sole, brief business of the place—a business neither so old nor so lucrative as to have called for buildings of a substantial order.

In one of the first of this assortment of cheerful haunts the sportsmen disappeared; and when Anne and her escort went by, they were seated on the veranda of a shabby edifice belonging, as it told the public, to A. Riggoletti. The veranda was surrounded by a railing and cornice of lattice-work, while between these partial screens was a horizontal opening commanding a view of the beach and the sea, and admitting the gaze of passers-by. Its present occupants, besides accepting the view of the beach and the sea, were enjoying some slight refreshment; and its present passers-by did not altogether withhold their observation.

"They are talking about you," conjectured Corbin, after a short survey. "Probably they are drinking your health." And, looking up, she once more briefly encountered the unreserved glance of the smaller man. "I shouldn't wonder if they stopped on pur-

pose," Corbin went on. "That is a favorite place for the men to sit to observe the women. It calls itself a clam-house. After all, they don't take beer. Their glasses are too small."

"There seems to be a number of clam-houses," the girl observed.

"There needs to be," he declared. "Everybody goes to them. Many a thing is the thing here which is not the thing at home. If you want to have a good time, you have to pitch in."

"How does one do that?" she idly asked.

And, as they wended their way through the shabby quarter, he gave her certain liberal instructions. They were the result of observation on the part of a little man who desired to get on in a social way, and were administered to a young lady devoid of that youthful rapture—that zest and spirit which makes one socially attractive and renders such instruction unnecessary.

What she needed to do, in Corbin's opinion, was to go everywhere, do everything, know everybody.

"The trouble here," he said, "is that one is apt to know only those at one's own hotel. The gay people are scattered about, and early in the season don't know each other well enough to combine. Just now, nobody knows anybody else. It's uphill work. We're early. The hotels are not half full yet. They open their windows and hang out their flags, but it is all a pretense, as their registers show."

"Our house is full," said Anne.

But her companion intimated that, however replete its estimable numbers, it might not add materially to the general hilarity.

The hotel in question was the smallest and oldest of the group. It presented a wide, white sea-front, with seams in the lines of its weather-boards telling of periodical additions; with long verandas, and with many little windows shaded by blinds. Within, there was a collection of musty parlors and a dancing-hall, over whose floor small boys shied the sacred-song books from the piano; while, above, innumerable little chambers opened into dark halls, lined with trunks and intersected by occasional unseen steps corresponding with the seams in the weather-boards.

The rooms for Mrs. Henry Sage Rittenhouse and her daughter had been engaged from hearsay, and it had been represented to them that the slight inelegances of the resort were compensated by its views,

its simplicities, the tonic of its air, and the charms of the society which these attractions drew. This promised balance, however, had not appeared to the mind of the elder lady, in which the delights of nature had to contend with a highly cultivated critical faculty. The hotels, the shabby shops, the muddy streets, the ruined pier, the public conveyances, and even the comfortable sea itself—all wore alike in her eyes an air of cheapness and crudity for which nothing in her late surroundings or in her unfertile imagination had prepared her. Even the charm of the light, the promiscuous, and capering society, she thought more than obscure.

This society she had an opportunity of observing in full play soon after the walk taken by Anne and young Corbin. It was at a "hop" given at one of the larger hotels, whither, in accordance with the prevailing custom, the ladies had walked in their slippers, accompanied by a party from their own house.

Around three sides of the ball-room were ranged two rows of seats, occupied chiefly by chaperons and their charges, while in the central area tall, slim girls with tall, slim youths lightly careered through the racquet, and here and there men beginning to grow stout engineered with less swiftness women whose steps were of an earlier date. Some of the dancers wore their hats and morning costumes, some were in full dress; all flitted in and out the low windows, and evinced great constancy to very few partners. Within their own circles, such parties as were attended by plenty of gentlemen appeared to enjoy the liveliest spirits.

Mrs. Rittenhouse and her daughter were seated with disparaging elegance in the rows of those persons whose spirits were not the liveliest. Here Corbin joined them, and proceeded to point out the persons whose names he knew.

"People don't always seem so nice till you know who they are," he said. "That makes a great difference—knowing who people are. Occasionally, of course, some one gets in that you don't care to know, but not often. There was a rumor the other day that there was a person of that sort about, from St. Louis, but it proved to be a mistake. I have scarcely ever heard of any one figuring here who was not a desirable acquaintance. People don't come here to make a show; they come to have a good time. For my part, I think they would have a better time if they showed

off more—if they brought their horses, for instance."

Toward the close of the evening, two gentlemen, stanch and well dressed, sauntered in through a window, and after looking about with the observant eyes of outsiders, exchanged a few words and crossed the room toward the corner where the family of Henry Sage Rittenhouse sat. Before they reached it, however, they stopped in front of a young lady brilliantly blooming in rose-colored satin, not quite new, who addressed them respectively by the names of Mr. Barney and Mr. Slade; and the three stood for a little while engaged in conversation, of which the owner of the latter name bore rather the larger share.

"Who is that?" inquired Mrs. Rittenhouse, centering her disaffection.

But Corbin's ignorance was profound.

The three Philadelphians observed him narrowly; distinguished yet vulgar, agreeable yet unprepossessing, self-assured yet soliciting nothing of public opinion, not even the attention he received—overreaching respectability, overdoing virtuous mediocrity; easy, shrewd, hybrid; they hesitated to express their puzzled opinions, and Mrs. Rittenhouse resumed once more her soft interchange of thought with some friends of whose standing she felt sure.

He was a man who might have come from any rank in life; from the lowest, through natural evolution, or from the highest, through those froward dispensations which sometimes leave unfavored sons in fastidious households. His nose was large and long, of a shape that in later years would approximate his chin, and of a hue not looked for, though sometimes found, in the noses of the great. His cloudy complexion had not the tint of refinement; his forehead had not the expanse of scholarship; his dignity was not cumbersome; his manner had not the languor of one wearied of society, nor the awkwardness of one too modest before it; his compact frame was well covered with muscles and unfretted by nerves, and his dress told nothing of his degree; his thin, sandy mustache did not disclose the expression of his lips, which in their turn refrained from personalities, and his eyes, of no discernible color, shed little light upon the inner man.

"That is the fellow we saw on the beach," Corbin asserted.

"It can't be," said Anne, who had known from the first that it was.

"It is the one who drank your health."

"It can't be," she repeated.

"He is probably stopping at this house. It is the largest one here, and the most expensive. It has a bar in the basement, and other rooms beyond, which those who wish can find easily enough. Most of the gentlemen stay here."

And as he enlarged upon this topic, she followed the movements of the stranger.

A moment later, she found him standing near and bending toward her. He inquired if the chair next hers were taken, and with a flicker in her glance she told him she thought not.

"He wanted to see if you recognized him," said Corbin, as he carried it away.

"I think he found you did."

"He did not seem to recognize me," she returned.

"Don't you believe it. He knows you as far as he can see you."

As they left the house, they saw him again, making his way toward a small smoking and card room near the entrance. A group about the door parted to make way for him, then closed again.

"His back," said Anne, catching once more that commanding outline, "is better than his face."

"Whose?" asked Mrs. Rittenhouse.

Corbin continued at intervals to assist his young townswomen in forming correct and liberal impressions of the vivacious society about them, and a few days later undertook to retouch some of his former work.

"I'm afraid I was mistaken," he began, "about that man we saw hunting. I have met him since. His name is Slade. He was with some young ladies, who introduced me. They had just met him, too, and seemed to want to make it pleasant for him. I spoke of seeing him on the beach, and he said the hunting was very poor. I told him you were rather startled at meeting him in the schooner, and he finally observed that he would like to meet you; he had great respect for your father. I told him I would ask you, but, of course, if you think best, we need never find it convenient. He is from—I don't believe I heard where he was from, but he is here with some New-Yorkers or some Western people. He smokes excellent cigars. He asked who you were, though I think he already knew."

"What did you tell him?"

"That you were Henry Sage Rittenhouse's daughter. It is easy to tell the truth about a thing like that."



"I almost wish it wasn't," she replied, with a slight laugh.

"What would you have me say?"

"You might say, 'Oh, you ought to know her; she's quite—quite——'"

"All right," said Corbin, as she hesitated, "I'll tell him that."

"It would be as much as I know of him," she declared.

"I'll find out more, if you mean it," he offered, with some disappointment at her want of fastidiousness. "The young lady we saw him with is a Miss Markham; she is from New York. I don't think he is a college man, but he seems to have knocked about. There he comes, now."

They were walking on the planks of a cross-street toward some little inland spires, and Slade, coming from that direction, made Corbin a bow, including also his companion. He was taking his morning walk under a sun umbrella made of buff cotton, and Corbin declared that he was only deterred by a still lacking form from bestowing upon Anne the wealth of companionship of which he was seeking to dispose.

They saw him again on their return from the spires.

"He is bound to remind me," said Corbin; and Anne smiled a little at a persecution so amiable and intelligent.

She seemed to stand out for the first time in the light of a certain publicity which gave unheralded strangers a right to desire her acquaintance. In the limited circle at home which she was in the habit of regarding as the solar system, she was no shining star, and she had reason to be gratified by her apparent value in these larger heavens. It was a value upon which, in her heart of hearts, she stoutly insisted, though one which, in the face of certain disadvantages, she could not openly claim.

She was fair and small. Her manner lacked confidence and cordiality, and there was a suggestion of primness in her general appearance which the most expensive modistes were unable to dispel. Like most persons troubled by silence and stiffness, she was self-conscious—self-depreciative. She was conscious of being the daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse, of being the prospective owner of many paying stocks, and of knowing more languages than she would require for use in centuries. There was something almost painful in the number of tongues she had studied compared with the few English words that sufficed for her

needs; and indeed the general sum of her unavailable resources made all her uses seem pathetic. She had been nominally out two winters, and still as in the beginning seemed far within. She was known to be rich; she was passably pretty; she was invited everywhere; she had smatterings of accomplishments which were the counterfeits of genius; and a number of young men like Corbin sought her favor; yet she failed to extract from all her supplies that deep and fervent delight which is properly each young girl's portion. She was not always even passive and comfortable. She seemed to have a scrap of brain somewhere above her other brains, some little lofty rag-tag of cerebrum which scorned the other stuff within her cranium and compelled her to see herself very much as others saw her—with the exception apparently of this interesting new-comer.

## II.

THEY had returned to the hotel, where Corbin had accepted an invitation to dine. The dinner was over, and the diners were seeking their rooms. Corbin himself had gone for a last glance at the hotel register, when he again saw Slade in the door-way, coming toward the office at whose desk he stood. That gentleman's purpose seemed also to glance at the register, and he accomplished it before recognizing the presence of Corbin, which he did with a disinterested air.

The little fellow, however, took nothing for granted.

"Well," he said, "I asked her."

"Asked her?" repeated Slade.

"Miss Rittenhouse."

"Well, what did she say?"

"It will be all right," he answered, waving it into the future.

"We might call for her now," the other suggested, still with disinterestedness, and drawing from his pocket a gold hunting-watch, he seemed to discover that he had an abundance of spare time.

"Now!" cried Corbin, and he too drew out a watch, which he studied at length. There was a clock ticking close at hand, and all three time-pieces said a quarter past four.

It was Sunday afternoon.

"Perhaps you have an engagement," said Slade, observing his hesitation.

"No, oh no!" returned Corbin, hastily; "that is, perhaps she has. I asked her to



go out this afternoon, and she said she couldn't."

"Then we can leave our cards;" and it seemed as if a man so ready with that happy expedient might have enjoyed even a superfluity of social privileges.

"She can't be far away," Corbin presently said, affected by that view; "you must have passed her as you came in."

And putting his cane behind his back, where he held it locked in his elbows, he urged himself forward to complete the mission already begun.

Anne was still upon the piazza, where she had been sitting with her hands upon her lap, looking blankly out over the waters. If she saw anything, which is doubtful, it was the air of bleakness with the sun upon it, of which even in summer the shore was not divested, and if anything affected her senses it was the odor of the sea-weed exposed to the afternoon rays. But the monotony which was an element of almost every scene from her point of view, was suddenly rent by the appearance of Corbin, followed by Slade.

The stranger was formally presented, but the name of his residence was not added.

"Where shall we sit?" he inquired, and the place being designated, he moved two chairs nearer the railing; while Corbin, with a sense of outstaying his usefulness, drew up one for himself.

When the bustle of taking their seats could not be further prolonged, Anne's hands wandered among the ribbons at her belt. The man of the beach and the ball-room, and the man whose desire to meet her had been so pronounced, had accomplished his purpose, and the responsibility then resting upon her of feeding his interest brought her a realizing sense of how empty were her granaries. He made her think of a man of large appetite sitting down to a small repast, and the meagerness of her provision added to her embarrassment. Everything about him seemed too pronounced,—the owl upon his neck-tie, the intelligence in his eye, the smoothness of his address, the ease of his attitude, his expectation of entertainment, and even his desire to make her acquaintance,—but before she had time to note, as well as to feel, these features, he asked after her mother, as if his desire extended also to other members of the Rittenhouse family.

Anne replied that she had gone upstairs, and added that almost every one slept at that hour; then, fearing this hinted that

their visit was untimely, she hastened to say that she never slept when she could help it.

"I hope this is one of those times," returned Slade; and Miss Rittenhouse soon realized more and more that it was.

He told her how fond he was of the salt air, and that he ran up to breathe,—“up in de cool,” as the darkies said. He persuaded himself that recreation should become a man's business about once a year—a business whose success was the surer the less one's experience. In that regard gentlemen, he thought, had the advantage of young ladies, who were rarely relieved from amusement.

Anne did not feel that she was by any means too accustomed to the sort of amusement she was then undergoing, and signified that her capacity for enjoyment had not been impaired by use.

There was nothing, Slade went on, like a couple of weeks' vacation in midsummer. He had brought some malaria (pronounced with the broadest of a's) with him in his system, but was fast throwing it off; it was the sailing. He had been sailing a good deal since he arrived—the fact proclaimed itself in his appearance. And, taking off his hat, he looked into it as if he expected to find his appearance there. It was a gray felt hat, rough and wrinkled; and, before he replaced it, he caressed the folds designed in its manufacture, adding new curves to its brim. It gave him an errant look which his countenance was far from needing, but it gave him, also, the look of a man who accepted his homeliness with artistic understanding.

His manner was quiet and maintained without effort. It was even subdued, as if beneath it there was an unemployed force whose outlay he had checked to suit the requirements of an occasion unexpectedly simple. Even so much of it as he brought into play seemed, at first, almost too liberal an allowance; but in a few moments, as on the former times she had seen him, Anne found her impressions rapidly changing. Instead of deeming his qualities too pronounced, she found them so nicely adjusted that, under their influence, her self-distrust was removed, her thoughts diverted; her stagnant cerebrum became lightly excited; her circulation, though rapid, went on with marvelous smoothness; even her back grew gracefully flexible, and she no longer cared for the texture of her ribbons. She felt like a cold, thin person put in a velvet dress with a soft, thick pile.

He inquired, simply enough, into the merits of the house at which she was staying, and she informed him that it was a small one, that its guests were chiefly Philadelphians, some of them old friends of her mother's, and, as they did not mix much with the guests of the other hotels, it was rather more quiet than she could wish, in which Corbin concurred.

"I know this house," the little fellow put in, looking at it as if it were at a far-vanishing point of perspective. "I know it of old. The same persons have been here for forty years, and it stands to reason they are no longer young. It is awfully respectable, but you don't want to come here to have a good time. As you say, they don't mix. They are too exclusive to mix. They are afraid they will meet some undesirable person; they are afraid they will enjoy something. They didn't get me here. When I go away from Philadelphia, I go away. I don't take it with me, either. This is a gay beach, but you have to go to the right hotel to find it out. You have to pitch in. I tell Miss Rittenhouse she ought to make a change."

"Mother likes it here best," said Anne, and her hearers at once understood that the preferences of that lady were decisive.

"She is too exclusive, too," Corbin frankly avowed, and, for a few moments, while Slade listened, her social habits were discussed.

"She likes people well enough if she knows them," the daughter maintained.

"Or their parents," amended Corbin, "which is better yet."

When this interchange had come to an end, Slade expressed a wish that they had chosen the hotel he had selected for its broader basis.

"Most of the hotels here," he observed, "are like large boarding-houses, and those who have suffered cannot always control their prejudices. They are like so many side-shows without any big tent."

He admitted that he liked to get under a big tent himself, and that he had chosen his hotel only for its promising size.

"At the beaches, however," he said, "one can imagine the canopy of heaven which covers some interesting sights."

"I'd like to know what they are," said Miss Rittenhouse, with slight skepticism.

It was interesting, for one thing, he thought, to see society bringing its baggage and coming down to the sea, where, in the rather grim atmosphere, it resembled the

bathing-suits catching at the air on top of the bath-houses. He was not at that epoch a society man himself, so, like all outsiders, felt called upon to make a few strictures. Miss Rittenhouse, he understood, also made a few, and they might compare deductions. It was pleasant occasionally, of course, for varieties of people to come together on common ground where artificial barriers were more or less leveled; it answered a useful purpose; but society, which, in a fashionable sense, was rather thin in spots, was nowhere thinner than at the summer resorts—which did not prevent the fishing from being pleasanter there than elsewhere. He didn't know but a man preferred his society to be a little thin in warm weather, like his coats; perhaps as good a way as any was to take a quantity of it very thin in summer, and almost none at all in winter: which had been his custom. He had not, however, been so situated of late years that he could have much of it in winter if he had chosen. He had not been in its vicinity. Another thing which he thought interesting was the throng of young people such as was then sauntering along the sidewalk. Where were they all going?

"They are on their way to the rocks," said Corbin. "It is the thing to do on Sunday afternoons. Everybody goes."

"It is the view," said Anne.

"Then suppose we go," Slade proposed; "if you have nothing better to do."

"What, now?" the girl asked, as Corbin had done.

The rocks were a point a half-mile distant, approached by a path leading over a high, bleak portion of the shore; and Anne glanced off in that cool and inviting direction. Two forms, no bigger than nine-pins, were just disappearing over the bluff, and from that distance seemed to be stepping from the horizon plump into the sea; but even with that destiny in view there was a suggestion of content in the diminution of their figures and their final loss to the world.

The daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse had found herself assenting almost with feeling to Slade's love for the salt air, for sailing, for big tents, and the canopy of heaven, and she was conscious of a continued unanimity when he proposed to add a stroll to the present entertainment. In some confusion she put up her hands to her braids, her Paris hat, her turquoise locket, and finding nothing at these points to detain her, she looked for objection to Corbin.

Corbin, however, stared at the light-ship, and with the end of his cane corrected the downward tendency of his mustache. Then she glanced at the more homely but sturdier gentleman who had taken her wrap, and the loss in declining seemed greater than the imprudence of accepting.

As they crossed the withered lawn, and while still in the shadow of the house, Slade raised his buff umbrella and holding it over her completed his appropriation of her company; and, thus bereft, the ex-senator's son declined to be of the party, and left them at the entrance to his own hotel. He was a trifle bewildered as he gazed from the steps at the lessening shapes of his former companions. From the moment of the introduction his connection with the affair had plainly ceased, and he had felt himself dropping away till he became the stranger and Slade the friend and guardian of Miss Rittenhouse. He watched that transferred young lady, who, in pursuance of his advice, was pitching in so headlong, till she and the person with whom she had taken up, to his own displacement, were lost from the horizon; then, murmuring something to himself, he went over to Slade's hotel.

Returning an hour later, he repeated an obscure imprecation with a still more obscure smile, and, assuming the air of a saunterer, started off in the direction his former charge had taken; but for all he discovered she might indeed have lain many fathoms deep.

In the meantime, Slade proved himself abundantly able to fill the part he had assumed. In those manifold ways by which men in the early stages of an acquaintance signify their appreciation of what is precious, he conveyed to her a sense of his respectful care, of his social adaptability, of his varied information on subjects suggested by their immediate surroundings, and even of a personal affinity which precluded her usual constraint. Never had a sense of so many agreeable things been awakened in her at once, and she felt that the elements of his life and character were gradually finding their subtle way into her knowledge—elements more important than the barren facts which she assumed had been deposited with Corbin, and which Slade himself apparently assumed were in her possession. Inquiry on those points would have betrayed the indiscretion of her conduct, and she waited for them to develop with a calm suspense that added to the interest of the hour.

Slade reserved most of them with equal

calmness, but in the natural course of things allowed a few of them to escape him. He told her, for one thing, that he had a sister of whom, in a general way, she reminded him.

"Where is she now?" Anne inquired.

"At home," he said; "in Baltimore. It was very warm in Baltimore when I left."

And Anne's mind closed over this treasure.

She was shortly diverted from his sister, however, by striking another vein in his history. Her mother, she informed him, objected to the small rooms into which infinite space was cut at the sea-shore, and, more than all, to the hooks on the sides of the walls, which, she declared, made it like sleeping in one's closet.

"She likes rooms to be very large," said Anne. "Her own room is immense. But I tell her it is warmer now than her small one here."

And in the discussion of summer quarters, Slade mentioned that the room he had gladly left had been furnished in red: which deep and satisfactory insight into his private life gave her a certain surety for all the rest. Her mind closed over it, as it had closed over his place of residence. Once, in her younger years, when feeling considerably older than at present, she had spent the early part of a winter evening in the apartments of an indulgent Scotch gentleman. These apartments had walls in Indian red, and many luxurious chairs upholstered in leather of the same hue. A wood fire blazed among curious tiles, and fur rugs slept upon the floor. Strange pictures stood out upon the dark background of the walls, together with some outlandish weapons that had long survived the destruction they had wrought among Scottish clans. In curtained recesses were crowded book-shelves, and on a center-table were pieces of grotesque bric-à-brac. Anne was always spoken of at that time as a quiet little thing; and, sitting bolt upright in one of the luxurious chairs, moving not a finger save to adjust the petticoats which stood out about her like the petals of a many-doubled petunia, she had looked about her with a faithfulness which fixed upon her mind forever the picture of a bachelor's apartments furnished in red. This picture instantly came up at his suggestion, and instead of the Scotchman, who was also plain-featured, she saw Slade, self-possessed and slippered, scribbling at the table among the bric-à-brac.

Having thus, in a barely perceptible point of duration, located him, she gave herself no further anxiety about his home surroundings; and as her suspense was removed, her spirits involuntarily lifted. Walking along the top of the bluff, with the salt breeze blowing her skirts; with a white hand, adorned with a seal ring, turning for her the occasional stiles; with currents of thought and airs of deference playing about her, she felt strangely exhilarated and conspicuous.

Slade at one time feared she might be tired, but she was not at all tired, she thanked him, and it was far beyond the resting-places of strollers whose sentiments were of older growth that they descended from their high pathway and seated themselves upon a lower ledge. Strange craft went by. Sea-gulls dipped their wings. Long waves broke in spray. Off to the right stood a light-house, which Anne said she had not seen before.

"We might go over some time," said Slade; and the young girl expressed rare delight at the prospect, provided her mother did not object.

"Of course," he replied; "we can't do what your mother disapproves."

Anne sat bent forward; the new harmony she had established with nature appearing in a half smile about her lips, and as Slade talked on indifferent matters, she wondered she could ever have thought his appearance harsh. His face made her think of the faces of gentlemen who had reached that point of value that leads them to employ fine artists to paint their life-sized and florid portraits for a grateful posterity. She remembered some such portrait upon the red walls of the Scotch gentleman. It was one of the Scotchman's relatives, and though this relative had left behind him no posterity which he acknowledged, he had at least left his portrait and a glowing reputation, whose warm details had never been poured into Anne's ears. She asked Slade presently if he had ever had his portrait painted, stating the resemblance which she saw, and when he said he had not as yet, recommended an artist then engaged upon her father's.

Of the artists of New York he seemed to know something, at least by name.

"I spent a winter there once," he informed her, "but it was some time ago. I haven't been there much of late years."

"What were you doing there?" she asked, charmed with his knowledge of the artists.

"As near as I can remember, I spent it

chiefly as a diner-out, and as a *claqueur* at the Union Square," and the recollection caused him quietly to smile.

"We don't often go to New York," said Anne, gravely.

"You ought to. It is a great town."

"Where did you dine?" she inquired, upon further thought.

"At the clubs, and with my friends. Then there was a little down-town place, I remember, full of dinginess and soupy smells. I am not sure but there was sawdust on the floor;—there was always a good dinner and better company."

Anne shrank a little from the soupy smells, though she took kindly to the clubs and to his friends, accepting the whole as the experience of a man who neither displayed his great friends nor shunned his humble ones.

"Some of the most interesting people I have ever met," he went on, "I have met in New York,—as also some of the least interesting. A great city either sharpens one's wits or blunts them. It was those with sharpened wits who used to go to that little down-town place. It has moved up-town since. I confess to a liking for people who have been ground pretty close, and whose blades have got a little worn and thin. I don't know that you have ever met any one who has seen a grindstone, but they are the ones after all who generally cut their way through and come out at the top."

"There are other things beside being sharp," insisted the girl, as in mild self-defense.

"Particularly in a woman,—yes!" he argued. And she fancied that, though he had already observed in her the absence of that quality, he might have recognized others of a compensatory nature. "Indeed," he said, with further modification, "however effective as a feature of wit, sharpness is a bad element of character, only desirable when confined to the head and restricted in its action by warmth of heart."

Anne assented to the beauties of that combination, her interest in him lost for the moment in her interest in the effect she might be producing; but said that of the two she preferred the latter should predominate.

Again he agreed with her—for domestic purposes, though not perhaps for worldly advancement, nor yet for social events, like suppers at the Café Moretti, which was all he had had in his mind. And having divested his proposition of personal bearing, he spoke in hopeful admiration of men



whose advantages were slight, whose struggles were continuous, but whose grit was supreme, illustrating his views with the lives of several prominent gentlemen, whose success had already obscured their connection with the grindstone class. The chances of such men he thought at least equal to the chances of those born to fortune, and, in the light of the brilliant examples he cited, she thought them better.

They were men of whom she had heard, though not such as she had familiarly met; but their acquaintance harmonized well with the color of Slade's walls, with the liberality of his views, and the ease of his bearing, and through him she enjoyed for the time their society. She enjoyed it, perhaps, the more in that way, as in their actual presence she would have suffered from diffidence.

It was not till half an hour later, as they again approached the hotels, that Anne wished the grounds for her impressions of her companion were themselves a little more distinct. They had passed by that time the bluff, the turnstiles, the rough places where assistance was necessary and small talk easy, and were traveling the beaten road more suggestive of pure reason. Slade, whose eyes wandered over the fronts of the hotels, had less to say; and Anne, whose ears were red with a color that radiated toward her cheek, was slightly tired. Corbin sat watching them from one of the verandas; and upon entering her own gate, she found herself again watched. Then, "If you will come," she said, "I will introduce you to my mother. She is on the piazza."

The gentleman indicated his readiness by resuming the interested manner, which had partially fallen off, and ascending the steps.

The introduction this time was a trifle less brief.

"From Baltimore," Anne added; but even this clue did not greatly enlighten Mrs. Rittenhouse, who with raised hand and parted lips had awaited the delayed ceremony, and who looked from one to the other as if a mystery whose solution she postponed were involved in their comradeship.

"I have spent a pleasant hour with your daughter," said Slade, "which I shall hope to repeat, with your permission;" and his bow was beyond criticism.

The hope was politely received, but the permission by no means given; and when he took his departure there was a momentary pause. Anne looked off at the sudden, accusing twilight, feeling upon her face and

thinly clad shoulders the polar waves which came from the Philadelphians in the vicinity. She was like a person who had returned from the South early in March, and whose relaxed system shrank from the severity of her native climate. Down on the rocks, where the tide was out, there lumbered a cart drawn by oxen, and two men in smocks were filling it with sea-weed. Anne watched them a moment, then, remembering her supper, hurried away to the deserted dining-room.

But Mrs. Rittenhouse was by no means willing to let this association pass as one of the many incidental to a shore where the relations of individuals were light and transient, and failed to excite the comments bestowed upon them in more organized circles.

"Who is he?" she began, coming softly into Anne's room later in the evening. "Who is he—that horrid man with so many good manners?"

And her own, which were also excellent, indicated small hope that the answer would modify the opinion she reserved.

"He is brand new," replied Anne, conscious of its weakness. "Mr. Corbin brought him over. He is from Baltimore."

The lady, who never long remained standing, seated herself with her arms resting in the short, deep space secured by the darts in her dresses, and by a few skillful questions elicited the meager facts in Anne's possession,—the accident of her ignorance and the circumstances leading to her walk; then lost no time in returning to her own point of view.

"Mr. Corbin would be easily deceived," she said, "by a man who was shrewd."

"Mr. Slade is very shrewd," Anne declared, wishing to defend him.

Two short candles burned in low china candlesticks upon the bureau, shading upward to the face of the girl, who steadily persevered in her minute preparation for the night, conscious of her mother's scrutiny.

"And was that all you knew before starting off with him?" the latter inquired, from the deeper shadows.

"It is pleasant not to know,—to find out," the daughter affirmed.

"The way to find out is to ask somebody. I have already inquired, but there is no one from Baltimore at this hotel. You don't know what you may be doing. He looks to me like a person who wants to get on; probably he has already come a long way."

"This isn't much of a hotel, anyway," observed Anne, and looking in the glass she



added, with half a smile: "The way to do is to get under the biggest tent there is."

"The biggest tent!"

"Where there are the most people,—where there is the most going on," she explained. "We might almost as well be at home as to be here."

"Better, perhaps. At home one may at least know whom one meets."

"He knows some people that we do," said Anne, rallying once more in his defense, and she mentioned the names of one or two of those contemporaries whose characters Slade had analyzed.

"Did he say that he knew them?"

"He spoke of them."

"We don't know them, either," Mrs. Rittenhouse returned.

"One might almost think it something serious," cried the girl. "He has only been here once. He may not come back again."

"He will, if he is what I think he is," the lady concluded.

But to Anne's chagrin, the next day almost passed without his proving the correctness of her mother's judgment, or giving her an opportunity to corroborate her own.

A wavering system of rotation existed at the pier with regard to the hops, and the one that night was given at the hotel of the Philadelphians. It was almost over. A number of the young guests of other houses had come out of the darkness and passed into it again at an early hour. Mrs. Rittenhouse and her coterie had already retired to rest, and the band was blowing its last bars above the roll of the serious sea, when Anne reluctantly rose. Just how far she would have gone was not determined. In a general way, she had her home in Arch street in view; but, looking again along the piazza, where a few of her robust townswomen still sat, she saw Mr. Slade and his friend, who, as before, seemed inclined to include these festivities among the mild recreations of the day. As they approached, they glanced in the successive windows at the few flitting forms. She had not recovered from the shock the sight gave her, or decided whether to resume her seat or go to her room, when she became aware that she interrupted Slade's path, and that he was bowing before her, hat in hand. His friend passed on, apparently not finding what he sought.

"Is it over?" Slade asked—"the hop?"

"I am afraid it is," she answered; "you are late." And something exquisite in this chiding made her repeat: "You are late."

Slade looked once more into the half-deserted room; then bowed again.

"I am not too late," he said, "unless you are going;" and he arranged two chairs, as on his former visit, and again inquired where her mother was.

"She retires very early when she can," Anne informed him, as she seated herself.

"And sleeps in the afternoon?"

"She isn't very strong, and almost everything tires her. She rarely leaves the hotel. She thinks it very restful here,—too restful, I should say."

Slade thought he could understand how she might find the place a trifle heavy; and the glance he permitted to wander to some groups near by seemed to regard them as bodies which might permeate with that essence a large reach of space. The intimation that she was not of that number, but rather a person of lively and original impulses, under temporary suppression, was a compliment which she resolved to deserve as their acquaintance went on. She told him the names of some of the ladies, their standing at home, and the result of a comparison made among them that day as to the relative sizes of their arms above the elbows,—which Slade seemed to find more amusing than she expected.

She then asked if there was any one besides himself at the pier from Baltimore; but there was no one whom he knew.

"I know very little about Baltimore," said Anne. "I know very little of any one there except the Bonapartes."

"Do you know the Bonapartes?" he inquired.

"Not personally," she replied. "It has always seemed like a foreign city," she reflected.

"You should come abroad and see us."

"Somehow the South seems farther off than any other point of the compass," the girl went on. She fancied, however, that Baltimore was a romantic place,—perhaps on account of the Bonaparte family.

"They are certainly in one sense romantic," he returned; and he touched upon some of the facts of their later lives with a hand which gently rubbed the tarnish from their glory, then rubbed it back again. He spoke of old Jeromes and young Jeromes, and of the ups and downs of their fortunes;—most of which had passed into newspaper literature, and some of which was embalmed in obituaries. He described their houses, their appearances on the street, their unoccupations, the hours they kept, the horses they

drove, their appearance at the theaters. "It is certainly romantic," he concluded.

"Then there was Lord Baltimore," Anne suggested, "and those sisters who made a sensation in London,—one married Lord Wellesley."

And Slade, it seemed, though apparently still a young man, was also a friend of these. He called them by name and described them in a way that agreed with the account Anne's governess had given. He mentioned also a few other names which she respectfully recognized as historic; and after spending half an hour in these circles, she unconsciously assumed a slight elaboration of manner, such as those ladies might have worn, and such as Slade himself seemed to have caught from the lords.

"There are some of those old people still left," he said. "They have white hair and wear velvet coats, and cut their finger-nails in points. They are very ornamental in their way." There was something in his tone which jarred upon Anne, and she closed the fan she had been aristocratically waving.

"They are the foreign ones," she maintained. And though Slade had not the benefit of her line of thought, she next asked, somewhat irrelevantly, if his family were Scotch.

It seemed she was not far wrong geographically; and without hesitation, which might have implied a lack of any great number of ladies and gentlemen in his known ancestry, he mentioned Wales as their original seat.

"So far as I am concerned, however," he added, "I think we are tolerably Americanized. I am afraid that knowing me will detract somewhat from your opinion of our city. I am neither foreign nor romantic. I am a struggling American."

"But I don't know you very well. I know comparatively little about you," she insisted.

"Then I should leave myself to your imagination."

"Struggling for what?" she asked.

"For the good things of this world. They seem to me to be worth having, and worth having in considerable quantities."

"I don't know," reflected the girl.

"What are the good things?"

"You certainly would not think of relinquishing them."

"I don't know," she repeated. "I might."

"What would you consider their equivalents?" he asked.

But she refrained from fixing their values, as he had done from mentioning their denominations.

At that moment young Corbin went by, coming for that purpose across the side-yard from the piazza of a neighboring hotel. Slade's back was toward him, and Anne was too absorbed to see him till he was close to the spot where they were sitting, and, finding her still under the tutelage she had preferred the day before, he again smiled as in illness and passed on.

"Speaking of people who are foreign and romantic," said Slade, taking no notice of him, "I have a friend here whom you ought to meet. He is an Englishman, which doesn't say much for his romantic qualifications. But he is here for romantic purposes. His name is Barney."

"I have seen him."

"He isn't yet Americanized; I am doing what I can for him. The only trouble with him is that he is the victim of his excellent circumstances. He is too rich and indolent to take proper care of himself."

"Why do you think I would like a man who was rich and indolent?" she inquired.

"I didn't say you would like him. I said you ought to meet him."

"I shouldn't like him. I shouldn't get on with him. He is too much like me."

"Ah!" said Slade, "you have but two faults."

"I hope," returned Anne,—and here the activity of her cerebrum culminated,—"I hope that your charity is large."

"I think it will cover you," he answered, cheerfully.

Meanwhile the music had ceased; the lights in the ball-room had been put out; one by one the ladies in Chuddah shawls had borne themselves away, and the clerk had more than once appeared in the doorway. These signs were lost upon Miss Rittenhouse, but not upon her visitor, who acknowledged them by taking his leave.

It was marvelous to Anne how many things happened while she talked with Slade—how tides came in, and tides went out; how people scudded away, and ate and slept; how proprieties changed to improprieties, and the future supplanted the present; how thousands of things, like sands in an hour-glass, slipped silently through, leaving her still stationary!

Once within her little chamber, she locked the door and stood for a moment by the window, musing in the dark.

One of the peculiar features of her new

acquaintance was that it was so entirely her own. It was as if she had stepped accidentally out of the circle to which she belonged, and suddenly, in the great, motley throng of outsiders, had discovered, unaided, a remarkable person. The exact qualities that made him worthy of remark were not easy to define, but she contrasted the feeling he awakened with the dozing induced by the many counterparts of young Corbin who had formed the mass of her associates. This feeling made her akin to the brilliant and dashing young ladies at whose feet society kneeled, and gave her a taste of the wicked pleasures of encouragement and fascination to which those charming creatures were addicted. There had long existed an impression, even in her own mind, that her conduct in these matters was hampered by principles such as rarely restrain the more socially gifted; but, as she looked out upon the distant light-ships throwing their beacons far and wide, no thought of prudence, principles, or consequences marred her delicious agitation or interfered with her plans for its progress. He would be at the beach in the mornings, at the hops in the evenings, and between these distant periods there might be times when he would seek her at her hotel and draw her farther toward the vortex in which he seemed to live. It was, in effect, the social vortex to which she had looked forward in coming to the sea-shore, though in anticipation it had been formed by a large, gay company, circulating in couples by day, and waltzing in couples by night. The large, gay company, however, did not include her in its giddy whirl, but left her standing on a far and quiet circumference. Neither did it seem to include this intelligent stranger, this struggling American from Baltimore—a fact which to her sense left it poor and weak and slow, and which transferred the real center of interest to that quiet rim where she and Slade hovered.

She lighted her candle, and the young girl shadowed in her glass like a Halloween specter had a smiling mouth, dark, tumbled hair, and eyes without a shadow. The transformation was almost too sudden, and dropping her eyelashes she thoughtfully stuck her pins in her cushion in rows.

She was quite correct in her surmise that he would appear at the beach the next morning at the hour when the summer visitor refreshed its worn body in the surf. She went early and took her seat in front of that section of the bathing-houses set

apart to her hotel, from which post she could review the light procession streaming along the rude, continuous piazza.

The day was clear and fair, with a breeze which seemed to be bringing something. Soon after eleven o'clock it brought Mr. Slade and his inseparable companion, and their light umbrellas seemed to serve as sails urging their deliberate steps. They were concerning themselves with the crowd in the surf and the crowd on the strip of beach rather than with those on the piazza, and they passed the deal chair on which Anne Rittenhouse sat in commotion without seeing her.

They had reached that stage of manhood which frequents least the fashionable shore, and which made them conspicuous among the striplings whose powers were still enveloped in adolescence, and among the fathers of families who had crossed the meridian. As they moved on down the piazza, a little whisper rose from some quarter and followed them, and several heads nodded in their direction.

The strip of beach was dotted with gay awnings, with children digging wells, with nurses in white caps, with pretty women in brilliant toilets, with exquisite youths in white flannel, with bathers in fantastic attire, both dry and wet, crossing and recrossing from the shelter of their rooms to the shelter of the waves; and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, Anne left her companions and strolled down to the margin where the sand was damp.

Pursuing her slightly conspicuous way with meandering steps, the white fringe of her parasol waving above her, she showed herself a person of original impulses by extending her walk to the stretch of beach beyond the line of bathers. It was the beach which she knew to be full of the song of sandpipers and of ample opportunities of a sentimental nature. It was also full, on this occasion, of a circumambient sunshine and of the soft lapping of spent breakers. Here and there were a few promenaders and persons in bathing costumes who were correcting the chill of the water by running upon the sand; and here and there a pony phaeton trundled along the edge of the foam. It was one of the latter that finally checked Anne's impulse, by trundling up and insisting that she should enter. Its occupants were Philadelphians whom it was impossible to gainsay; and they rolled on between the sand dunes which obscured the beach from view; so

that Anne never knew whether or not Slade's genius had led him at the same time toward the circumambient sunshine and the air that was plaintive with the song of sandpipers.

She learned that night, however, that he had been at her hotel in the afternoon, and that his visit had been rewarded by a conversation with her mother.

"He came at the same hour he found so favorable on Sunday," the lady remarked, "but he said nothing about contemplating a call upon you. He desired to create the impression that his card was meant for somebody else. He said he was expecting friends who would stop here. He will expect them all summer, but you will find they won't come. I tremble to think of the accidents by land and sea which will detain them."

But she did not tremble; she smiled instead.

Anne smiled more deeply still, turning her face away for that purpose.

"I guess not," she replied.

They were in a small reception-room furnished with a brilliant carpet and chandelier, to which a sofa and a few chairs had been added. Mrs. Rittenhouse was far from comfortable in one of these, but her disaffection toward the furniture was for the time being lost in the striking correspondence she discovered between their surroundings and the new acquaintance thrust upon them.

"He is what one might expect," she went on, addressing the back of her daughter, who stood at the window. "He is in very bad taste."

And she glanced at the American Brussels of large pattern, and at the green chandelier, as if she recognized him in these similar products.

"He is not so very homely," observed the daughter, who, in her turn, seemed to see him in the broad face of nature.

"Don't be deceived. He acts as if he were particularly handsome, but he is dreadful. He mingles the manners of a gentleman of ease with those of an enterprising commercial traveler. He isn't a person whom it is safe to take at his own valuation, and he is plainly indisposed to give us the benefit of any other. He should have known better than to get a little fellow like Corbin to introduce him. He is too old for that. He told me this afternoon that Corbin had gone off on a yachting excursion up the coast. I am afraid

there were explanations which he hesitated to make. He has gone, it seems, without coming to say good-bye to us."

"He is offended with me," declared Anne, still preserving a remnant of her confident smile. "He is offended with me on account of Mr. Slade. He had asked me to go out with him that afternoon, and I forgot it."

"There were a number of things which you forgot. If he was offended, he is taking a fine revenge."

Mrs. Rittenhouse was a still handsome woman, who never, by any chance, failed to present to view a careful and elaborate coiffure. She had a soft voice, soft hands, soft lips, and soft skin; and it was the care of her life to preserve the general soft texture of herself and her daughter from all possible rude contact.

"I don't know how I happened to miss my nap this afternoon," she went on, "and I fancy he didn't know, either; but he made the best of it. He seated himself without waiting to be asked, and proceeded to make himself as agreeable as he knew how. His knowledge of that art is very good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough,—or rather, it goes too far; he overdoes it. He is a man who wants to get on, and he goes too fast."

"If that is all he wants, I don't even see why we might not help him."

"We don't know anything about him,—about his standing."

"We might give him one, if necessary, and not miss it," observed the daughter, again addressing the broad face of nature.

"My dear," expostulated Mrs. Rittenhouse, from the region of the carpets and chandelier, "you would soon find that his scheme for attaining it was comprehensive enough. The progress of those schemes at these places is very rapid."

The young girl said nothing; but the elder did not agree with her that it was a pleasant place for the conversation to end.

"It seems," she continued, "that there is a large family of Slades, who are excellent people, but they live in Chicago. Didn't he tell you he was from Baltimore?"

"Yes," assented Anne, glad of something positive.

"I happened to mention Miss McDermott, who visited Philadelphia from Baltimore, you remember, and he said he thought he had met her. Wasn't she tall? No, I told him, she was short. Well, he said, perhaps she was rather short,—and

fair. Wasn't she quite fair? You know she is dark,—short and dark. He had never even seen her. Then he asked if there weren't two of them, but unfortunately there is only one. He couldn't get a foot-hold, and was obliged to admit that, if he had met her, he didn't remember her. He didn't go much in society. I couldn't find any one that he knew, except by hearsay, and he finally explained that he hadn't been in Baltimore much of late years,—that he didn't live there, in fact, but only near there; and he gave the name of a very small place. I had never heard of it. He couldn't be the man from St. Louis?"

"That is it!" cried Anne. "That is why you don't like him! It is on account of what Mr. Corbin said. He said there was nothing in it; but you won't believe him. You won't let him take it back. He can't get it back. You won't let go of it. It is that story. What offends you is the cheap-

ness of things, the dampness, the briny smells. It is these barns of hotels; it isn't Mr. Slade."

"You are sorry you were not here," pursued the lady, struck by her subdued excitement. "You forget how new you are in judging men. This Mr. Slade is a man; he is not a boy. He must be over thirty. He spoke of things before the war. He seemed to prefer talking on general topics rather than about himself or his friends. It is possible that he thought my knowledge of how to make one's self agreeable as deficient as his was redundant. He didn't stay long. I certainly did not ask him to repeat his visit."

"What did you ask him to do?" demanded the girl.

"I was perfectly polite, but I trust I wasn't cordial."

"He won't come back," Anne said, in the same unusual tone.

(To be continued.)

## "NO MAN'S LAND."

Who called it so? What accident  
The wary phrase devised?  
What wandering fancy thither went,  
And lingered there surprised?

Ah, no man's land! oh, sweet estate,  
Illimitably fair.  
No measure, wall, or bar or gate,  
Secure as sky or air!

No greed, no gain; not sold or bought,  
Unmarred by name or brand:  
Not dreamed of, nor desired, nor sought,  
Nor visioned, "no man's land."

Suns set and rise, and rise and set,  
Whole summers come and go:  
And winters pay the summer's debt,  
And years of west wind blow:

And harvests of wild seed-times fill,  
And seed and fill again:  
And blossoms bloom at blossoms' will,  
By blossoms overlain:

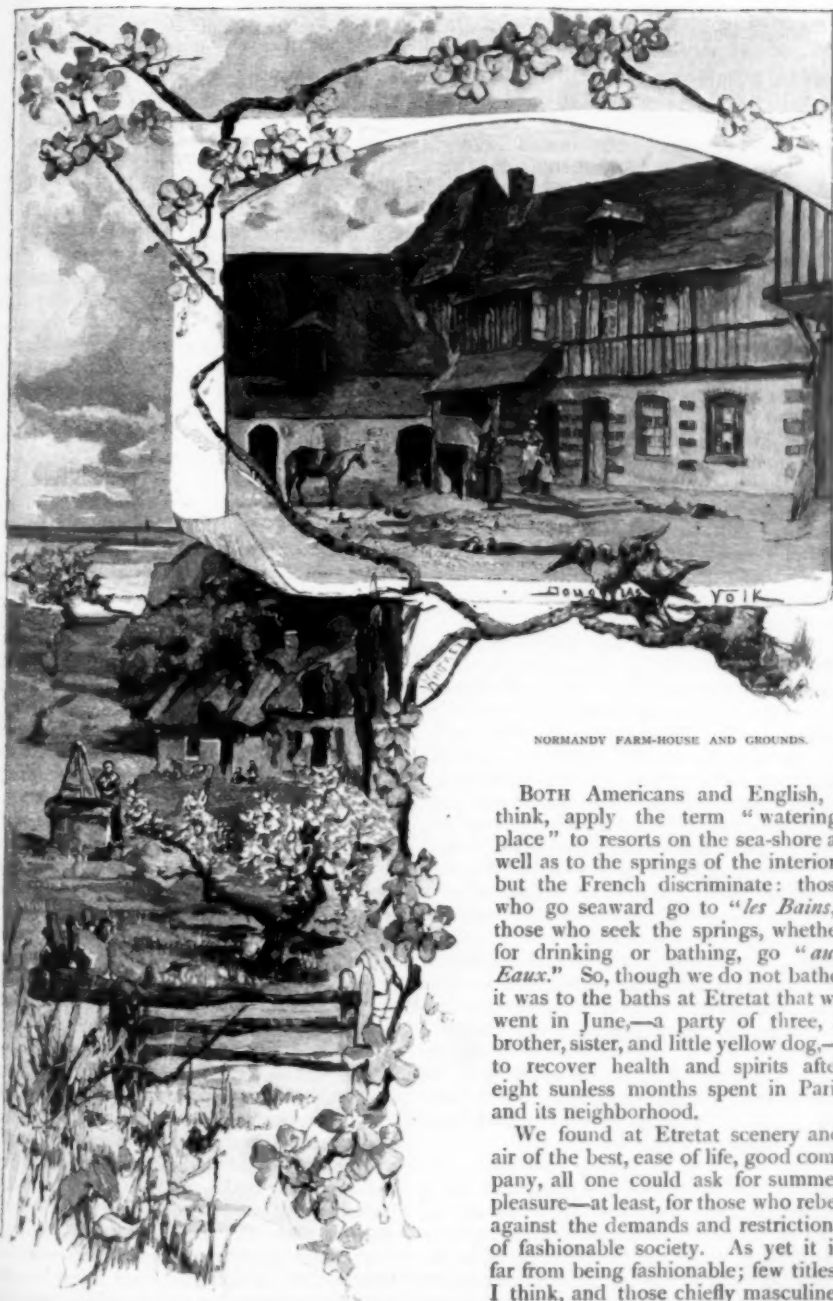
And day and night, and night and day,  
Uncounted suns and moons,  
By silent shadows mark and stay  
Unreckoned nights and noons:

Ah, "no man's land," hast thou a lover,  
Thy wild sweet charm who sees?  
The stars look down: the birds fly over,  
Art thou alone with these?

Ah, "no man's land," when died thy lover,  
Who left no trace to tell?  
Thy secret we shall not discover,  
The centuries keep it well!



BY THE SEA IN NORMANDY.



NORMANDY FARM-HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

BOTH Americans and English, I think, apply the term "watering-place" to resorts on the sea-shore as well as to the springs of the interior; but the French discriminate: those who go seaward go to "*les Bains*," those who seek the springs, whether for drinking or bathing, go "*aux Eaux*." So, though we do not bathe, it was to the baths at Etretat that we went in June,—a party of three, a brother, sister, and little yellow dog,—to recover health and spirits after eight sunless months spent in Paris and its neighborhood.

We found at Etretat scenery and air of the best, ease of life, good company, all one could ask for summer pleasure—at least, for those who rebel against the demands and restrictions of fashionable society. As yet it is far from being fashionable; few titles, I think, and those chiefly masculine,

were inscribed on the casino list in the big black book which the old women and the extremely young men were incessantly studying.

When I learned at the end of our stay that the place had been full of Roumanians and Wallachs, chased from their homes by the unpleasant ways of Russia and Turkey, I regretted that I, too, had not studied it, that I might have been aware of and have more scientifically observed such curious neighbors. We had been told the place was the resort of the theatrical world,—Faure and Offenbach had villas there,—and the inference was that manners might be somewhat startling; but we found that, to the unsophisticated foreign observer, this world in its summer guise does not differ from the ordinary world, and one confounded it with the well-to-do middle class from Paris, Rouen, and Havre, who appeared to make the principal part of the company. There were English, Americans, and Russians, as a matter of course, for they are everywhere; Germans and Spaniards, too, and Creoles—even a family of unmistakable negro type. If one could have known them all! But perhaps they would not have seemed so queer as one would wish.

The town itself is an ugly little place, built of dark flints and dingy bricks. The roofs are of slate, and the whole coloring so dull one would think it at the mouth of a coal-pit. But its situation is lovely. It lies at the mouth of a small valley, full of groves and gardens, which is cut sharply in the high table-land that forms this part of Normandy. This high land meets the sea in bold white cliffs, sisters in beauty to the opal cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and stretches inland in level lines, broken only by the curious dark groves of the Norman farm-yards. Inclosing the little bay and beach, these cliffs reach out in headlands to protect the town from wind, and so take the force of the winter storms that they are worn into arches and pinnacles of fantastic form, of which numberless pictures are always in progress by artists of all ages and all degrees of merit, from Boldini and Landelle down to little girls in embroidered hats and boys in blue sashes.

The beach is of shingle and falls away rapidly, the tides in their coming and going constantly changing its incline—now sweeping it down into one smooth basin, now building it up into a sharp-cut shelf, on the edge of which you stand and look down into the clear waves breaking just under

your feet. I have never seen this charming effect of the “brimming sea” before; the bay the cup, the shelf the edge of it, and the living green beauty of the water sparkling and foaming within. Each quarter of the beach has its own peculiar life. The washerwomen have possession of the western end; next come the fishing-boats, and then the bathing-ground, with casino and terrace at the top of the beach, and rows of “cabines,” out of which come at the bathing hours the oddest figures you can find in broad daylight anywhere. Still farther to the east, beyond the bathing-place, there stretches a long way under the cliffs the only quiet part of the beach. Sometimes they take the unwilling horses there to plunge and dance in the waves; sometimes the boys make unconventional water-parties there; but usually it is quite deserted, and in the fresh early day it is delicious in its still remoteness.

The town is ugly, as I have said, but the outskirts are full of gay gardens, and villas, and trees. Most of the villas are to be hired, and all are named: Villa Georgette, La Chauffrelle, Villa Orphée (Offenbach's), La Sonnette du Diable, Val Fleuri, etc. Others are startling in their broad English—Tiny Cottage, Sphinx's Cottage, Betsey's Villa! Bad taste is cosmopolitan, and makes the two worlds kin. Turrets rest on verandas, and terraces on ridge-poles, here, as they might in America; and here was built on a rock, in 1865, the towered castle with a cannon-ball deeply bedded in its great gate.

The town proper is cut by dirty lanes, one or two wider ones, and one “Grande Rue,” perhaps twenty-five feet wide, named Alphonse Karr, in honor of the discoverer of Etretat. Almost every house has lodgings to let, empty shops are fitted up as “apartements,” and I noticed two thatched boats, papered and carpeted, ready for the unwary citizen of John Gilpin's turn of mind. Looking into the rooms in passing, one was surprised to see how attractive they appeared, even in most unpromising neighborhoods. The universal white muslin curtains give an air of taste to the poorest dwelling, and I can understand what a long-time resident in Paris meant when she said windows without these curtains gave her the same impression as a woman without a collar. The French apparently have no objection to bad smells and no fears of bad drainage. Nice brick houses, with every appearance of luxurious arrange-

ments, stand side by side with the original thatched cottages, sharing the odors of the black gutters and the surrounding backyards.

The place and people, of course, have lost nearly all their individuality since they were discovered, twenty years or so ago, but they still retain the common Norman love of fine cupboards full of china. The old quaint ones of oak have long been sold, and they have brand-new ones now. The china is of the gaudiest, and, curiously enough, always belonged to the grandmother of the present owner. We never had any direct offer of selling made to us, but they had a knowing way of ringing the plates as they expatiated on their age which seemed to imply a habit of discussing prices. One of the fine villas has a noted collection of *Vieux Rouen*, and one soft summer evening we watched through the vine-draped window of *La Chaumière* two old ladies gossiping over their dessert by candle-light, in a room whose walls were covered solid with plates.

Etretat is comparatively cheap, though, as its charms become more known, it will soon change. Its distance from the railroad has preserved to it, until now, something of simplicity. The hotels are comfortable, but in nowise elegant. Many people find their lodgings in the village and take their meals at the *tables d'hôte*. On a sunny morning the court-yard where we lived was a cheerful sight, the little tables occupied by coffee-drinkers, waited on by a dozen or so of white-capped young women with flying strings, whose names sounded wonderfully romantic: "*Celestine!*" "*Ermance!*" "*Aglé!*"

There are many pretty walks and drives over the downs and through the cart-roads which connect the farms, but we liked best those which kept near shore, where we could see, on one hand, the green turf and yellow earth of the cliff edges against the sky or sea, and, on the other, the level lines of tawny grain and greener crops stretching into the distant softness of the interior. We were surprised to see what good walkers many French people are. The excellence of English habits of walking in all weathers has been so preached to American women that they have come to have an idea that the feet of all other nations are nearly useless. One of our neighbors at table was a huge Parisian, Chevalier of the Legion, husband of a portly lady, and owner of the smallest dog I ever saw,

which appeared daily in a fresh toilet of blue or pink or red ribbon-bow on the top of his fluffy head. They used to walk their three leagues before breakfast every day, little dog and all, "playing with the wind," they said. France is the paradise for small dogs. What we are kindly accustomed to call the frivolity of the French makes them gentle and thoughtful masters to small creatures. One day, I heard a heavy sigh under my window and the tinkling of a little bell, then a deep voice, saying: "Well! Thou hast had thy promenade, my cherished one!" Of course I looked, and saw, shining red under his umbrella, a short, fat man, preceded by a shaved poodle. They were on their warm way down from the cliffs, where he had been toiling for the creature's benefit. I thought it very charming, as well as funny. The French are fond of calling poodles "mees" or "meesy."

The small church at Etretat is extremely interesting,—even beautiful. Most of the nave is old, even for Normandy; the arches round and low, resting on simple pillars of great size, some of the capitals still showing the early basket-work. The side aisles are extremely low; the narrow windows are set in deep embrasures, and heavily barred and grated. This part of the church looks very stern, though the yellow stone of which it is built gives it a soft and cheerful light. The nave has been lengthened, and a lantern tower added in pointed Gothic, whose sharp upspringing arches contrast curiously with their older companions. There are various interesting "bits,"—a tiny niche, some odd capitals here and there, the somewhat rare arrangement of the clustered columns, and so on,—but it was best as a whole, full of the solemn strength and uplifting beauty one asks for in a church. The *cure's* house and garden lie at the portal, and there was a cheery going in and out of himself and the sacristan and various dependents, giving to the soft quiet of the place a home-like aspect, which was good to note. It was good to sit there in the sunny mornings, to watch the poor old women, bent with age, who sat so long and still, and to ponder on the past history of the place and its still living intricacy of beauty. One morning, as I sat in the shadow, a tall gentleman and a tall lady entered the church for about ten steps, looked about for a minute or two, and then turned and went out; and as they went, with that intonation which our brethren of the island use when they wish to intimate



THE BEACH AT ETRETAT. (WILLIAM F. W. DANA.)

that something, not being English, is, therefore, of little worth, I heard him say, "Very small"; and the tall lady answered, "Very." But I got sympathy from the little old woman in a white night-cap, who swept the church out one morning when I was drawing there, and took much pains to spare me the dust. At first she pretended to be modest, and spoke of the church as good enough for the country, but not to compare with the fine city ones, "where the altars are all glowing with flowers, and the Madonnas have such splendid clothes!" But when she found I really thought it beautiful, she grew quite confidential, put her rosy, wizened face close to mine, and told me how very old it was, how they were not rich enough to do all that is needed, at once, but each year they do something to repair it, "and it goes on growing nobler." Such a phrase for her to use! I think I must have been in a clairvoyant state, since I understood her, speaking her strange patois, without any teeth. She was a dear little thing—a picture, in her cap and blue dress, with her pink cheeks, and her broom. I have not ceased to regret that I did not have a sou or two to give her a little pleasure; for they are all ready to accept sous, whether they ask for them or not. Signs by the road-side say that "Begging is forbidden in this department"; but they get the better of that—they "distinguish." One

old man wanders up and down, stopping before every woman he meets, exclaiming: "Beautiful lady! eighty-six years!" Boys, in a friendly tone of equality, suggest that it would be well for them to have a little cake, and the man who officially gathers up the ill-smelling things from off the beach will stop beside you and recount that fact, and show you his unsavory trophies, and wait. I never heard a more expressive sound than his grunt, when he saw we should give him nothing; it expressed all his detestation of foreign avarice.

When we first arrived we were much impressed with the politeness of the children; all the little blue blouses wished us good-day in such pretty ways; but the "one sou!" which often jumped out with its little cloven foot, in spite of fear of the law, spoiled the pleasure. I was actually startled by the fierce demand for sous made by boys running after the diligence; they were communists in small, already.

It is hard to describe the attractiveness of the bathing scene, so much of it lies in the beauty of the little bay. The beach is very clean, no ugly, ill-smelling rolls of sea-weed about; the green water comes softly in—pure and sparkling. The beach shelves very rapidly, and the spectators sit as if at a show, one above another, comfortably stretched on the clean pebbles, seeing all without trouble. Here, shaded under para-

sols of every hue from white to red, many spend hours watching their fellow-creatures splashing in the water, commenting on their neighbors, and examining new-comers. There are the mingled pleasures of beautiful scenery, delicious air, personal ease, the satisfaction of seeing others appear ridiculous while you are quietly respectable, and full store of material for gossip, which, of course, was freely used, though what we heard was of the mildest and most Christian kind.

Through this chattering crowd, white-robed figures with hideous head-dresses come stealing down, absolutely delightful in oddities of figure and movement, especially when the wind seizes them. The bathing-men wait for them at the water's edge, take off these white wrappers, and henceforth manage them like dolls or babies, only practiced swimmers being allowed to go outside the two boats anchored thirty or forty feet from shore. One has a curious interest in recognizing, in his striped red-and-white tights, the man who lives over the haberdasher's shop, opposite the hotel, and feels pleased to see how well he dives. Then how surprising to see what an excellent swimmer is the fat woman with a hooked nose, who ordinarily walks so heavily on *terra firma*, clad in a red dress and red-soled shoes, and bearing a red parasol in her

pudgy, white-gloved hand. But most confounding sight to Saxon eyes is the heavy black mustache, who owns the smallest poodle in the town and leads him by a red ribbon, and is now to be seen clinging convulsively to the bathing-man, whose hand is under his chin, as he patiently tries to teach him to swim. The contortions of those unwise enough to try the torture of walking barefoot on the shingle are irresistible. I defy the best heart not to laugh when a bearded young Englishman gives in, and creeps up on hands and feet; or a dignified gentleman, of mature age, submits to be brought up pickaback by one of the bathing-men. These men live in the water the summer through, yet one has survived to reach his seventieth year, and be gay still. They keep up a constant chatter, and feel they fill a place in the world's eye. So they shout to the far-off swimmers, and clap for a good dive, and encourage all without ceasing.

Their health is carefully looked after by the inspector of the baths; they are not allowed to go in for two hours after eating, and drink no *eau de vie*, but "cosy" themselves with warm milk before going to bed. Two of them bear the singular name of *Zéphire*, and one wonders how such a bit of classicality drifted up to this northern



A BATHING SCENE.





WATCHING FOR THE RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS.

shore. When the waves are high, the few bathers are forced to have a rope around their waists, or be held by their hands in the surf; and we saw a most amusing struggle between a resentful Englishman and the bathing-men asserting their authority. They conquered, and he walked like a criminal into the water. I have no doubt he swears, to this day, whenever he thinks of it.

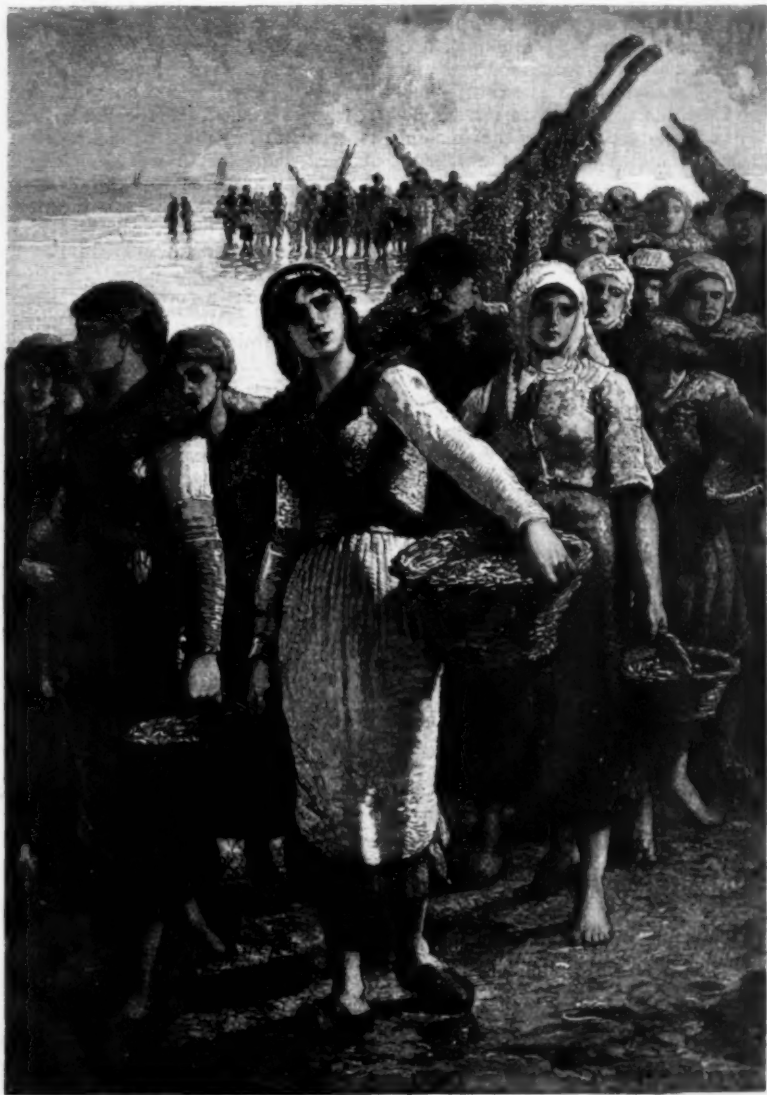
Among the pleasures of the beach, and one not to be despised, is that of throwing stones. It was droll to see that it had its hours, as well as the bathing—after breakfast and after dinner every one on the beach threw stones. Some filled holes, some tried with a second to hit a first before it fell, some contented themselves with hitting the sea, but the same devotion moved them all; and soon the hidden necessity seized you, too, and you became one of the band.

Next to this quarter of bathing, and chattering, and leisure comes that of the fishing-boats, with all their attendant quaintnesses. Here it is all work, but what you may call gentle work, with plenty of talk and rest between whiles. No one hurries. There is no anchorage, and each time the boats return they are pulled up the beach by means of whining capstans, there to lie safely till they are slid down again with

much commotion for the next day's trip. The pulling up is always an affair worth watching. The spokes of the capstan are pushed slowly around by men and women. The thing creaks and moans, and the boat creeps up the beach to the dry line. It must be very hard work, and some enlightened destroyer of the picturesque will, no doubt, soon teach them better ways.

In the spring the fleet sails to the North Sea for herring, and in the winter all the men go off to the great ports, even as far as Hamburg, to ship for the cod fisheries. These are times of dismal anxiety for the women. The Society for Mutual Aid has a thatched boat on the beach, nicely fitted up with seats inside, and here the wives of the captains sit waiting when the fleet is reported near, to give warning to the other women. Many a tale of loss do they have to hear. Even in midsummer, we saw before us a scene of watching indicative of distress. What were they waiting for? Was the boat to bring in food to hungry children, or what had happened? But before we could reach them they were gone.

The summer is the men's holiday season. Then they make but short trips each day, and spend the rest of the time in weaving



THE RETURN FROM FISHING—LOW TIDE. (FROM PAINTING BY A. FEVEN-PERRIN, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)

and repairing nets and mending their boats and tackle. Each boat has one hundred and twenty nets. One hunchbacked old man was always at work on them on the beach, and there he had done the same for thirty years. Behind this lively scene, next to the road, was an irregular line of old

boats, which are one of the marked characteristics of the place. They are patched and weather-stained, and, from their shape, may have been the craft of the immediate descendants of the vikings, when they gave up the griffins' heads at their prows and took to fishing instead of harrying the

coasts. They are roofed with mossy thatch, out of which grow grass and flowers in which there was always busy life of birds, even grass sparrows' nests, I think. These boats are used as store-houses for nets and tackle. St. Sauveur is the patron of fishermen, and on his *fête* there was a grand service in the church, music by the dreadful village band, and a *quête* by the demoiselles Offenbach. It was curious to see such a name posted on the church door as taking a part. Perhaps they kept off, by such pious offices, the danger from their father's evil eye. Every one in Etretat believed he had it, on account of the cold and sinister expression of his large blue eyes. After the service, the sailors carried to every house the cakes which had been blessed by the priests. These were dressed with sugar lambs and birds, and there was a tall canopy of flowers over them. I think the sailors got a good deal of money, at least from foreigners. The French are decidedly careful of their small change. The men grew very cheerful with the healths they drank, and became quite intimate and complimentary. After this, there was an inspection of the custom-house corps, consisting of six men, and a procession of everybody, preceded by the town band, each instrument of which went independently through the music. We had still greater gayeties when Monsieur Casimir Perier was made deputy, and there were illuminations, and the band from Fécamp came over to assist Etretat's in playing the Marseillaise in his garden. It seemed a very innocent thing to do, yet how little while ago it would have been sedition! We were at Etretat ten weeks, and during that time there were six gay holidays when nobody would do any work. One of them was the day of "La Première Communion," when the procession of boys and girls in white went singing up the hill at the edge of the sea to the chapel at the top, there to receive their special blessing.

In the summer the women appear to be harder worked than the men; they not only wash, but they help pull up the boats and mend the nets. They have possession of one end of the beach, not only to cover great spaces with white things drying, but, curious to see, to wash there. As the tide falls they appear from the town, carrying huge bundles on their shoulders and spades in their hands. They go to the very edge of the sea and there dig their impromptu wash-tubs, which fill at once with sweet

water—the last trickling, possibly, of the stream which long ago flowed out of the valley. One would say the natives of the place never sleep at all in summer. Both fishermen and washerwomen keep the hours of the tide, and one can hear the squeaking of the capstans, and see the glimmer of lanterns, at any time of night the sea demands. One of the women told me they were often too tired to eat, but would fall asleep for two or three hours till they woke with a start to be off to the beach again. The weights of wet linen they carry are enormous.

It is a pity they have given up their old costume; a primitive white night-cap is the nearest approach they have. About mourning they are very punctilious. I met a funeral procession one day which exceeded in gloom anything I had ever seen. The women were shrouded in long black cloaks with hoods, and walked in close lines; they seemed to darken every face as they passed. I wondered if, in Japan (is it?), a procession clothed in green would have the same effect, or one in white in China. The women here grow old early, for their hard work tells, but some of the faces were very attractive with good-nature and intelligence. The artist of our party, painting among the drying fields of the beach, had a talk with one of them about the education of her son, who wished to learn Greek and Latin, and her statement of reasons why English or German would be better for him was entirely to the point. What a place in which to hear the pros and cons of the new education!

In contrast to the beach, the *falaise* is very solitary, at least to some people. But those who enjoy sea and sky, and wild flowers nestling in the grass, and sweeping gulls, and soft, distant sounds of country life, find the high cliff-edges full of companionship. Those who have the key, who believe there is some kinship in all life, and some purpose, too, can recall many an hour whose sweet serenity came from a sense of finest sympathy with dumb and what we call inanimate nature. The fine air of the downs is absolutely indescribable.

I use the word downs, yet I think that word is properly applied only to large tracts of high, uncultivated, turfy ground; whereas here such ground is limited to a strip sometimes a quarter of a mile wide, sometimes much less, along the cliffs, and to patches on the valley-sides where the gorse and broom and scrub-oak have too strong a hold to be rooted out. The rest of the



THE FIRST COMMUNION. (FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN LEPAGE, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)

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land, as far as the eye can see, lies ripening in the summer sun, one wide sweep of green and yellow and olive and tawny. Does my reader know Normandy? The farm-houses and buildings are inclosed together by lines of trees, in spaces varying according to the wealth and extent of the owner's possessions. These spaces have no walls or fences, or rarely so, and these only in parts, but trees grow on high, mossy banks, making a defense both from intrusion and the weather. Sometimes there are several rows, and among them valuable timber is cut and replaced, as carefully as in a German forest. Within the inclosures the farm-yard scenes are admirable—everywhere the most artistic coloring and disorder, which first delights your eye and then throws you into a sort of sympathetic despair at the misery of living in it, which would of course much puzzle the owners. There is no end to the pictures that may be made in such a place. Long yellow barns with mossy roofs lie here and there, and piles of straw, and duck-ponds. Women draw water at stone wells with arched iron-work over them; the grandmother spins in the sun; many-colored cocks and hens are pecking under a bright blue wagon, and little pink pigs nose jerkily in the grass. Calves are tethered under the apple-trees, loaded wagons are coming in from the harvest through the gate-way, and there is a view of the sea. It was in that one that we made the friendly acquaintance of an old woman as picturesque as her surroundings. She was bent as nearly double as an old fairy,—with rheumatism, I suppose, and no wonder, considering the dampness of all about her,—but she was very lively and intelligent, and we were struck by the aptness of her remarks about the picture in progress. She appreciated its good points with evident pleasure. She was much interested when we told her we were Americans:

"That country is pretty far off, isn't it?"

We told her how many days we were on the sea, and for the first time in our lives we heard it satisfactorily commented on:

"*Bon Dieu!* how long!"

She wanted to know if we had trees and corn, and groaned over our long winters of snow. The dignity and sweetness with which she bade us good-bye was delightful.

The farms near the sea are less flourishing than those a mile or so inland, and the inclosures are smaller. The tree-tops

are swept by the winds into long slants, which often make an outline, as of some huge, dark monster resting on the warm fields. The trees look very old and mossy; many are almost bare of leaves. What will they do when these really die? Will they plant new ones, and wait long years while they grow in the sea-wind? Or will the spirit of change lead them to try something new, and probably ugly? Meanwhile, they stop the gaps with sheaves of the colza plant, after the seeds have been beaten out in the fields, and these gray masses among the trees are in themselves beautiful patches of color.

One longs to take one of these farm-yards in hand, and, with taste and neatness, make it into a little paradise, with all the beasts around. The farm we most liked to visit lies on the heights to the east. Near it is the ugly chapel, which so cruelly fails to be the pretty Norman structure it ought to be, in such a situation. Though very old, it might, belfry and all, have come out of any New England builder's brain, and—so far as one's eyes allow—one leaves it out of the view. It seemed to be especially the haunt of sailors, as such high chapels looking over the sea usually are; and it is fitting that the first sight they have of home should be the church where candles are burning and prayers being said for their safety. There were always these little lights twinkling on the altar-railing, and many offerings at the feet of the statues, and one or two pictures of ships in the last stages of storm, which yet, no doubt, did come to shore, and men who were in them, and knew what they had been through, drew these, which told the story in a way not to be scorned, though everything in form and color was wrong.

The farm belonged to a rich lady of Rouen, and the tall farmer hired and enriched it at his own expense. His wife told me that it had been much run down, and I spoke of the pleasure of making things better. "Yes, we were put into the world for that," was her answer. She always had something good to say, though she had no teeth to say it with. She was, perhaps, not more than thirty-five. This was one of the most thrifty farms of the neighborhood, and the interior of the cottage looked really clean, which is rare here. The arrangement of the kitchen recalled what I had read of those in the East. A low platform, covered with blue-and-white tiles, ran the length of the room, and the pots and pans rested on the coals in a hollow in the middle. All the

rest of the space seemed to be useless. It was pleasant to sit in the shade and see the farm-work going on in such a picturesque place, to watch the calves browsing under the apple-trees, and the ducks careering over their pond. Though it gave a startling turn to one's thoughts to see a farm-boy come in, and first wash his face in this green-and-brown puddle, and then proceed to fill his jug for luncheon with the same! They often suffer much, on these downs, for want of water to drink, even out of duck-ponds.

Best of all was to lie on the grass in the fields, or on the edges of the cliffs, and listen to the larks and the rustling grain—no other sounds near. There are but few of those dark, rapid creatures which crowd our grass and absorb one's thoughts. Here one can lie in it in peace—even sleep there; and there was nothing two of us liked better than this form of doing nothing. Etretat is certainly a lovely place; but perhaps its greatest merit is the air, fresh and full of life, yet so fine and soft. To New-Englanders, accustomed to shrivel up when the wind comes from the east, it was a constant surprise to feel the north-west wind come in from the broad ocean as a soft, attractive guest, that added a pleasure to life.

Those unwise enough to be energetic in summer can find numerous expeditions. People were always going off on long tramps, and coming back quite red. There is the *Fontaine de Mousse*, where a stream trickling out of the face of the cliff covers it green with pendent moss, in lovely contrast to the yellows and creamy tints of the stone. Then there are two *chaudrons*, where the waves boil into superb spray; and Yport, a little fishing-village, worse than Cologne with the smell of dead fish at low tide, yet wonderfully pretty. Most famous of all is the trip to San Juan, to see "La Belle Ernestine," now an old woman, keeping a restaurant whose walls are covered with verses and sketches by famous people. There are villages with pretty church-towers everywhere among the fields, but none in ruins, and no abbeys nor castles. Only the gables of a fort built by Napoleon when he was threatening England, and now used as a coast-guard station, I believe. These coast-guards, who have their places as a reward for merit, are a very fine set of men. Their faces were keen and intelligent, and singularly pleasant. I liked to meet them dropping down the hill, heavily armed, their guns slung ready at their shoulders; they were a most attract-

ive representation of the power of the law. We were told there was very little smuggling, and again, that there was a great deal; so perhaps they might have some exciting stories to tell. Their lairs on the cliff-edges do not seem to imply a perfectly quiet life. It is a curious fact about these cliffs that, when the sun shines long on them, they crack with the sound of musketry.

The manners of the people among themselves are very polite. No matter how poor, how ragged, or dirty, they are always "Monsieur" and "Madame." They seem very kind to the children, using the prettiest names, "*Ma belle*," "*Ma bonne*," "*Ma petite fille*." They use the second person singular to them, and to animals, too, and it had a very gentle sound. Even the rough boys were capable of politeness, though they consider artists fair game, and would crowd and gaze with an intimate persistency which made a sensitive nose a burden. A joke was the best weapon of defense. The beach is the play-ground of the town; the children wandered about and played their games in the midst of the fine company. The artist of the party had some political talks with the farmers and fishermen, some of whom commented shrewdly on men and affairs; but in general they seemed quite indifferent as to the form of government—they wanted stability. He was much impressed by the constant reference to the value of work. "*Bon courage!*" was often their greeting, as they passed him at early hours under his umbrella; "all the world must toil."

The casino is like all other casinos, I suppose. To us, it seemed the abode of chattering dullness, in spite of plays and concerts and "*petits chevaux*." To one thing—fresh air—every one there, except English and Americans, had great objection. Leaving the door open on a crack as you entered was a trick that was vain; some one immediately shut it, and darted a look of defiance at the barbarian who had put them in such danger. The dressing was extremely simple; gowns were short, and hardly a silk one was seen. Fragile elegancies trailing in the dust were unknown. But all wore heels of the highest; even the excessively fat women—of whom there were more than I ever before encountered—tottered about on these heels. Perhaps they were Wallachs. Sometimes they seemed to be in the majority, so much was one occupied in considering their vastness. I was told that, at some of the watering-places on the sandy shores, it had become the fashion to go barefoot. Human nature

had rebelled against slavery, I suppose; and then how piquant to see a pretty pink foot peering in and out under a soft summer dress!

We found several parties—French, English, German, and American—with whom we had delightful intercourse; but, as a whole, the company seemed commonplace, without even external elegance. There were some exceptions, of course; one a thin, dark woman, without any beauty of figure or face other than her smile, and that it would need a poet to justly describe. It made her instantly beautiful; and, strange to say, the pleasure was not lessened by the conviction that it was an art she possessed, and that the bright, sweet light which filled her face was a matter of intention. There was another woman, looking extremely like her, who tried the smile, too—but! as a Frenchman would say. We noticed much charming family-life led, in all simplicity, before the world; the parents were proud, the children loving, there were mutual confidence and reasonable ideas. As everywhere in France, the connection of the stupid face with the red ribbon in the button-hole made one ponder as to why they should so often go together; politics explains it, I suppose. One of the *décorés*, a polite old invalid, bewailing himself that he was forbidden to smoke and did not care for eating, appeared not to think of any other way of filling the hours. Seeing the artist going out to his work, he exclaimed: "What, you paint? Would to God I did!"

Etretat is much the haunt of French artists; some prominent ones have *ateliers* there, and there, as elsewhere, they show that lively interest in all serious effort, and that encouraging spirit of comradeship, which marks the French artist.

They say the English come over in greater and greater numbers each year. They have an unerring instinct for natural beauty and comfort. They have made ease of living into an art, and know the proportionate value of each item of it. Who other than an Englishman, for instance, would have decided to come to Etretat because it faces just to the point where you have beautiful effects of light on the sea, but no glare? As usual, we found among them some of the most delightful possible companions, though here, as always, one has to distinguish between Britons and English. Of the first, one wishes to see as little as possible; among the second, one can find everything that is worthy of admiration.

English women always make me envious of their practical scientific knowledge. They know the flowers and fishes and birds and butterflies. Even the children have little hammers, and knock knowingly at the rocks. Almost without exception they have pleasant voices; even those who otherwise were not attractive spoke in sweet and interesting intonations. I was sorry to find that they did not seem as strong as we thin and nervous American women have been taught to think. They all walked, to be sure, and seemed to have a sense of merit in going on long expeditions, from which they would come back red in the face, with dragged flounces. They have their own fashions of dress, and one could tell them at a glance by their hats, or, if without them, by their noses. I do not know what it is which makes an English woman's nose so distinctive. They are usually handsome ones, and full of character. It was delightful to see how afraid they are of each other. One stormy day, when the artist was making a sketch of the waves, an English girl came near and politely asked, in British French, permission to look. When answered in her native tongue, she cried, aghast: "What! are you English?" and ran away! The third member of our party found great favor among them, even to the point of being occasionally picked up and carried over places hard for his short legs. They fully appreciated his dignity and sweetness, and the admirable blackness of the inside of his mouth. A nice boy of sixteen considered me a kindred spirit, and poured out long eulogies on the charms of a hideous bull-dog he had left howling for him at home in England.

Some of the Americans—there were but few—were handsome and intelligent people, and danced better than any one else. But there was one American such as Europeans sometimes think typical—rich, boastful, ill-bred, self-satisfied, ignorant, and presuming. He wished to be universally intimate, and "treated" constantly. He appeared to know nothing of French, but talked loudly of its absurdities, and declared that the "American language" was the only one fit to speak. He had traveled much, apparently. "Oh, yes," he said, "he knew all about Hungary,—he had been three days in Prague!"

September, they say, is usually a month of clear, delicious weather, but August is apt to be cold, even to the wearing of seal-skin coats and the warming of dinner-



THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN. (FROM A PAINTING BY EUG. FEVEN, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAIN & CO.)

plates. When at last, on the 12th of September, we thundered away along the fine roads, the poppies were gone and yellow flowers had taken their places. French women do not wear yellow till they have left forty behind them. Do they take the idea from Mother Nature's treatment of the years as they grow old? The fields were dark; the farmers were plowing for their autumn crops with very clumsy machines. Everywhere were grouped fine stacks of

grain with crosses on the peaks, for this part of Normandy is very clerical.

The working horses are usually white, large, heavy, and round; they looked in good condition and content, whereas the few dark ones were wretchedly thin and weary-looking. The cows are enormous square-framed creatures, which seemed kind, but not as interesting as are their pretty sisters not so far off in Jersey, or those most attractive dark bits of cows in Brit-

tany. They are always tethered in these unfenced fields, and their aspect, when fortune puts them into a clover patch, is something good to see. They told us Normandy is exquisite in spring-time, quite covered with apple-blossoms. The fruit is not handsome, and is used chiefly to make the famous Norman cider, which there is sometimes called beer. In the warm weather we found it a most healthful and pleasant drink, but so soon as the days grew cool it began to set our teeth on edge. Normandy is a poor country for fruit, but along the Loire and the southern bank of the Seine it is delicious. I am not quite sure it would not be a summer well spent to haunt those regions while the fruits were ripening, one after another, and culminate in a feast of *Reine Claudes*, bursting with golden juice. On this last drive we passed the one costume we saw in all those weeks, and

sighed to think how all the world is dressed in the same gowns. If those Wallachians and Roumanians had but worn their extraordinarily complicated costumes, and the washerwomen, and the Spaniards, and the Dutch maids theirs, what a scene would Etretat have been!

There are not many fine chateaux in this part of France, and we noticed a curious point of difference between the few there are and the country-houses of England, which are placed as far from the public road and hidden from the world's eye as much as possible. Here, on the contrary, the house was always near the boundary, and openings were left in walls and hedges through which to see the world go by. The French cannot be tormented by coveting their neighbors' land, since they are so willing to keep the dividing line in sight.

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TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,  
A willing vassal at my feet,  
Glad partner of my home and fare,  
My shadow in the street,

I look into your great brown eyes,  
Where love and loyal homage shine,  
And wonder where the difference lies  
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found  
Within myself or human kind,  
Hath royally informed and crowned  
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around  
For that one heart which, leal and true,  
Bears friendship without end or bound,  
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;  
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,  
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,  
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury  
As any Christian saint of old,  
As gentle as a lamb with me,  
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,  
More watchful than a sentinel,  
By day and night your constant joy  
To guard and please me well,

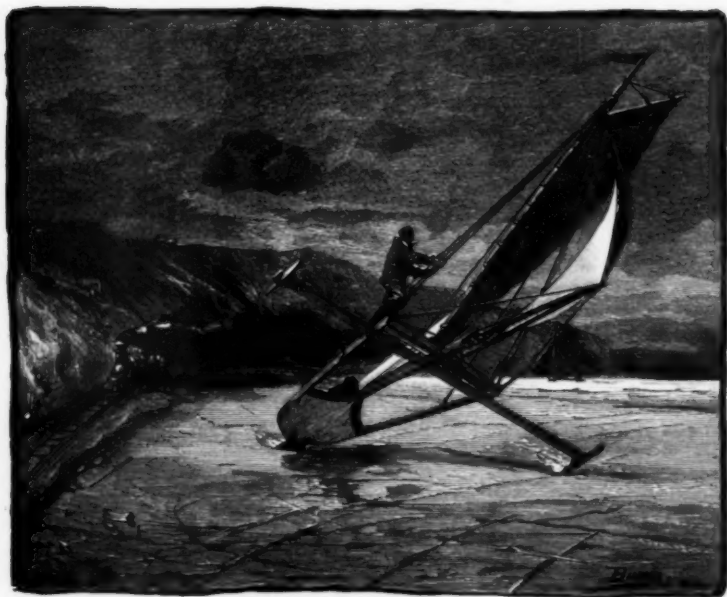
I clasp your head upon my breast—  
The while you whine and lick my hand—  
And thus our friendship is confessed,  
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God  
As truly as you worship me,  
Or follow where my Master trod  
With your humility,

Did I sit fondly at His feet,  
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,  
And watch Him with a love as sweet,  
My life would grow divine!



## ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.



STEAM AGAINST THE WIND.

AN ice-yacht flits about like a swallow, skimming over the river with the speed and grace of a bird. She is better than a bird, for she takes you along in her flight and gives you the triumph of the wing, as she sweeps, and swings, and trembles on through space. Mount this wayward flyer as she is launched upon the wind. Your course is down the Hudson from Poughkeepsie, and, as your sail begins at a moderate speed, you can observe the scene.

The old river is not now in its human, sympathetic mood, when it hums with talk and song, and its banks are bright with lawns and flowers. It is a long, narrow, level valley of ice, all gray between its dark brown headlands. The hills are sober in a fur of bare trees, and the fields are bald and white with snow. As you look eighteen miles down the narrow valley, it seems walled in by high headlands marking a long perspective, down to where the Highlands close about it with a wall of hoary mountains. The pure, keen air gives even the distant scenes the clearness of a miniature. Here at the start are the shores of Poughkeepsie, with smoking furnaces, deserted docks, and sloops bound in the ice. Two miles below, on the right, is Blue

Point—a high head of rock frowzy with bare trees. On the left are the cuts and tunnels of the railroad and the high cliffs, hung with gleaming icicles; and a train comes thundering into the wintry silence and veils the bluffs with steam and smoke. Farther on are the docks and houses at Milton nestled under the bank, and the Barnegat hills opposite covered with an olive-black forest of arbor-vitæ. On the right, the deep gorge of Marlborough veils its winter sculpture with golden willows, and the bold headlands of Hampton roll along the shore. Opposite these is the village of New Ham-burgh. The valley expands still farther on into the broad bay of Newburgh, lying at the base of the Highlands. It is a long, narrow stretch of cold and desolation. And yet, in gliding about, you get glimpses here and there of cheerful, active life. You may peep into fishermen's huts on the shore, where men are netting; or at a deserted mill tottering back under the rocks, while its perennial brook still sings and sparkles down the cliffs, now white with icicles and beds of frost-flowers. Your mind may linger about the farm-houses on the hills, where warmth and cheer fight off the winter cold and the biting breeze. It begins to blow more, and

you find yourself flitting about from village to village with a quick and pleasant motion. Teams crossing at the ferries shy at you and hasten their pace. Gangs of men are working at the ice-harvest; fishermen are hauling their nets up through the ice or skating hastily toward little signals that respond to a "bite"; foot-passengers are gingerly picking their way on the slippery surface; groups of men and boys dot the ice with their black figures and reflect the sunbeams from their skates, and more retiring couples swing along, hand in hand, in the little bays and coves. These bits of life and color are doubly welcome in the desert of winter, cold, clear, and stern. The stillness of death is broken only by the loud cracking of the ice—mutterings of the old river making a continual roar. You hear many sudden snaps, and the clear ring of thin sheets of ice falling in the "windrows"; then an angry crash from ice along the shore. The deepest tones are the loud, musical notes of a great crack that starts under your very feet and runs off to the bluffs.

All the large cracks run across the river. The lateral expansion finds room by crowding the ice upon the shores; but as the expansion up and down the river is prevented by bays and points, the ice buckles up in ridges across the river. Sometimes the bend goes downward and forms a hollow filled with water, until one side of the ice, dropping below the other, is caught by the tide, and broken off, and carried away.

Such cracks often remain open all winter, for the water, boiling up from under the ice, is not easily frozen. In other cases, the bend goes upward and raises a ridge or bridge, sometimes several feet high; this does not interfere with travel until one-half drops down and makes a step or fault. The river is divided into long lanes and fields of smooth ice by windrows crossing in every direction. In some regions the windrows are so numerous as to prevent sailing; in others, large expanses offer good ice for long distances. When the first ice formed, it was so thin that it broke loose from the shores in large cakes or "fields"; these, in floating against one another, fractured the edges, turned them upward, and made ridges of broken ice, some of which are thin, clear sheets standing at every angle and flashing like mirrors. The yacht glides about in these fields and lanes, avoids the old mounds and windrows of snow-ice, and now and then dashes through a thin windrow, while the scales rattle and gleam like crashing glass.

All at once, you seem to be running straight into a hole of still, open water; in an instant you are skimming over the glassy surface of new ice. As you look down, you see muddy water floating under you in small, boiling currents like little clouds. The ice in places is quite full of bubbles; those near the surface are all white with delicate frost-work such as you have



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

seen on window-panes: those farther below, being protected from the cold, are as clear as cut-glass. Here and there is a catacomb filled with the skeletons of grass and ferns torn from the mountain brooks. The ice is all faintly veined and marbled, and tinted with reflections of the heavens. It seems like a picture of a dim twilight sky, with crystals for the stars. In other places it is a record of Nature in a warm and lenient hour, when she modeled in the ice little landscapes with gorge, rivulet, and bluff, and decked them with white flowers; but Old Winter caught the ripples playing with the wind and petrified them. There are great lumps of light, as it were, where blocks of ice lie in the sun; mosaics of frost-flowers, and Nature's geometry of crystals; and beautiful fractures, some of them composed of flat spiral strands like the threads of a screw, which gleam in the sunshine like a rope of rainbows. Thus the scene and the experience of ice-yachting are full of the weird and the magical. The gray desert of winter gleams with vivid colors; the silence of death is broken by roars as of sharp agony; you move airily over the surface of the deep; you lie still as the dead, and yet you glide about with the unearthly ease and freedom of a spirit. And your eagerness of expectation matches the keenness of the air and the brightness of the sunbeams on the winter scene.

You go on down the river now with a good wind on the beam. The playful breeze freshens in flaws, as if trying to escape you; but still you follow its wayward motions: you start when it starts, flit over the ice with its own speed, turn and glide with the lightness and the grace of its own whirling dance. The ice-yachts darting about look like white-winged swallows skimming over the ice: as they cross and recross your course, you hope that every captain knows his business and will avoid collisions. The ice-yachts have anticipated your wish, and flown away to various points of the horizon while your thought drew its slow length along. The ice seems to be running under you with great speed, and you sometimes feel that you might easily drop off the open, spider-like frame of the yacht. By such rapid motion, the bubbles, crystals, and lines of the ice are all woven into a silky web of prismatic hues. You distinguish only the cracks that run with the course; and, when they deviate from it, they seem to jump from side to side without connecting angles or curves. The mounds and the windrows seem to come

up at you suddenly, and dodge past. You begin to hold on to the hand-rail, and lie close down in the box. If you are steering, you feel that your hand is the hand of fate; and the keen excitement nerves you to extraordinary alertness. The breeze sings in the rigging; the runners hum on the ice with a crunching sound, and a slight ringing and crackling; and a little spurt of crushed ice flies up behind each runner and flashes like a spray of gems. The yacht seems more and more a thing of the air,—her motions are so fitful, wayward, and sudden. The speed with which you approach a distant scene makes it grow distinct while you wink with wonder. Things grow larger, as if under the illusions of magic; you feel the perspective almost as a sensation. You turn toward a brown patch of woods; it quickly assumes the form of headlands; these are pushed apart, and a gorge appears between them; while you stare, a stream starts down the rocks, behind the trees; a mill suddenly grows up; the rocks are now all coated with ice; statues of winter's sculpture are modeled before your eyes, and decked with flashing crystals, just as you turn away to some other point of the horizon. So you seem to be continually arriving at distant places.

A regatta is to be sailed over this course, and you arrive in time to see the start. The yachts all stand in a row, head to the wind. At the word, the first in the line swings stern around till her sails fill; she moves off at once, and the crew jump aboard,—one man standing or lying on the windward runner-plank and holding on to the shrouds, and the helmsman and another man lying in the box. Then the other yachts successively swing around; and, in a moment, the whole fleet is under way, gliding in zigzag courses among the windrows and mounds. They all diminish in apparent size with astonishing rapidity; they seem actually to contract in a moment to a mere white speck, skimming about the river miles away. You join the crowd of men and boys stamping and slapping to keep warm; you exchange a few words with a friend, and when you turn around again, behold the yachts sweeping down upon you! They grow as they come, flying at you with a wayward, erratic course, and you feel the wonder of embodied speed. The ten-mile race of the ice-yachts is lost and won in as many minutes. But for those who sailed it, these minutes were filled with more excitement than is found in many a long life-time.

Embark again and return up the river.

The wind, freshening all this time, now pours down over the banks of the Hudson in strong gusts. The sky is partly covered with clouds; the gray desert of winter has lost its gleams of color; snow-squalls enshroud the dark headlands, and the grim face of Nature frowns with stormy gloom. It is a time to draw up to the fire and talk of storms, while one is basking in luxury and warmth. But you are launched upon the wind; the light snow whirls upward in the lee of the mainsail, and she seems a spirit of the air in a cloud, sweeping onward like a whirlwind. The wind howls in the rigging, the ice crashes, the runners ring, and you hold on to the shrouds in a nervous frenzy of excitement. As she turns in her sudden motions, you feel as if your body were trying to fly on in some swift tangential course, even though your hands and feet remain. Space opens freshly before you every moment as a strange, devouring void, and you fly into it with a wild, erratic motion, seemingly beyond the rule of human will or natural law. You are not shut up in a ponderous train—a whole world of material, roaring, jolting matter. Here you fly alone through the keen air and the flashing sunshine, with the speed of a bird soaring in the sky. But your eyes are not those of an eagle, and they see things changed by the rapid passage. Objects seem melted down and drawn out into blurred, elongated forms; shapes and colors are lost, and things look blue. Now the wind lulls again; you listen to the roaring of the gust sweeping up the bluff and through the bare forest; then a louder roar comes on, as an express train thunders out of the tunnel. The windows are filled with eager faces, and waving handkerchiefs stream in the wind; the engine blows a shrill challenge, and you wave an acceptance. But the wind plays you false, and the train passes in triumph. Then all at once you get the breeze and move up; you skim along with ease compared to the thundering tread of the iron horse, and you gain on him. As you come abreast, the windows and platforms are crowded with excited people; you hold on your course and, with the next gust, pass them as though they were slowing up, while they cordially salute your victory with more waving and whistling. You soon lose sight and sound of them; the wind roars in the rigging; as the yacht sways in her course, her extreme speed makes her divergences appear like leaps from side to side—a mad, reeling motion.

As she "rears," or heels over, she seems to rise for an actual flight into the heavens; she slides a little sidewise with a wild, tremulous motion, and you wonder where she will alight. Now she rears again, and at that moment you have to wear away to avoid some rough ice. The descent and the swing combined seemed to have destroyed the force of gravity; your body seems to have lost all material existence, and you swing through space with a rush that makes you shiver. You have been in the shadow of the clouds, but now, in a single instant, you fly into a sunny world, gleaming sharply, faintly, with prismatic hues: you are dashing through a windrow, the ice flies and the air seems filled with a shower of diamonds. Even while they fall you have crossed the sunny world and entered another of storms. The whole face of nature is animated; the hills grow up while you stare, and come rushing at you with a new and awful grandeur—a feeling of omnipotence. But they pass by, and subside again, as if by a magic spell. Suddenly something has happened; your feet have flown out from the plank and your body swings out by the arms as if whirling on a trapeze; the yacht has run over a mound of ice and snow a foot or more high; as this tossed her into the air, the wind on the quarter swung her stern around and headed her across the wind, straight for a high mass of broken ice. And she keeps right on, through all these gyrations, with such speed that you have to cling with all your might to prevent her from flying from under you. The captain, however, keeps his head, and in a moment wears her away again, with another of those inconceivable swings and sweeps of a bird. Her sudden starts and turns make her a living thing of the air, full of wild, swift, and graceful motions, and a wayward willfulness that is startling. Now she dodges a mound with the clear determination of certainty; then, in the midst of barriers that would crush us all, she sways and reels and roars as if in the confusion of inevitable destruction. But the spell of magic is upon her, and guides even her wildest flights. The horizontal or the upward tendency of every atom destroys again and again your sense of weight; your body seems the subject of unseen, unknown powers; and a keen, shivering glee flashes through your soul. Such a flight over the earth is among heroic feats, and it kindles your nature with the fire of valor. But the flight is done, and you must stop the triumph of the wing; you descend from



WAITING FOR THE START.

the clouds of snow and the roaring storm on which you flew as an eagle on a whirlwind; you return to the common earth, to the long, narrow valley of ice, dull and gray between its headlands, now flaming out in the cold, clear, silent evening.

Ice-yachting seems to be the acme of recklessness. In its early days, when the men were less skillful, and the yachts, being ill-balanced, were less manageable, accidents sometimes occurred. But now that experience has improved the methods of handling and building, ice-yachting may be called a safe sport. Serious accidents are almost unknown, and yachtsmen do not hesitate to sail with their families under reasonable conditions of ice and weather. The ice-yacht is the fastest object moving on the earth; but if any one find her motions too slow, let him put on skates, and holding one end of a long rope made fast to the boom, take a tow behind her on smooth ice; when she is under full speed put her about sharply, and give him a swing before he lets go the rope, as if from a sling. He will compare himself to a bullet.

The handling of an ice-yacht differs from the sailing of other crafts in many particulars. Her sails are always trimmed flat aft; but if a wind on the beam is so strong

as to make her either slide or "rear up" too much, the boom is sometimes let off a foot. The steering of an ice-yacht is very surprising to a water sailor. The tiller generally moves as easily as a straw, unless the rudder catches in a crack or runs through snow or rough ice. Her extreme quickness and delicacy in obeying the helm is one of her chief attractions; but the helmsman must have a cool head, a quick eye, and a steady hand. Otherwise she may whisk about with such sudden and erratic motions as to throw all hands into eternity. Nevertheless, she may be turned about with extraordinary quickness if she is brought gradually to the shortest part of the curve,—somewhat as a whip-lash may turn very sharply without snapping. This gradual turning is very necessary in a stiff breeze; for if she be put about too suddenly her momentum causes her to slide sidewise, and to lose almost all her headway.

Pushing the yacht is the most prosaic experience. But it is often required in light, flawy wind and on a snowy surface where the friction is great, to prevent her from stopping and her runners from settling in the ice. Steering among obstructions and over rough ice or cracks requires much ex-



perience, coolness, and promptness. In going over a rough place, she is first headed so as to spill the wind and relieve her of strain; she is then headed as straight across a crack as possible, that the runners may not slip into it, and that they may both cross it at once. In going over broken ice where the cakes overlie one another, one or both runners must be run on the highest places to raise the plank above the obstructions. It is better to jump down from such high mounds or cakes than to attempt to run up their steepest side; for, if the points of the runners catch on the edge of a cake or in a snow-bank, the yacht will be brought up so suddenly that her rigging may all go by the board, or the whole craft may be wrecked. In approaching dangerous places, it is sometimes necessary to stop very quickly. The usual mode of stopping is to luff her up and run her into the "wind's eye" till all her headway is lost. There are two modes of stopping quickly. When sailing close to the wind, luff her till her headway is diminished somewhat, and then turn the rudder quickly square across. This acts then as a brake, scraping sidewise on the ice. The strain on the boat, of course, is very great, and necessity alone justifies this maneuver. When sailing free, stopping

suddenly is more difficult. Pay her off to jibe, and as the boom, in swinging over, gives her a jerk, at exactly the same instant turn the helm quickly square across, pointing, of course, to leeward. This jerk hauls her stern suddenly around and she turns about into the wind, while the rudder is kept square across to act as a brake. If the speed be not very high, the yacht may be stopped in the space of two lengths by this maneuver. An ice-yacht is temporarily anchored by turning her head to the wind, lighting up the jib-sheet, and turning the rudder straight across. The jib-sheet should always be cast off, to prevent her from getting away alone. On one occasion, when the fleet had come to anchor in a cove and the men were loitering about the yachts, one yacht ran away. The jib-sheet was not cast off, and a gust of wind had started her alone on a wild and dangerous course.<sup>6</sup> She first stood off from shore, but suddenly put about. She came straight in, and in a moment struck another yacht and made two complete wrecks, but fortunately did no other harm.

An ice-yacht is got under way by trimming the jib-sheet and then swinging her stern around and pushing ahead till her sails fill. When she is temporarily laid up, all her run-



TAKING A TOW.



THE WRECK.

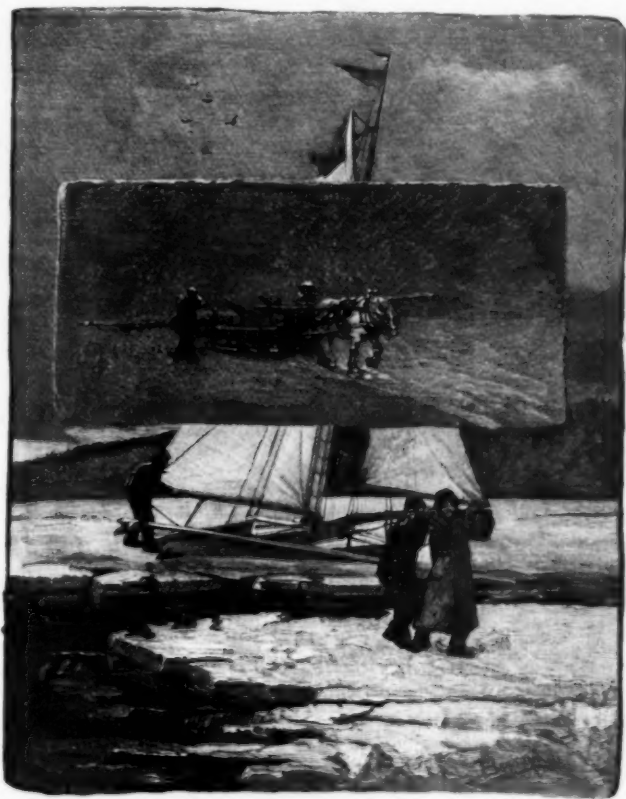
ners are placed on pieces of board, the tiller is removed from the rudder-post, and her sails are protected by canvas covers.

The crew stand on the windward runner and hold on to the shrouds. This is the only proper position for them; for there they not only give their weight as ballast on the windward side, but also relieve the leeward runner of extra weight added to the pressure given by the sail. And, moreover, it is the safer side, since the spars, if carried away, cannot fall on them, and if she capsizes, they are not under the sails. In a light wind, only the helmsman lies in the box; but when a stiff breeze makes her slide around, more weight is required on the rudder to make it take hold of the ice. The best management of an ice-yacht can scarcely be described; it varies with different courses and must be learned by intelligent practice. In general terms, of course, her actions are like those of other sail-boats; but, in some particulars, her special features necessitate a different handling. She sails closer to the wind than any other craft; a good ice-yacht stands up within four points,

and she goes about so quickly that she loses but little of her headway. In beating to leeward,—the ice-yachting expression for sailing with a free wind,—when she has her full speed, pay her off nearly on her true course for a little way; then should she begin to lose much of her headway, luff, or come up a little more to get up headway again. She is thus kept always at high speed, yet makes many short runs nearly on her true course. The higher the wind, the more she can run free. She always jibes on this course, and, if the wind favors, makes a long turn. To “bring her to” at a given point while running free, reach a point many lengths directly to windward of it; then head her directly with the wind till she slows up to the same speed as the wind, turn her suddenly into the wind till she is nearly stopped, and then turn the rudder across as a brake. A sharp lookout must be kept for cracks and rough places in the ice, for an ice-yacht cannot go safely at full speed over obstructions more than a very few inches high. When sailing over such places, she slows up and picks her way

among impassable mounds and windrows. But it sometimes occurs that a yacht flies over dangerous spots without either care or misfortune, and often in these fool-hardy or unavoidable feats she is brought up all standing against some obstacle, the rigging parts, the spars go by the board, and she looks in an instant like a hopeless wreck. The crew meanwhile continue the course alone, each according to his own personal

the crack, the water flies, but if the forward ends of the runners rise over the farther edge, she will plow through it all. A yacht and her crew may pass over a wide crack by backing her into it till the boom hangs over the farther edge of the ice; one or two men cross, by holding to the boom for safety, and lift the stern up on the ice. She is then backed still farther, till the runners also are raised on the farther edge of the



TOWING A WRECK.

JUMPING A CRACK.

capacity for sliding on ice. "Jumping" a crack is one of the liveliest maneuvers in ice-yachting. If the crack in the old ice be an actual, open crevice, she can jump but a few feet, even with the help of a brisk wind. For, if either runner catches on the farther edge of the crack, everything will come down. But if the crack be covered with even thin ice, or if the farther edge be lower than the edge she leaves, she may cross more safely. She dashes square across

ice; then the rest of the crew cross over on the bowsprit.

The rules of sailing adopted for regattas are the same as those of the New York Yacht Club, varied slightly to suit the requirements of ice-yachting, and extended to include a provision for pushing the boat under certain circumstances. In a puffy, flawy wind, of course a yacht may stop; and if she is allowed to remain stationary the runners settle into the ice so



AN ICE-BOAT IN A SNOW SQUALL.

that she would not start again in a light wind. Hence it is necessary to allow a limited amount of pushing.

When an ice-yacht capsizes, which very rarely occurs, the movement is quite unlike her usual motions in being very gradual. As she "lifts" or "rears" and eases the sail, she slows up and heels over more and more, while the stern remains on the ice, and she quietly spills the crew out of the box, or lets them hang by the shrouds till they drop on to the ice. An ice-yacht often runs many rods on the leeward runner and the rudder, while the skillful captain keeps her poised in the wind. This "rearing" is an exciting maneuver. Sometimes the boom dragging on the ice steadies her a little. If she be beating up, she may at once be eased by luffing; if she be running free, she may

be eased by paying off, and the man who then stands for the first time on the windward plank when it is up in the air and descends as she wears away at that lightning speed, feels a new sensation,—a chill creeping over him, and his breath stopping; and, indeed, it seems as if one might be flying off to another world. This movement of wearing away before a strong wind tests the balance of an ice-yacht's sails and the helmsman's judgment and nerve. As she beats up to round a stake and turns it, she loses headway; then, when she wears away, the wind lifts her before she can get under way, and the question always is whether she shall be saved from capsizing by bearing off or by luffing. Then when the windward runner comes down on the ice, the rudder must be straightened just in the



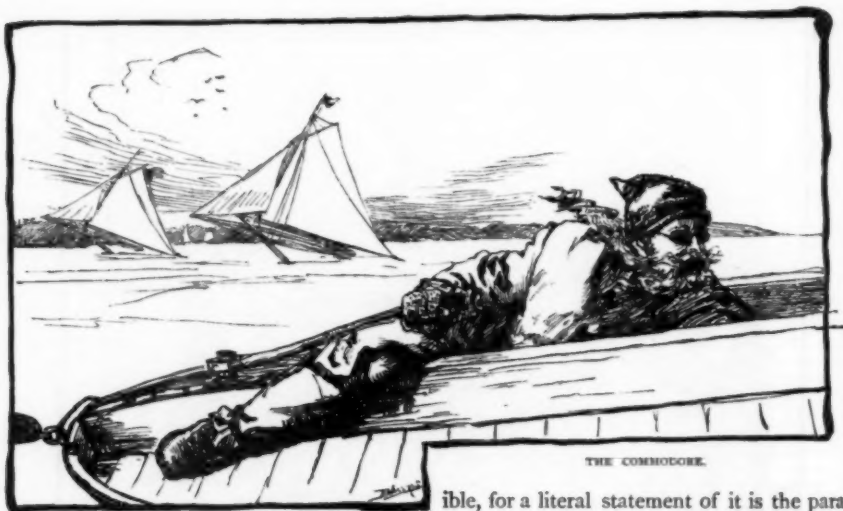
CROSSING AT THE FERRIES.

nick of time, to save her from spinning around. Even good helmsmen are sometimes flung out of the box by this maneuver. In wearing away, or in sailing free, a strong wind bears on the after half of the mainsail very strongly, and sometimes slues the stern around and heads her into the wind in the twinkling of an eye. When she runs through windrows, broken loose ice, or snow, the skates do not get solid bearings, and her motions are often very unexpected. Almost all ice-yachts carry a weather-helm, and no two have exactly the same balance. Breaking in is not a very serious matter. As the lee runner makes a long gash or crack in the ice, she slows up and capsizes before she runs the stern off the sound ice. The crew, if on the windward plank, are not slid into the water under the sails, but go aft, and get off at the stern with the captain. The sails are lowered, if practicable, and one of the halyards is unreeved from its thimble at the mast-step. The stern is swung around till the upper runner, when lowered, will rest on good ice. The halyard—fast at the mast-head—is passed over the upper runner, and then she is righted by hauling down this upper runner. If the ice be weak, it is well to place a board or a ladder on it, to prevent the runner from breaking in.

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When the lower runner has been raised above the ice, it is held up while she is run off on to good ice. She is righted after a capsize by the same use of the halyard; the stern is swung around till the wind is spilt from the sail; if she be a small boat, she may be swung around till the wind helps to lift her, but if she gets too much wind, she will come down so forcibly as to break the runner-plank. It is dangerous for yachts to follow one another closely on the same track, or run in high winds very near together, for a captain may not foresee the movements of another, or a yacht may slide a little and become unmanageable for a moment, and thus produce collisions. The only fatal accident recorded from ice-yachting on the Hudson occurred several years ago, when the handling of ice-yachts was less systematic. One yacht followed another pretty closely; the head one, instead of crossing a small crack in the ice, ran parallel with it, and caught her rudder in it so firmly that she almost stopped, while the second yacht came on too suddenly to avoid running her bowsprit against the man in the box of the head yacht. The by-stander on the ice is in more danger than the crew, unless he understand his rôle. When ice-yachts are darting about him, he should not lose his wits





THE COMMODORE.

and attempt to dodge the fleetest thing that moves on the earth; he should stand still, that the yachtsmen may know where he is, and may avoid mowing off his legs with the runner-plank. One man, however, who found that the captain did not see him, had the presence of mind and agility to jump up at the critical moment and let the plank pass under him.

Ice-yachting, of course, has the disadvantage of a very short and uncertain season. The past winter afforded an unusual amount of sport,—about thirty-six days; but usually we enjoy perfect conditions of wind and ice on not more than sixteen days per year. We have, however, many other days of passable sport, when the enthusiastic sail, as well as they can, in spite of a few inches of light snow, rough ice, or light winds. The weather is never too cold for the ice-yachtsman, for the excitement and the motion help circulation. His suit includes arctics, a fur skull-cap covering the ears, linen drawers over woolen ones, a calf-skin coat, or else cardigans, under a warm pea-jacket. The trowsers are tied about the ankle or tucked into the legs of woolen hose. When sailing in a driving storm, fine wire goggles are sometimes worn, or a wire covering for the mouth. But after securing even the best protection, you may some time have to study the best treatment of frosted parts.

The speed of an ice-yacht seems incred-

ible, for a literal statement of it is the paradox that she sails faster than the wind driving her. This interesting problem lately brought to print many letters from diverse sources. The people inquired about the facts and their explanation. Some professors of science explained why the speed of a yacht could not equal the velocity of the wind. Ice-yachtsmen replied by giving the recorded speed of their yachts as a mile a minute in a stiff breeze blowing at about twenty miles an hour. Then the professors reconsidered the problem, and sought for an explanation of the fact. Some of the contributors give long equations to demonstrate the relations between the rate of the wind, the amount of friction, and the speed of the yacht. One of the most elaborate studies—in Van Nostrand's "Engineering Monthly" of December, 1879, and January, 1880—shows that the yacht tacking before the wind goes a little more than twice as fast as the wind. This estimate seems, however, below the facts. But as the average reader prefers a more popular explanation than  $x = y$ , it is better to present here some of the most evident facts and principles connected with an ice-yacht's motion.

*First.* An ice-yacht meets with very little friction in moving on ice—less than that met in the very best mechanical appliances. The runners move on the ice with such ease that a yacht weighing eight hundred and sixty pounds can be kept moving with two strands of common cotton wrapping-cord. Moreover, in even the greatest velocity, the

little heat generated by the friction is absorbed at once by the ice. Hence, so far as the running friction is concerned, she might run, perhaps, a thousand miles an hour, without much increase in the force of the driving power. *Second.* She never loses any of the effective power of the wind, or the sail-push, by making leeway. For the runners hold her from any side-motion, and allow her to move only forward or backward—unless, of course, when the wind is so strong as to heel her over or make her slide. *Third.* She meets the most resistance in the air-friction; that is, when beating to windward, or sailing in such a direction that the sails and other surfaces receive the wind from ahead. *Fourth.* Her great speed changes the effective direction of the wind or the sail-push; for, if the wind blow twenty miles an hour from the north, and if the yacht sail twenty miles an hour to the west, the wind will strike her on the starboard bow, as if it came from the north-west. *Fifth.* Hence she cannot sail with the wind without running ahead of it during the lulls, and thus not only meeting air-friction from a wind apparently ahead, but also losing the force of the wind on her sails. In this direction, she cannot go much faster than the wind; it is her worst course. A wind on the beam is much better, for in this course, in going at right angles to the wind, she loses none of its force by her own speed; she cuts across it, but does not go with it. However, she meets some air-friction, which diminishes her velocity.

The practical results of these peculiarities are, that she never swings off the boom, but always trims her sails flat aft, and always beats to leeward, as well as to windward. It is easily foreseen that she will make the greatest speed on that course in which she meets with the least air-friction, receives the strongest push of the wind in a forward direction, and yet does not lose the wind too much by her own speed. This course is running free, with the wind on the quarter, or about one hundred and thirty-five degrees off her course. Suppose the boat heads north-east, while the wind blows from the west. Now, her speed diagonally across the wind causes her to receive the wind on the beam, as if it blew from the north-west. She practically has a wind on the beam; this offers but little air-friction against her forward motion. The running-friction is so slight that the boat keeps her way; the direction of the sail-push is sufficiently forward to be advantageous; and, lastly, her

diagonal course, partly with and partly across the wind, saves her from losing too much of the wind's force by her own speed. Suppose that a twenty-knot breeze blows from B to C, and that she heads toward D; while the wind, represented by the arrow A, blows in a given time to C, it carries the boat with it, in nearly the same time. But, as she heads diagonally across the wind, she is obliged to run the long distance from B to D, while the wind blows only from B to C. She therefore beats the wind. Her wonderful freedom from running-friction is the important element in the problem. Her speed is limited only by the loss or change of the wind through the effects of her own velocity. The greatest velocity of an ice-yacht is not recorded, because her finest runs occur either at unexpected moments, or when she sails over unmeasured distances. But the time over short and long courses has often been taken. The distance from New Hamburg to Poughkeepsie is over seven miles. The *Snow-Flake* ran this course in seven minutes. This is the quickest time on record; but many winters the trip has been made in from nine to ten minutes. This speed is attained with a stiff breeze on the beam or on the quarter, and when the ice is tolerably smooth and clear of impassable cracks. But an ice-yacht very seldom runs a straight course for even a mile. Various obstructions have to be avoided; the wind changes direction very often, and also comes and goes in fitful puffs over the hills. The consequence is that she makes a very crooked course at very uneven speed; she goes more than seven miles, and sails at her full speed during much less than seven minutes. Probably she flies at times from eighty to one hundred miles an hour. The speed of an ice-yacht, in working to windward, which is her poorest course, is from ten to fifteen miles an hour, against an eight to ten knot breeze.



DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE SPEED OF AN ICE-YACHT.

## POETRY IN AMERICA.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

#### I.

TO TRACE the current of poesy, deepening and widening in common with our streams of riches, knowledge, and power; to show an influence upon the national sentiment no less potent, if less obvious, than that derived from the historic records of our past; to watch the first dawning upon an eager people of "the happy, heavenly vision men call Art"; to observe closely and to set down with an honest hand our foremost illustrations of the rise of Poetry in America,—this is my purpose, and I deem it not a mean one. We think of power and wealth as things in themselves, but they are strong and rich only in their relations to the life of man. The essential part of that life is in his spirit, of which imagination is the king,—and the sister arts, with poetry at their front, are to be accounted its highest forms of expression.

The song of a nation is accepted as an ultimate test of the popular spirit; as the earliest form of speech and the ripest,—whether the utterance of feelings common to all, or of the fine and daring speculations of the noblest minds. Examine it, and form opinions of the country's general literature, of the hold upon art and action and scientific achievement. If we have seen a true poetic movement in America, we may be sure that we have had marches in other fields of progress. The inquiry concerning the genuineness and value of such a movement affords a title to these essays, and a review of the conditions that have helped or hindered it must be included. Upon the method chosen for a study of the recent period in England, my present researches are devoted chiefly to the careers and productions of leading poets whose reputations are long-established, and who, upon the whole, fairly represent the various tendencies of American song. And thus, incidentally and with fresh opportunities, we may extend our knowledge of "the aim and province of the art of Poetry," and obtain under a new atmosphere further illustrations of the poetic temperament and life.

The subject cannot be lightly entered upon, and as if for entertainment merely. Properly considered, there is no more sug-

gestive undertaking than to review the first displays of lyrical genius in a land as notable as any upon earth. These may seem crude and familiar to ourselves, and possibly are not fully estimated by older nations whose very age and glory make them self-contained. But, if the future is to have a greatness of its own, a study of new-world poetry is of equal importance with that devoted to the earlier or contemporary verse of the mother-land. The reader, then, will do well to bear with the details of a prefatory analysis, though they lack that interest which adheres to the lives and works of the various poets to whom his attention has been and will be invited. The points which I shall make will not be wholly novel, but by grouping them newly, and in a logical manner, we may get some notion of the real quality of the first genuine awakening of our home song.

For that there has been such an awakening is the very cause and foundation of these essays, and if I did not perceive this fact I should have no excuse for their general endeavor. It is true that a nation's literature will not appear out of season. Poetry, its most spontaneous form, is a growth rather than an artifice, or it does not come to strengthen and to stay. Let me acknowledge, as heretofore, the bearing of the conditions under which it is produced, and that a poet must be viewed in the light and shadow of his environment; furthermore, that when a time is ripe there are found both idealists and men of action to represent it,—springing up as when, in the physical world, the pines and fir-trees of a virgin forest have been cleared away, and a novel flora suddenly appears, whose germs have been hidden in the under-mold, awaiting their own season of room and light and air. But let me also, and at present no less than in our foreign excursions, include a factor which the new criticism often overlooks. Too little allowance is made for the surprises of genius. We forget that now and then some personage comes without a summons, like a stray leader from the skies; that works appear under adverse circumstances, so new, so strong, so revolutionary, as to seem inspired creations,—men and works that overleap the stages of develop-

ment, that demand the spiritual factor, the personal equation, the allowance for exception, in the problem of national growth. In the absence of a sunlit atmosphere, they shine by inward light, and communicate heat and luster to their surroundings. When a link in the chain of evolution is missing, such are the forces that make up for it. But there are other forces, and certain modes of intellectual effort, which assist growth and somewhat forestall the ordinary process. Even criticism may do a share, and often by penetrative study of the leaders that reflect or stimulate the various tendencies of a people's ideality. Of course a poet must represent his age and habitat; a Grecian temple beside an Alleghanian trout-brook might be lovely, but surely would be out of place and date. It is now my province to discover what special aids the poets of America have experienced, and what hindrances. In no modern country has ideality been more retarded than in our own; and I think that certain restrictions have peculiarly limited production in the field of Poetry—the chief of imaginative arts. Yet I see that, in spite of these, the ultimate rise of an American school of poetry was swift and strong, and that its chiefs have had their aids no less than their obstacles, and have bravely confronted the latter. And thus we are brought directly to the preliminary issue.

## II.

MUCH has been written of late upon the topic of our native literature. Is there a distinctly American school? If not, when and where shall we look for one? What are, or should be, its special characteristics? These and similar questions are frequently and somewhat vaguely discussed.

Now, it is first to be observed that the radical quality of any national school, in any country or period, does not wholly depend upon the types, personages, localities, and other materials utilized by its artists and men of letters; and this is especially true with regard to the work of a poet, in distinction from that of a painter. The specific tone of the former artist is not derived from the images which his genius informs with life, and from the plots that serve his expression of the thought, passion, imagination, of his people and time. Mere reliance upon these will not suffice. Even a painter might devote his life to copying the groups he finds in his own streets, the streets

themselves, and the fields and woods beyond them, yet not produce an original art, nor execute it in a fresh and native way. The mere dialect and legends of a province or section are powerless to convey their essential quality to the song of a poet who calls them to his aid. Mr. Grant White, therefore, is perfectly right when he suggests, for these and other reasons, that it is the spirit, not the letter, which giveth life; that we must pay regard to the flavor, rather than to the form and color, of the fruit—to the distinctive character, not the speech and aspect, of the personage. Unless the feeling of our home-poet be novel, his vision a fresh and distinctive vision,—unless these are radically different from the French, or German, or even the English, feeling and vision,—they are not American, and our time has not yet come.

But I am not with this distinguished and thoroughly American writer in his further claim that we still are essentially English, and shall be so for a long series of years to come; that our literature, like the language we inherit, is wholly English, and must remain so for centuries, until "Anglo-Saxon and Hollander and German and Irishman and negro and Chinese shall have so blended their blood \* \* \* that from the fusion a new race shall have sprung." What I first call to mind is that there are few Americans, even those of but one remove, who are not instantly recognized abroad as being very different from Englishmen, not only with respect to feature, mold, and speech,—which vary according to the sections from which they come,—but in their sentiment, modes of thought and feeling, and way of looking at things. In both outward and inward traits they are pronounced distinctively un-English and "American," however divided among themselves. Again, by so much as the style is the man, I believe that the literary product of this new people differs from the literary product of the English, or any other people of the Old World, and I hope to make that difference clear in the course of these essays. And I will remark, in passing, that "The Scarlet Letter," a romance which Mr. White cites in illustration, to me appears thoroughly un-English in its mystical temper, and its undertone and atmosphere; if not broadly American, it is locally so—the very fruit and out-giving of the New England sentiment that brooded in its author's spirit, and of which it is a soul-wrought witness and dramatic chronicle.

In fine, recognizing the error of those

who, by a forced effort, would anticipate creations that will come only of themselves, or through the natural impulse of fore-ordained artists, I also perceive that already, in various walks of art, and in none more than in that to which our present study is devoted, we have exhibited the new and broad results, both of acclimatization and of a blending process, to which the ruling divisions of our population thus far have been subjected. Equally obvious are the minor distinctive phases, which, on the other hand, arise from the differentiation of the American people by influences that, in widely separated districts, have acted upon their inhabitants from the early settlements to the present time. The first-named phenomena are national, while those of the latter class may be termed sectional; but all are American, whether they appertain to the whole, or to the subdivisions, of our intellectual yield.

The type first suggested, that of a broadly national character, is plainly incomplete, and has wide room for maturer development. Let us measure it only at its worth. A restless and ill-adjusted spirit still pervades the heterogeneous elements of our nationality. Here is a country as large as all Europe, embracing zones as far apart, in physical attributes, as those of Norway and Sicily. Here are the emigrants or descendants of every people in Europe,—to go no farther,—and all their languages, and customs, and traditions, and modes of feeling, at one time or another, have come with them. Hence our unconscious habitude of variety, the disinclination to cling to one way of life or thought until its perfect conclusion. There is a ferment in new blood. The American travels, and at first is delighted with the color and flavor of the region to which he has come, but soon wearies of them and pushes on to some new place where novel characteristics can be enjoyed. This is observable of all Anglo-Saxons, capricious yet steadfast as they are, but more so among ourselves than with respect to our British kinsmen. America has absorbed the traits of many lands and people; the currents still set this way; our modern intercourse with the world at large is close and unintermitting, so that the raw ingredients of our national admixture are supplied quite as rapidly as the whirl and stir of the popular system can triturate and commingle them. It is too much, then, to expect that our art or song, from whatever section these may come, will exhibit a quality specifically

American in the sense that the product of Italy is Italian, or that of France is French. At this distance, we, who watch others as we are watched ourselves, can readily see that the same causes which make our civilization assume the composite type are blending the politics, manners, dress, art, and letters of the several European countries,—and this, however distinct their nationalities, in proportion to the growth of travel and intercourse. But the United States are homogeneous in what pertains to the language and methods of their master-race, and to this extent their homogeneity is definitely assured. Concerning the primal influences that affect the general tone of art and literature, mutual communication and understanding are so perfect that any changes or advances are almost simultaneous throughout our territory. This being the situation, foreign critics are not far wrong in requiring that our home-product shall differ from their own; that it shall be, at least, un-European,—manifestly of the New World and not of the Old. Return to a consideration of the family likeness, physical and mental, which instantly is apparent to others as we visit the mother-land. If we ourselves are unconscious of it, or wonted to it; if the air and fashion that we display seem to us imperceptible or of small account, they are not so regarded by our kinsmen, or by the guest who lands upon these shores. The stranger quickly perceives, and holds at its value, the general, the national, type. Material and psychological changes are correlative, and almost equally sure of external recognition.

So far, therefore, from demanding absolute novelty in structure, language, or theme, of our home-poet, it is the duty of the critic to value the Americanism which great and small have displayed in quality of tone, and in faithful expression of the dominant popular moods. Thus considered, it will be found they have not fallen short. Those arbiters of foreign taste who do not acknowledge this, may be suspected of some unconscious insincerity. Not every mother as fair and ripe as England, and as affectionate, can look with perfect complacency upon a daughter growing to her own height and beauty before the world. To her eyes the maiden is still a child, and they own with reluctance, and very slowly, her attractiveness and the claims of her suitors. One by one the points of youth and inferiority, brought against America, have worn away, and now, when so many of us grant England this last



defense of her supremacy, it is with the respect due a mother, and with a courtesy perchance no less insincere than her avowal. The new Americanism is not so modest as to surrender any freehold or to be unconscious of its smallest advantages.

The less essential novelties of structure, theme, and dialect already are discernible in the yield that represents our territorial subdivision. The local flavor of our *genre* and provincial literature is, I believe, unquestioned, but our conceit is not overfed by an acknowledgment almost wholly due to grotesque and humorous exploits,—a welcome such as a prince in his breathing-hour might give to a new-found jester or clown. American poetry, however, has not represented the popular life of our continental slopes and corners merely in their coarser traits. These sections are not so isolated as the Scottish highlands, or as those mountain nooks in Italy, where peasant women contentedly whirl the spindle and never visit the plains that glisten below; yet some of them are long-settled, and have an abiding population, with habits more or less confirmed. Where there is the least of change and interruption, and the colonial blood is most unmixed, the national *ennui* does not prevail; the sentiment and instinct of the people, if limited, are clearly understood, and have been fairly expressed in poetry and prose-romance.

In a certain sense, it is natural for the citizen of so vast and various a country to find his patriotism and his gift of expression respond most easily to the appeals of his own locality. There is still a lagging behind full nationality, just as Federal supremacy, in the hearts of a great multitude, gives precedence to "State rights." Yet there are signs of growth toward an imagination in keeping with our political enlargement. The new Americanism, with relation to literature and the arts of beauty and construction, is seen in the very search for it, in the closer inspection of our own ground, in our more realistic method—in the genuine quality of our modern poetry and creative prose, so much more indigenous than the work of the neo-Romantic English school, and presenting so fresh a contrast to the poetry and prose of our early periods; finally, in the greater value set upon our home-workers, upon our ventures for ourselves. It is curious to note the minor symptoms of this change. As time has lessened our yearning for the mother-country, native Americans less fondly cling to

the old words and traditions. The landlords who cater to foreign or provincial guests still give English and French names to their hotels, and a fresh English colony, after the manner of our ancestors, calls its village Rugby—but the reproach of this barrenness of nomenclature is fast passing away, and the time has come when the declaration of our independence may be made to include the fields of literature and art.

And, indeed, if, under the free system of a democracy, art does not show in time as proud a result—whether in the product of its disciples or in the wealth of its libraries and museums—as in countries where it is fed by governmental patronage and subsidies, then our republicanism, upon its aesthetic side, is itself a failure. So far as poetry is concerned, I see that we have already had the first period of what may be called, for want of a better term, a true American school. I see that this school was slow to rise, until suddenly a number of its leaders appeared at once; that its first tuneful season has been completed, so that, in the temporary pause, we now, for the first time, may honestly recount its triumphs. But that our lyrical product has not been so obvious as our material grandeur, that it has put on a national type less complete than the types of various sections, that it has been but a delightful promise of what a new song will create for us when poetry comes in vogue again throughout the world,—this, too, is not to be gainsaid. Before examining what we have done, let us see what we have not been able to do until recently, and what not at all. It is time to indicate the early and latter restrictions that have hemmed in the poets, and limited the poetry, of the western world.

### III.

THE poets themselves, naturally, would be slow to perceive the causes of their difficulties. The brain is not always conscious of its own *malaise*. Nevertheless, I think that to each true singer, as he arrived at a period when his intellectual faculty sought the rationale of his successes and failures, the facts have been more or less apparent. The idealism of this people was long retarded by certain interdicts, and at last forced its way to expression under very baffling and perplexing conditions, some of which are even now felt. So far as the embarrassments peculiar to the new epoch are involved,

it was a perception of these that led me to observe their bearing on the poets of England, before venturing to write upon our own. To these matters I shall again refer, after some mention of the absolute barriers which shut out the Muses from these shores until so late a time.

For two centuries, in truth, the situation here was so adverse to art, and especially to song, as to nullify even our complement to Taine's theory; to stifle, or to divert to other than ideal uses,\* any exceptional genius that existed, and that would have made its way against restrictions not of themselves quite as exceptional. The modified results of this situation may still be observed. As a rider to all I have said of the essential superiority of art to its materials, we must not fail, also, to consider the repugnance of the general mind to disassociate things and ideas—to separate the spirit of a work from what is used for its construction. There is a natural expectation that the art of a country will convey to us something of the national history, aspect, social law. On the whole, it has been the instinct of masters to avail themselves, so far as might be, in their plots, manners, and scenery, of the region nearest them; a wise instinct, through which they reach closely to nature, and are more sure to make their work of interest elsewhere and afterward. Shakspere's men are apt to be Englishmen, though they may figure in Illyria or Rome. Nor is it entirely through unfairness and caprice that the free range allowed to English poets has been denied our own. The Old World has drawn its countries together, like elderly people in a tacit alliance against the strength of youth which cannot return to them, the fresh, rude beauty and love which they may not share. There is, also, something worth an estimate in the division of an ocean gulf, that makes us like the people of a new planet; and when those on the other side hear us sounding the changes upon familiar themes, with voices not unlike their own, they well may feel as if the highest qualities of our song were not full compensation for its lack of

"something rich and strange." A response may fairly be expected to the search for novelty, to the curious yearning of those who look to us from across the seas.

Here begin the special restrictions of an American poet. He represents, it is true, the music and ardor of a new country, of a land his race has peopled for two hundred and fifty years, a nation that has completed its first century. A new land, a new nation—yet not forced, like those which have progressed from barbarism to a sense of art, to create a language and literature of their own; a new land with an old language, a new nation with all the literature and traditions behind it of the country from whose colonies it has sprung. While the thought and learning of this people began in America just where it had reached in the mother-land at the dates of the respective settlements, the physical state and environment of Americans were those of men who find themselves encountering the primitive nature of a savage world; with this difference, that they were equipped for the struggle, not as an aboriginal race, but with the logic, courage, experience, of the civilization behind them. All the drags, the anchorage, the limitations, involved in the word Colonial, retarded a new ideality. The colonial restriction has been well determined. It made the western lyre, until the period covered by this survey, a mechanism to echo, without fresh and true feeling, notes that came from over sea. It so occupied this people with a stern, steadfast, ingenious, finally triumphant, contest with Nature, that their epic passion was absorbed in the clearing of forests, bridging of rivers, the conquest of savage and beasts, the creation of a free government; and this labor is not yet ended—it goes on with larger cohorts, and immensely widening power. But the imagination never dies, and when our first leisure came for its exercise it was awakened by contact with the Nature thus tamed—by communion with the broadest panorama of woods and hills and waters, under the most radiant skies, that civilized man has ever found himself confronting. Pioneers in art and poetry here caught their inspiration, and naturally the field of painting was the first to give token of novel results. The very ease with which books containing the world's best literature were obtainable in the backwoods made our early writers copyists. The painters, meanwhile, had to lament the absence of galleries in this country, and their own inability to go abroad

\* I am not considering the question whether a poet of the first rank may, or may not, find his natural vocation under the most adverse conditions, and overcome them; but am trying to see why a general poetic movement, embracing many true poets, was deferred until Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, and others of the generation under review, appeared almost simultaneously. An article which seeks to regard many factors of a problem should be read wholly and in detail, or it will be misinterpreted.

and study. Thrown upon themselves, and deficient in technical knowledge, they sought for models in the nature about them; and thus began our landscape-school of painting, the work of which, however rude and defective, was more original than the verse wherewith it was contemporary.

A poet of the first rank is not given to every country, nor to every age. But poets of gifts approaching those of our living favorites doubtless have been born in America, according to Nature's average, at different times of our history. Until recently, the stimulants of their genius must have been wanting. It may be that the people had no real need of them, and song and art, no more than invention, come without necessity. What poetry was latent here and there does not concern us. The stone on which our colonial life was founded was frigid as an arctic boulder—there was no molecular motion to give out life and heat. Who were the mute, inglorious Miltons? Of what kind is the verse that was produced? Does it move us? Is it poetry? However fine the cast of individuals, the effect of a perpetual contest with the elemental, often sinister, always gigantic, forces of a new continent, would be so adverse to art, so directly in the line of necessity and temporal gain, as to stifle their poetic fire, to develop a heroism that was stolid and unimaginative, to mark persons and communities with sternness and angularity, leading them to a homely gauge of values, not wont to esteem the ideal at its true worth. The aspiration of a refined nature would seem to the multitude foolishness and a stumbling-block. For a prolonged season the art of writing verse was almost solely a luxury of the professional classes in America, and its relics bear witness to their pedantry and dullness. It is not to the wigged and gowned that we instinctively listen for the music and freedom of creative song. And if poetry even in England, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the close of the eighteenth, stupidly fashioned itself upon the models of worn-out schools, how should it do more in England's colonies—that brought hither certain shoots of taste and learning from the Old World and found it hard to protect them at all in the sterile wild-woods of the New?

Such was the nature of the barriers which, in the early and later colonial periods, absolutely defied the overleaping of a single notable poet. We find little of more

significance in the transition era of the Revolution, although a nation took on life. No poetry was begotten in the rage of that heroic strife; its humor, hatred, hope, suffering, prophecy, were feebly uttered, so far as verse was concerned, in the mode and language inherited years before from the coarsest English satirists. There came at last a time when the nation felt itself in vigorous youth, and began to have a song. Some few original notes were heard among our pipings. The positive barriers were broken, and in their stead came the restrictions that are felt in some degree down to the present time.

At the outset it may be said of republicanism itself,—in which our pride and faith are based, and which we trust is ultimately to promote a literature and an art not below the standard of our bravest hope,—that it hitherto has somewhat lessened the ardor of our poets, or kept it within temperate bounds. There is a craving for ideality of a certain kind, and in our liberal regions the sense of utility is not the sole controlling power. There is a wide manifestation of that which bears to pure ideality an inferior relationship. Our system has diffused the intelligence which lifts our people quite above the dullness and stolidity of the middle classes elsewhere, but has not yet brought them to the pitch of high emotion. It is a leveler, and in its early stages raises a multitude to the level of the commonplace; so that there have been few tall heads of grain above the even field. The general independence and comfort have not bred those dramatic elements which imply conditions of splendor and squalor, glory and shame, triumph and despair. In their stead we have the spirit of the American homesteads, and the loss to the artist of some darker contrast, that would make their virtue and piety more inspiring, certainly is their gain. In no other country are there so many happy little households—although there is a curious foreign belief to the contrary, derived from traveling acquaintance. This must be so in the one land where every man can own a portion of the soil and be a freeholder, and where a man's toil meets no doubtful reward. The popular thrift and freedom, joined with the necessity for labor to steadily maintain them, are not at first productive of the tragic or entrancing dreams of effective art. Wisely bettering their material chances, men are too busy to feel a spiritual want. And the labor of our representative men is

so extended and heroic as of itself to feed the popular imagination. In default of Homer, we at least have Hector and Achilles; and the peerless exploits of our engineers, capitalists, discoverers, speak louder than a minstrel's words. In all this amazing drama of triumphant effort and organization; in the adjustment of our political theory, dependent on statesmanship, and leading to oratory and journalism rather than to art and song; in the despotism of our social unwritten law that an American must be a good citizen first of all, and that the first duties of a citizen are to rear and maintain a family; in the implied doubt as to the sanity of enduring privations for the sake of the ideal, when, by deserting it, a practical success may be had,—amid all this the man of genius has too often betaken himself to the work of his neighbors, and those who keep faith with the Muse have found themselves perplexed and out of time. Nevertheless I repeat that, up to a certain grade, our people have required their poetry,—just as they will have their votes, their seats in church, their county papers, and the piano or melodeon in every house. A throng of minor singers have answered to the demand with very natural and unaffected voices. The select few, in those efforts which place them above their comrades, not only have suffered from the want of a popular following, but from the undue favor awarded their minor and ordinary productions.

These adverse influences, belonging to the soil and air, are perhaps not so directly comprehended by the American poet as are the obvious and technical impediments which have force when he essays a sustained and novel work.

In considering these, let us acknowledge that they do not greatly concern the emotional and lyric poet. He is at no loss for a method or a theme; the latter is at once the cause and modulator of his song. Personal joys and griefs, special occurrences in history or related to the individual life—these have inspired, and do inspire, the briefer poems, the lyrics which still make up the choicest portion of our verse. Their range is wide, from the simple fireside ballad to the impassioned ode, and my estimate of their remarkable freshness and variety will be given more fully hereafter. At present I would say that among them are many admirable of their kind, and that the relative number of these is not less than can be found in the popular verse of other

lands. An American critic fails in discernment or independence who does not see this and avow it.

But, while the lyrical songster need not cast about for a subject, and does not even look into his heart to write—for his heart has already moved him—the ambitious poet is best equipped for a larger effort by some adequate theme awaiting his hand. The moment arrives when poets of the upper cast desire to forego their studies and brief lyrical flights, and to produce the composite and heroic works that rank as masterpieces. These leaders often have been arrested, with respect to romantic or epic structures, by a scarcity of home-themes, no less than by the lack of sharp dramatic contrast in our equable American life. I am aware that this statement frequently is derided, and that many poets, while realizing that their product is too meager, will not acknowledge its force. Others, and these of our foremost, who have thought to analyze their experience, confess that it is true in no small measure, and have stated this over their own hands.

Up to the present date, absence of theme for a national masterpiece, for a work belonging to our own atmosphere and history, has been a result of the condition under which we started. Original art is long deferred among a people cultured at the outset. A writer\* has well said that "the cause of the absence of the legendary and poetic in our early history, may be attributed to the mental development of the colonists, who had already passed through that historic stage." They started at once with both church and school-house. The imagination was controlled by precedent, and "Art was cheated of its birthright." They made little history, in a dramatic sense. What there was of the poetic or wondrous in their arduous, compelling life had a local range,—such as the trials for witchcraft, finely utilized by New England's great romancer, and too inadequately, it must be owned, by her most famous poet. In Parkman's elegant survey of certain picturesque epochs in colonial history, the feminine element, essential to complete dramatic quality, is usually wanting; in other annals, like those of Spanish-American adventure, it scarcely appears at all. American antiquity is a rude settler's antiquity; a homely fashion that palls, because not long out of date; a

\* See Otis's "Sacred and Constructive Art." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



story everywhere the same,—furnishing at times the basis of some exquisite idyl, like “*Evangeline*,” but for none too many of them. “*Evangeline*” still remains the most notable of the longer American poems; and how much of that is otherwise than scenic and idyllic, and how much of it does not fit the story to the landscape, rather than the landscape to the story? No material, no stirring theme, with all your freedom, your conquest, your noble woods and waters, your westward spread of men! These are motives, accessories, atmosphere, often grander immagnitude than elsewhere to be found, but not perforce more new. The poetic instinct does not always hold the macrocosm superior to the microcosm, the prairie to the plain of Marathon, the Hudson to the Cephissus or the Tweed. As for latter-day history, this is not far enough removed. From the Revolution to the Civil War, the incidents of our life and passion are so recent and so plainly recorded as to gather no luminous halo from the too slight distance at which we observe them. The true poet will profit by them to the uttermost; the limits are to be overcome, but still are limits and in his way. He is thrown upon the necessity of inventing dramatic themes for the broader range of poetic venture. This the great poets always have avoided, for the product of such invention usually has seemed artificial and remote from human concern.

Bear in mind, also, that our wide-awake people are removed, not only from the superstitions that were a religion to our forefathers, but from the wondercraft and simple faith prevailing among the common folk of other lands than our own. The beautifying lens of fancy has dropped from our eyes. Where are our forest and river legends, our Lorelei, our Venusberg, our elves and kobolds? We have old-time customs and traditions, and they are quaint and dear to us, but their atmosphere is not one in which we freely move. Just so with our heroism. No national changes and struggles have been of more worth than our own, but critics are not far wrong who point out that, however lofty the action and spirit of our latest crisis, heroism is not with us so much the chief business that one must be always “enthusiastic and on guard.” One of our poets aims to be especially national. He sings, upon theory, as the American bard must sing when the years have died away. The result is a striking but artificial assumption of what can only come of itself,

and after long time be past; a disjointed series of kaleidoscopic pieces, not constituting a master-work, but with all their strength and weakness, as unsatisfactory as the ill-assorted elements which he strives to represent. For he, too, as we shall see, is representative and a personage of mark, if not precisely in the direction of his own choice and assurance.

To more clearly understand how far, and in what way, our poets must feel the lack of background, of social contrasts, and of legendary and specific incident, we may observe the literature of some region where different conditions exist. In an isolated country of established growth and quality, a native genius soon discovers his tendency and proper field.

Look at Scotland. Her national melodies were ready and waiting for Burns; her legends, history, traditions, for Walter Scott. The popular tongue, costumes, manners, all distinctively and picturesquely her own, affect the entire outcome of her song and art. Embraced in English literature, her literature is so un-English that it affords the paradigm we need. Enter the cathedral in Glasgow. Within the last thirty years that edifice has been refitted throughout with stained glass, contributed by the ancient families and clans. What associations are called up by the devices upon the windows in the chancel and nave, and in the impressive crypt below! Among all the shields and names,—those of Sterling, Hay, Douglas, Montrose, Campbell, Montgomerie, Lawrie, Buccleuch, Hamilton,—not one that is not utterly, purely Scottish. Even in our oldest and most characteristic sections, in Virginia or New England, influences like these do not prevail to any such extent. In a certain sense, they are not only influences but aids: they move, they stimulate, they belong to the life and memory of the native poet, and he avails himself of them without effort or consciousness. Not that they are the essential, the imperative aids. But to be without them is a restriction, and one which our first genuine school of poets has had more or less to endure.

Strange, indeed, if the material wants of New-World life, its utilitarian test of values, and the general conditions of a primitive democracy, had not forced our early idealists into a struggle for existence which even the sturdiest found it hard to prolong. Two things are essential to the poetic aspiration that results in fine achievement: the sym-



pathetic applause which ministers to the last infirmity of noble minds, and the common wage that enables a laborer to do his work. The rewards of authorship have been sufficiently doubtful and varying in times before our own. In older lands, the poet, like his predecessor the minstrel, was at least protected and nourished by the good or great to whom he dedicated his song. Happily this kind of support was from the first impracticable in a liberal republic. But it long was impossible, on material grounds alone,—although certain enthusiasts might attempt to live upon love and fame,—that any vigorous and prevailing flood of poesy should be sustained in toiling, practical, frugal America. We now know that in art, as in life, ideal productiveness follows and does not precede material security and wealth. The most creative eras of historic lands were those when their cities were the richest, when their galleons sought out distant ports, and their nobles and burgesses, sure of life's needs, craved for the luxuries of taste and emotion. Literature thrives as a means of subsistence, nor is poetry an exception to the rule. The supply answers to the demand. Not long ago, in this country, few books except school-books were required by the people; and how should poetry, that looked from the printed page for its welcome and sustenance, be naturally composed? We are speaking of an ethereal art, but quietly examining the law of its activity.

It is, moreover, in America that the popular instinct, which resists whatever is asserted to be a tax upon knowledge, has worked with peculiar force against the development of a home-school. So long as our purveyors could avail themselves without cost or hindrance of foreign master-works, they scarcely could be expected to risk their means in behalf of native authorship. Pure idealists, men like Poe and Hawthorne, are little able to push their own fortunes. Until a state of law shall exist that will induce American publishers, driven from their distant foraging-grounds, to seek for genius at home and make it available, the support of our authors will not be so assured as to tend "in the end to the advancement of literature." International copyright at least would have made it feasible for the poet to earn his living by general literary work, and to reserve some heart and thought for his nobler calling. Now, when a serious movement at last seems under way toward copyright reform, it still has

been so hampered with reservations and class-interests that many ask whether it were not better to have no change at all than to have one that is partial, and that may postpone indefinitely the one thing needful, to wit: honest recognition of an author's right of property in his own creations, without any more limits of space and time than those appertaining to other kinds of estate.

Literature verily has been almost the sole product of human labor that has not been rated as the lasting property of the producer and his heirs or assigns. This want of permanent copyright has borne severely upon authors in all countries, but most severely upon those of America, who have had to await the formation of public taste, to create their audiences, and who, while willing to suffer in their own persons, are less ready to devote life-times to the production of what will be valueless to those whom they hold most dear. The want of international copyright has been a grievous wrong to our brother-writers in Europe. Their complaints are just; their cry has gone up for years. Great as the spoliations have been which they have endured, the effect upon our native literature and authorship has been no less disastrous. Our authors themselves do not comprehend it. A few of the great publishing houses, grown rich upon the system of free reprints, of late have felt this wrong, and the men of heart and culture who control them are generously atoning for it. We see them leaders in artistic and literary movements, the friends of authors and artists, receiving for their public and private humanities our warmest tributes of honor and affection. It is said that every wrong in this world is surely, if slowly, righted; and the wrongs of authors doubtless will be set right. But who shall pick up water spilled to the ground. The writers of a new generation will never realize how bitter was the bread eaten by those who went before them and made their paths straight.

Critical periods are sometimes uncreative, yet there is little doubt that our poetry has suffered, also, from the lack of those high and exquisite standards of criticism which have been established in older lands. The poet, the artist, alike need the correction of a fine censorship and the tonic of that just appreciation which is the promise of fame. American verse, within recent memory, has experienced, first, a popular favor gained by its weakest and most effeminate sentiment, and, secondly, a rude exaggeration

of its defects, a refusal to acknowledge its value as compared with that of the foreign product, or to consider its higher aspirations as practicable and worthy of respect. The people at large have passed from sham emotion to irreverence, and to a relish for what is flippant and ephemeral. Then, too, our most sincere and painstaking authorities often seem at a loss to estimate the nature of art, and criticise it from metaphysical or doctrinarian points of view. The poet or painter sensitively feels the wrong and the error, and, though he makes no complaint, they tell upon his buoyancy and application. Only of late have we begun to look for criticism which applies both knowledge and self-knowledge to the test; which is penetrative and dexterous, but only probes to cure; which enters into the soul and purpose of a work, and considers every factor that makes it what it is;—the criticism which, above all, esteems it a cardinal sin to suffer a verdict to be tainted by private dislike, or by partisanship and the instinct of battle with an opposing clique or school. Such criticism is now essayed, and in the spirit of a select art, but often is too much occupied with foreign or recondite subjects to search out and foster what is of worth among ourselves.

## IV.

THESE, it seems to me, have been the local and organic difficulties with which the American poet, wittingly or unwittingly, has had to contend. They are not figments of the brain; their force has been real; time and national development alone have lessened them; during the continuation of their serious pressure the rise of poetry was delayed. It is curious to note that, just as their adverse influence began to pass away, a new class of restrictions came in play throughout the enlightened world, affecting our own idealists in common with those of the mother-land. When I long since began to think of the present work, I saw that the modern intellectual change was so absolute and noteworthy that I was compelled to examine its results, to seek for the general conditions of the period, and to attempt a review of the poets and poetry of England before entering upon our home-field—in order to justly comprehend the effect of the new atmosphere upon the spirit of poetry itself. In the first chapter of the "Victorian Poets," certain perplexing elements are considered which have made the recent

time one to which a hackneyed word, "transitional," is more correctly applied than to any former period. The new learning—the passage from the child-like and phenomenal way of regarding things to the absolute, scientific penetration of their true entities and relations, has directly told upon the work of the poet, requiring new language, imagery, invention, as he adapts himself to a deeper purpose and the hope of a sublimer faith. I have pointed out, as well, the struggles, devices, defeats, and victories, of the English minstrels under the stress of latter-day iconoclasm and the invincible demands of modern thought; taking into account, also, the minor and obvious forces antagonistic to a devoted pursuit of the ideal,—among the rest the world's material activity, displayed in labor, invention, construction,—the world's realistic eagerness, that makes of the newspaper, the novel, and the bulletins of science, the food and outlets of the imagination, and renders mankind intent alone upon each day's labor, so to hasten on the golden year. Reluctant to confront these ceaseless and perturbing manifestations, until out of them the world shall have derived a more assured philosophy, and shall again have found repose, many of the latest singers have ignored them altogether; the weaker busying themselves with mere dilettanteism and the technique of their vocation,—the nobler being devoted to the worship of beauty pure and simple, and often going back to its early revelations and the antique forms.

## V.

THESE generic burdens of the age itself have borne even more severely upon American idealists than upon their transatlantic brethren. Yet, it was when they first began to have their weight, and not until then, that the true light of Poetry in America ventured to appear. Under the very shadow of the whirlwind it brightened into dawn. Possibly the new learning was most of all needed here, as an offset to puritanism, superstition, and sentimentalism in its mawkish forms. Honest fact and a search for our own resources gave an impulse to healthy inspiration. But the opportunity for the achievements of our leading poets, now so famous and beloved in their hoary years, really came when the specific restrictions, to which so much space has been here devoted, at last yielded measurably to time

and national progress. Coincidentally with their decline, certain positive Aids to our lyrical genius became apparent, and were felt, and aroused to joyous activity its instinct, courage, and imagination.

First of all, as I have shown, the American with an eye for natural beauty, led by his seclusion to close and musing observation, had a subject for poetic expression in the landscape of the New World, by turns impressive, bewildering, reposeful, but always beautiful and strong. If its primeval aspect stupefied the toiling settlers, while its grandeur seemed to belittle humanity and to defer the proper study of mankind, it afterward compelled our ideal recognition, and inspired the early and reverent anthems of the father of our choir. Next, and most vital of the elements required for the promotion of a home-school, a national feeling grew up when the compactness and growth of the United States, as a nation, became assured. Half a century was needed to bring this feeling to the blossoming form of art. Meanwhile, it had been strengthening and finding expression in other ways; for example, in the patriotic eloquence which marked our oratory, and which warmed the blood and stirred the impulse of many a poetic youth, as he read in his school-books the speeches of the founders and preservers of liberty. Hence our strongest emotional traits—love of freedom, hatred of oppression, respect for ancestral faith, the sense of independence which makes an American stand erect and believe himself the peer of any man, the audacity and ambition found among no other people; finally an adventurous habit of experimenting without much regard to precedent or training. Out of some of these traits came, it is true, a commonplace and widely diffused product

in literature. But if a host of writers ended in mediocrity, this, too, was in the order of evolution. The poor books of one generation are often horn-books for the people, the promise and cause of better work in the next. The late Civil War was not of itself an incentive to good poetry and art, nor directly productive of them. Such disorders seldom are; action is a substitute for the ideal, and the thinker's or dreamer's life seems ignoble and repugnant. But we shall see that the moral and emotional conflicts preceding the war, and leading to it, were largely stimulating to poetic ardor; they broke into expression, and buoyed with earnest and fervid sentiment our heroic verse. Lastly, it must be observed that, about the time from which I date the appearance of a group of noteworthy poets, a material support was afforded to ideal work. Both artists and writers began to be paid, and found their respective gifts to some extent a means of subsistence. American publishers, as I have said, took heart, and made ventures in behalf of our own literature. Journalism also lent its aid, paying critical attention to native authors, and enabling not a few of them to gain a sure foothold by labor upon the great newspapers and magazines. All these aids, I repeat, came into service after the scientific restraint of the modern period began to have weight. They assisted us to bear up against it, and alleviated the special restrictions of an earlier time. The sweet and various measures of a band of genuine singers at length were heard, and found an audience in whatsoever regions know the English tongue. American poetry took its place in literature, and entered upon a first term, now drawing to an end, and included in the field of this review.

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### OUR CIRCLE.

FORTH from the dust we spring, and run  
 About the green earth's patient breast,—  
 Our little day. At set of sun  
 Into her bosom creep and rest.

## SONGS OF NATURE.

### SONG.

LITTLE, laughing, glancing wave,  
What would it take  
To make you leap, and roar, and rave,  
And navies break?

Zephyr falling on the flowers,  
With summer's heat half-dead,  
What would it take to mend your powers,  
And raise your Typhon's head?

I will not trust your innocence,  
Nor be your friend.  
You are but seeming and pretense,  
And have your end.

For well I know that storms do blow,  
And wild seas rave,  
While I but dream of zephyr soft  
And laughing wave.

### TWILIGHT.

WOMEN, moths, bats, beetles, toads  
Love the passing away of day.  
The graying of all colors bodes  
To them soft circumstance, fair play  
For purposeless activities  
And undefined sympathies.

Now one's mind is like his dress—  
No one can its color guess;  
Now one's heart is like the sky—  
Changing, doubtful, 'rich;  
And conscience like the cross-roads sign  
That tells not which is which.

I take some vagrant scent for guide,—  
Sweet-brier, lilac, mignonette,  
Woodbine, hawthorne, violet,—  
And wander far and wide,  
Homeless, nameless,—kith nor kin,—  
Nor law above me nor within.

But way-side things I gladly greet,  
As of my blood's most cherished strain.  
They feed me with forbidden sweet;  
Though drawn apart, I'm theirs again.  
I kiss the stars, I clasp the sky,  
And with the clouds on hill-tops lie.

For I have doffed humanity,  
And put a looser vesture on;  
Dead things have living tongues for me—  
In deserts I am not alone.

Though outcast, rebel, renegade,  
 Dark nature maketh me amends.  
 Her springs tabooed yield me sweet aid,  
 Her creatures are my secret friends.

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

GRASSHOPPER, grasshopper, dressed all in green,  
 And scarlet, and copper, and ultramarine,  
 You're the gayest grasshopper that ever I've seen.  
 Where are you going to? Where have you been?

Did the hot sun from a dew-drop create you?  
 Is there a brillianter being to mate you?  
 Is nature pledged with her last *sou* to fête you?  
 Does all the joy in the world await you?

O king of creation! Small bridegroom of June!  
 O white spark thrown off from the white heat of noon!  
 Musician who findest the whole world in tune!  
 Dry drinker, good fellow, pray grant me a boon.

Tell me, if I in the fields were to live, now,  
 To leap over leaves and 'mong lilies to dive, now,  
 To revel, and take some gay girl to wive, now,  
 And give up all thought how to study and strive, now,

But lie in the grass, on the brink of the river,  
 Singing,—would such a fine life last forever?  
 Would summer ne'er go? Would I ne'er have to shiver  
 In winter's cold blasts for my lack of endeavor?

What? You say that the summer is not yet a-going—  
 That *you* do not feel winter's breath yet a-blowing;  
 That roses can only be sipped while they're growing;  
 That, in harvest, 'tis better be reaping than sowing.

## THE ROSES.

JUST like as to the school-boy's vagrant mind,  
 Leaving his book and making for the door,  
 The clean-faced roses nodding in the wind  
 Seem whisp'ring, "Yes, yes, come! Here's better lore,  
 Here blither class-mates—sparrows, bees, and more,—  
 All studying—guess what?—how to be free!  
 How to be made of air and ecstasy!

"How does the white road feel to flying feet?  
 How goes the linnet vaulting o'er a hedge?  
 How does the sun make milky the young wheat?  
 How does the soft breeze turn the grass on edge?  
 Come! Be a rose awhile; our buds we pledge  
 We'll teach and let you go again as free  
 As the wild winds we toss about in glee.



"What bribes are in the smiles of heaven's blue—  
 Farms; streams; birds'-nests; rough, sunny mountain-slopes;  
 What does the prisoned bird or insect do  
 When you lift up your hat's rim? He elopes!  
 He's off to flowery knoll or leafy copse—  
 Now for it! Run! A step, and you are free.  
 Bravo! Hip, hip, hurrah! and three times three!"

So speaks all beauty ever: Break with rules,—  
 Do what your blood prompts,—be extravagant,—  
 Pitch to the Ugly One all codes and schools.  
 Beyond their bounds lies everything you want—  
 Which you must have, though barred by adamant.  
 Do not be hindered. Rouse yourself! Be free!  
 Pluck down your branch from life's fair-blooming tree!

## THISTLE-DOWN.



WHILE the moon hangs low i' the sky,  
 The crescent moon with its horn up;  
 While the man in the field, near by,  
 Gathers and binds his corn up;  
 While sticks and stones and heaven  
 knows what,  
 Thrown here into a heap to rot,  
 Point out the stars as if, God wot,  
 To hold their light to scorn up;  
 While chick-weed, bind-weed, hops,  
 and clover  
 The dead twigs interlace, and cover  
 The thistles that among and over  
 Grow with many a thorn up,  
 Soft beds supply for me and my lover  
 Till the lark wake the morn up.

Or till the night-wind, blowing strong,  
 Lifts our throne on his pinions—  
 Wastes our throne yet bears us along,  
 A tour of his wide dominions.

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Hey! up and off. See, road and stream,  
 As in a story told in dream,  
 Enchanted come and go, and seem  
 By our side to dance cotillions.  
 Hands round, change partners,—fords  
 and bridges!  
 The roads wheel off through country  
 hedges,  
 And soon by other rivers' edges  
 Are lovingest of minions,  
 Waved over by the same green sedges  
 And willow-tree pavilions.

Up sways the air, a viewless wand,  
 A quavering measure beating.  
 Up sweeps the barren, rock-strewn land  
 The star-strewn heaven meeting.  
 We mount! we mount! o'er flood and  
 fen,  
 And where the red fox has his den;  
 O'er lichen'd rock and streamy glen

Its nightly ode repeating;  
 Till spreads the upland, flat and bare,  
 Coursed over by the level air—  
 Away we speed, we know not where,  
 Past glooms and gleams, retreating;  
 Here farms and fields, vast shadows  
 there  
 And forms our brief glance cheating.  
 Oh, see! oh, see! the long, faint line  
 Where punctual tides inflowing  
 Bring on the morning, pale and fine,  
 A modest visage showing.

The wind has veered and blows the  
 brine  
 To herds of neck-outstretching kine,  
 That stand like stocks, like stones  
 recline,  
 Or move unearthly, lowing.  
 Yon homestead trees awake and  
 shiver,  
 The houses look as they'd wake never.  
 Else, all's a-tremble and a-quiver,  
 And the pearly light is growing.  
 The stars are gone as though forever,  
 And we, too, must be going.

## MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Two little rivers here together run,  
 And part again, and meet once more, and make  
 A gravelly island, which the morning sun,  
 Though veiled, is hot enough to parch and bake,  
 Except where the recurring, curling wave  
 At intervals its pebbly shore doth lave.

Forward, at one side, rises a rough slope,  
 And, on the other, labor-softened banks  
 Confront it, smiling—as a new-born hope  
 Might desperate willfulness. Between their ranks  
 The mingling waters, in a glistening coil,  
 Rush on with pleasant wrangling and turmoil.

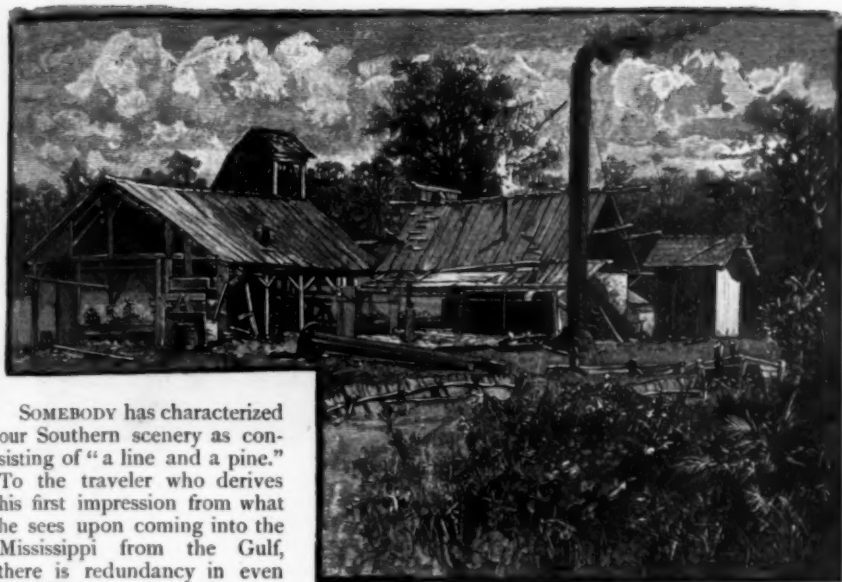
But rearward, where the rivers meet at first,  
 In smooth-filled trough, with eddies dimpled o'er,  
 And shelving banks in scooping floods immersed,  
 And shifting, sandy, many-pitted floor—  
 There the wild streams, self-prisoned, roam about,  
 Glad when, at last, they may slip sideways out

From under the half-shadow of a screen  
 Of gauzy trees, with openings wide and high,  
 Through which the long, low, distant hills are seen,  
 All pale and faint, scarce bluer than the sky,  
 Which is not blue at all, but white as pearl,  
 Or as the teeth of a ten-year-old girl.

Most of the trees are aspens, slim and gray,  
 Some birches, and few beeches, dark and old,  
 'Gainst which a bright young plane-tree throws a spray  
 Of freshly chiseled leaves in greenish gold.  
 Beyond them widens a great campaign, famed  
 For deep-soiled fields and cities glorious named,—

And over it the filmy-textured sky,  
 Thin but unbroken, like a flower-bell bent,  
 A-tremble with its murmuring industry,  
 A giant lily with a bee in-pent,  
 While its curved lip momentarily kisses still  
 The further brow of the far, bounding hill.

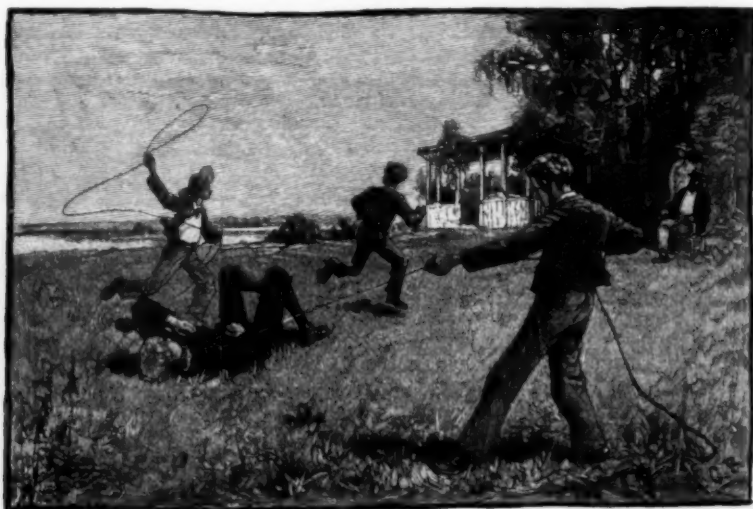
## A LITTLE WORLD.



SALT-WORKS AT PETITE ANSE.

SOMEBODY has characterized our Southern scenery as consisting of "a line and a pine." To the traveler who derives his first impression from what he sees upon coming into the Mississippi from the Gulf, there is redundancy in even so epigrammatic a statement, which would seem to contain more truth, if less poetry, were the pine left out. The low reed-marsh, which melts off imperceptibly into the sea, fringes the coast for miles inland—if land it can be called which affords pasture only to mosquitoes and alligators, and over which the slight tropical tides have daily dominion. What we see thus vaguely indicated is the continuation of the geological process which has given much of Louisiana to the continent. The "Father of Waters" is the progenitor also of the land itself. The entire delta country is but so much terrestrial flotsam and jetsam. The normal relations elsewhere of land and water are here reversed, or at least interchangeable, for the big river can, upon occasion, be as independent of its banks as was the allegorical Thames in "The Critic"; while its tributaries—as we would call them upon the testimony of the atlas—exhibit a marked propensity to run away from it. A labyrinthine tangle of these bayous laces the low-lying alluvial country in every direction, affording an outlet to market for the products of that teeming soil which has been created and enriched by their successive overflows.

Of these natural canals, the most interesting in all aspects is the Bayou Têche, famed through Longfellow's verse. Its sluggish and sinuous course lies through the fertile prairies of the Attakapas and "fair Opelousas," grazed by the herds of long-horned cattle which form the substance of the exiled Acadians. But the unbroken solitude of other days, when Evangeline and Father Felician traversed its waters on their pathetic quest, has given place to a succession of well-cultivated plantations which fully justify the encomiums of the *ci-devant* blacksmith of Grand Pré upon the bountiful character of the new soil. The huge sugar-houses with towering chimneys, the massive machinery and stacks of coal seen here and there along the levee, suggest manufacturing rather than agricultural interests, and impart to the scene a character all its own. From the deck of the *René Macready* at times we seemed to be moving by the water-front of a prolonged village, so close together are the homesteads which line the levee. The arable land lying invariably along the bayous, the tracts are measured, like city lots, upon the front, except that



SPORT AT PETITE ANSE.

arpents\* instead of feet are the units; thence they stretch back to the trackless swamp which shuts in the horizon. At close intervals the stream is spanned by neat white floating bridges, which swing open to allow the boat to pass. These features alternate with lonely reaches, overhung by the dark, massive foliage of live-oak and cypress, and the graybeard Spanish moss, which drapes every bough; here the solemn hush is broken only by the booming snort of the engine, and the churning of the paddles seems to disturb for the first time the imperceptible current of coffee-colored water. The continually narrowing channel seems as if it would close with every bend, but the sun goes down, and the dark shores grow duskiest, and still we hold on our course, until, sometime in the short hours of the morning, the boat ties up to the levee at New Iberia, the terminus of our journey by water.

From the narrow, tortuous bayou, with its dense growth, to the free, open prairie, which loses itself in the horizon back of the little town, the transition is startling. Just now we were constrained within the limits of the straitest of thoroughfares; all at

once, we are in the enjoyment of a latitude of roads which gives one a vague sense of having put to sea in a buggy. In spite of the assurance of the livery man that we "can't miss the road," we do compass that impossible thing before we are clear of the suburbs, and continue to do so at frequent intervals thereafter. The total absence of landmarks, the infrequency of sources of information, and the perplexities of Acadian patois, which is the medium of intercourse, combine to prolong a ten-mile drive throughout the forenoon. One element of confusion, as we presently discover, lies in the comprehensiveness of the name *Petite Anse*. An old woman knitting, and tending a flock of geese, with a huge closed green umbrella lying on top of her head by way of sun-



OLD SUGAR-HOUSE.

\* An arpent is four thousand and eighty-eight yards. One and one-sixth arpents are equivalent to an acre. Both measurements are used in Louisiana—the French prevailing in the Creole parishes, and along the *Tèche*.

shade, complicates our search by the reply: "*Mais c'est ici, la Petite Anse, tout autour,*" with a gesture which might indicate all the habitable globe. Pluck and luck, which have stood so many discoverers in good stead, prove our surest holds now; the billowy prairie merges at last in the dead level of the sea-marsh, and a savory smell of salt water refreshes the sultry noon, as a bold line of hills rises out of the reedy expanse,

left New Orleans; in view of which occurrence, and in the absence of any species of public entertainment, we were casting about rather hopelessly for an abiding-place, when the solution of the difficulty appeared opportunely in the person of a sunburnt gentleman on a wiry creole horse, who turned out to be the new lord of the soil, making his daily round of his domain, and who strikingly exemplified the genial hospitality



INTERIOR OF SALT-MINE.

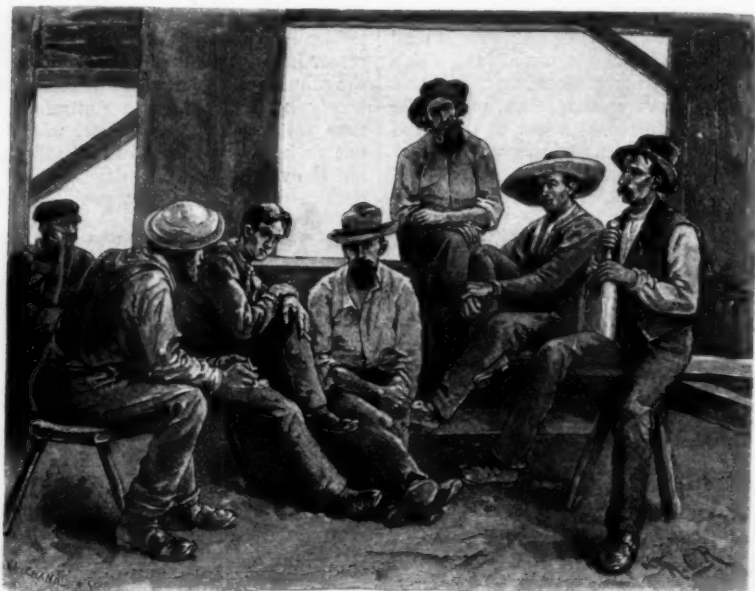
and at the farther end of a causeway right before us.

Petite Anse is one of the "Five Islands" which, standing in the midst of a level country of marsh and prairie, extend in a straight line, and at almost equal intervals, from near the Têche seaward to Atchafalaya Bay. Geologically, they are considered a part of the bluff formation seen elsewhere in Louisiana and along the Upper Mississippi, though there are several conflicting theories to account for their origin, whose respective *pros* and *cons* lie beyond the limit and purpose of the present article.

Our preconceptions as to the social constituents of the locality proved entirely misleading; the whole island comprised but a single plantation, the estate of the late Judge Avery, of whose death we had only learned from a paper of the day before, as we

in which this region abounds. Our installation was effected without more ado and quite as a matter of course, and by the time we retired to the *galérie* to discuss our black coffee and *perique* cigarettes, after dinner, we were quite domesticated. The blazing fervor of a Louisiana June day gave place to delicious coolness as the sun went down, and the strong Gulf breeze swept across the wide expanse of sea-marsh spread out before us miles on miles, with the silver thread of the little Bayou Petite Anse gleaming here and there, as its windings opened a reach to our view elsewhere obscured by the tall reeds, and an occasional small "island" of timber showing in darker contrast with the verdure. On the sloping lawn in front of the house, the children were playing at lassoing each other, in emulation of the feats of their pastoral





GROUP OF SALT-MINERS.

neighbors the Acadians, and their lively chatter chimed well with the southing of the wind through the live-oaks. With this last lulling whisper in our ears as accompaniment to the shrill treble of baffled mosquitoes outside our bar, we dropped into the sleep of the weary, from which we were aroused by Jules, the mulatto *valet*, with admonition and foretaste of breakfast in the shape of coffee.

An exploration of the island reveals its general form to be an irregular oval, bounded on the west and south by the bayou, and insulated elsewhere from *terra firma* by the impassable sea-marsh. Though comprising in its upland extent but a little more than twenty-two hundred acres, it reaches an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet above tide level at its highest point, Prospect Hill. Thence the ground falls away in minor undulations, diversified by clumps of timber, fields of cane and corn, and open pasture-land, with herds of the sleek, clean-limbed, long-horned cattle of the country grazing or chewing the cud of satiety as they stand belly-deep in the small ponds between the hills. To the east, the boundaries of the island are merged in the dense *cyprière*, beyond which the neighboring island of Grande Côte juts

above the broad sheet of Vermillion Bay, some nine miles distant. Around to the west a gleam of water among the trees indicates the position of Lake Simonette and Orange Island, the last of the five, where Mr. Charles Jefferson, a son of the famous actor, resides. Here the original and only *Rip Van Winkle* occasionally seeks and finds the realization of his big duck-story, and proves himself, let us hope, a more successful sportsman than when he so incensed *Dame Gretchen* by his unlucky shot.

Curiously enough, the chief industries at Petite Anse arise from the production and preparation of the three principal condiments which minister to the comfort of civilized man—pepper, sugar, and salt. A feature of these hill-tops is the crop of red pepper, which seems to find a most congenial soil thus near the sun. A concentrated essence is prepared, put up, and sent to market from a small laboratory on the island, and, under the title of Tabasco Sauce, is well known both at home and abroad as a most agreeable seasoning. A single drop will make itself manifest in a plate of soup. A story is related of a casual visitor to the island, who, seeing a bottle on the table, partook of the contents as lavishly as if he had been using catsup, which it

closely resembles in appearance. A few moments later, he was obliged to excuse himself, and was found rolling on the grass in the shade. Being asked why he had come out-of-doors, his answer was, "To bask, O!"

But the pepper crop is of the least importance—a mere "side speculation," as Colonel Sellers would say—when compared to the island's other exports. Sugar, of course, is the main agricultural feature here as elsewhere in southern Louisiana, where the talk is of hogsheads, kettles, vacuum pans, fuel, and machinery, rather than of the things which enter into the conversation of bucolic folk generally. A successful planter must needs be a chemist and practical machinist, besides possessing administrative ability of no mean order.

But—quoting Sellers again, with a slight amendment—"if you want something with the real ring in it,"—*Salt!* As early as 1812, Mr. John C. Marsh, the grandfather of the present proprietors, then resident upon the island, made salt by evaporation



BEARS' PAWS.



THE ANCIENT MARINER.

of the water from a brine spring near the site of the present works. He endeavored to increase the supply by sinking a well, but was interrupted by a bed of quicksand, and abandoned the attempt. For a half-century the enterprise was neglected, as the limited supply did not seem to warrant its development, except under such pressure as the necessities of war brought to bear. Events of later date supplied the requisite conditions, and it was owing to the extreme stringency of war times that, in the spring of 1862, Mr. John M. Avery undertook to procure salt as his grandfather had done in the "war of '12." This gentleman, holding the opinion that the whole island rested on a foundation of salt, and that the bed followed generally the configuration of the surface, undertook to avoid the annoyance caused by the filling of the wells already sunk with fresh water after rains, by sinking another, where the ground was more elevated. After some progress, the negro workman reported that he had struck a stump, and that he could not dig around it. Mr. Avery was unwilling to abandon the work at this stage, and setting the man



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

to clear away all the earth, found a smooth, dark material filling all the bottom of the pit, upon which the spade made no impression. The first blow of an ax, however, brought out a chip of pure white salt, under a thin coating of naphtha, and established the salt industry of Petite Anse upon a solid basis. The lucky find speedily became noised abroad, and several States, as well as the Confederate Government, at once established works there for supplying their respective populations, and the armies in the field, with the much-needed condiment. Large quantities were taken out, and one of the most pressing necessities of the Confederacy was in a fair way to be relieved, when, in April, 1863, the Federal authorities sent a flotilla of gun-boats, with a force sufficient to drive off the workmen and destroy the works, which remained dismantled until after the conclusion of hostilities.

When we visited the island, two years ago, the mine was being worked on a limited scale by a Galveston company, which had but recently commenced operations. Their appliances and general facilities were very inadequate—a single engine of twenty-five horse-power was employed for raising, crushing, and grinding the salt, which was then conveyed by tram-way one and a quarter miles to the bayou, and shipped by vessel to Galveston.

The salt-bed is found at a distance ranging from eleven to thirty feet below the surface, and is therefore mostly below tide-level. Its thickness is not known, but no bottom has been found at a depth of sixty-five feet through solid salt, from the naphtha crust which overlies it, and protects it from infiltrations from the quicksand invariably encountered a few feet above. Professor Richard Owen believes that the deposit has been formed "by saline inundations caused by storm-tides," which even now sometimes flood the whole marsh and prairie, as in the case of the famous "Last Island storm," which wrought such devastation to that summer resort of the local population some years ago. The fact that the layers, so far as known, follow the lines of the other strata overlying them, would seem to sustain the theory of Professor Streeruwitz, the resident mining engineer and chemist, that a violent upheaval of the sea-bed has been the cause. In support of this view he argues that, while in the mines of Salzburg, Germany, "the upper layers of salt are not pure chlorides of sodium, but mixed with compounds of potassium, magnesium, and containing sulphur—the Petite Anse salt, so far as explored, is from top to bottom chloride of sodium, with traces only of potassium, magnesium, iron, and lime in the form of gypsum." The proportion of these foreign

substances is less than half of one per cent. of the whole (0.473), according to the analysis made by Dr. Joseph Jones, and that of Professor Hilgard, of the University of Mississippi, gives a smaller percentage still (0.120) of gypsum—the only impurity he found in the specimens submitted. Commercially, it compares favorably with the best Liverpool salt, being clear, white, and dry, while it is claimed that it is ten per cent. heavier than the same bulk of the English article.

It was a novel, and, withal, pleasurable, experience to go down the shaft upon the "cage," which had just brought up a load of the crystalline masses for the crusher. The transition in a few moments from the heat and glare above ground to the subterranean gloom and coolness, had a flavor of enchantment in it which was not at all impaired by the scene which greeted our eyes when they became a little accustomed to the dim light of these lower regions. The feeble rays of a few candles here and there, where the miners were at work, seemed to illuminate but a few yards about them, though reflected back from walls white as alabaster, and gleaming with crystals. The rest of the gallery was intensified darkness, through which we stumbled as best we might from one beacon to another, which alone indicated its direction and extent. The voices of the workmen, chatting in negro dialect or Acadian French, sounded strange and inharmonious. Salt to right of us, salt to left of us, above and beneath,—salt everywhere; we stooped under arches and pendants of it, stumbled over bowlders of it, and walked shoe-deep in salt sand; and had we come suddenly upon the figure of Lot's wife, it would have seemed most fit and appropriate.

Relics of equal antiquity, however, and even of a prehistoric period, are not uncommon on the island, and Dr. McIlhenny, who leads the scientific thought of its inhabitants, has collected a number of fossil and other specimens which utterly mystify the theories of visiting geologists. Petite Anse seems in its geology and archæology, as in some other respects, quite independent of the canons to which the larger world is subject. Thus, while the highest hills show beds of pebbles of various sorts, and different forms of coral, the children make quite a frolic of hunting for mastodon bones in the bed of a stream which flows through the low-lying parts of the island! Similar remains are frequently encountered under fifteen feet of earth, just above the salt, and at the same depth, and in close proximity to these, have

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#### 46 PETITE ANSE AMATEUR, JUNE, 1893.

### THE PETITE ANSE AMATEUR

Is published, owned, and printed by school-boys, and the articles (which appear are the efforts of children whose ages range from 7 to 13. The object of the paper is principally for self-improvement; its typography is now a branch of study in the Petite Anse Grammar School. It is issued every month, and a yearly subscription price of 20 cents is charged. Yearly advertisements are inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square; \$5.00 per column, and \$25.00 per page.

D. D. AVERY, JR.,  
J. A. McILHENNY,  
Editors and Proprietors,  
to whom all communications should be addressed at NEW IBERIA, LA.

PETITE ANSE ISLAND,  
JUNE, 1893.

#### WHAT WE DO.

Our friends will be delighted to hear of our continued success. The

circulation is rapidly extending over the country, while advertisers are crowding our pages. Our evenings are occupied in scanning exchanges and in answering the daily increasing correspondence. Every moment of the daytime is in demand; and if type-setting, composition, and other matters connected with the AMATEUR do not call on us, then kite-flying, fishing, swimming, or baseball is the order.

#### EDITORIAL MENTION.

The paperette returns from their southern flight to feed on our pastries, on which they will sit fast and afford good sport for gentlemen of the gun and enjoyment for those who love good eating.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE SMALLEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD. (EXACT SIZE.)

been found fragments of pottery, and baskets of wild cane, in perfect preservation, and of the same pattern as those in use among the Têche Indians of the present day. Part of a stone mortar was found near the baskets, and now lies in the yard in front of the Avery house; evidently it had been brought from elsewhere, as there is no stone of the same kind anywhere else on the island. An old kiln has also been discovered, with perfect specimens of pottery yet remaining in it, and flint arrow and lance heads are picked up constantly in cultivating the cane-fields.

The human occupation of the island, as far as anything definite is known, began with John Hayes, who was born October 5, 1776; settled on Petite Anse Island, January 15, 1791, and removed thence to Petite Anse Prairie, May 13, 1869, having been a resident of the island on the plantation sold to D. D. Avery over seventy-eight years. Mr. Hayes died July 15, 1869, when he was over ninety-two years of age. He found the whole place a dense forest, abounding in game, but no Indians nor any sign of them, nor could he ever induce one of them to come upon the island, owing to a tradition which had been handed down to them of some great calamity which had formerly befallen their race there.

After the heat and burden of the day, it was pleasant to assemble around the long dining-table, spread with the delicacies of the Creole *cuisine* and no less bountiful in the feast of reason and flow of soul. The fish of the

*court bouillon* had been that morning enticed from the bayou by old "Uncle Bill," yclept the Ancient Mariner, while the *jombaleych* of snowy rice, seasoned to perfection, and the figs, freshly gathered from the trees in the garden, imparted a local flavor to the repast. Pleasanter still was the interval before the lamps were lit, when the household broke up into knots and groups upon the long *galérie*, where the awnings were drawn up to admit the sea-breeze, or out under the trees upon the lawn to see the sunset, or perhaps to watch the dark storm-clouds rolling up from the horizon, and streaking the vast level tract seaward with vivid contrasts of shadow and sunlight, ever changing and finally disappearing from view as a gray curtain of rain fell over the brilliant panorama. Then, as the brief twilight waned and gave place to the soft splendor of mellow moonlight, and the tinkle of the piano within doors sounded invitation to the groups upon the lawn, the broad Mexican *sombrero* of "the professor" would be signaled by the outlying picket of the youngsters, and soon his ponderous basso would be booming in the evening concert by our improvised quintette on the *galérie*. These entertainments were further enriched toward the close of our visit by the contribution of Charley Jefferson's tenor, and thus reinforced the Petite Anse Glee Club took a fresh departure and its performances became quite ambitious. These "distractions" were diversified with much pleasant familiar chat, hunting and fishing yarns and war reminiscences by the resident gentry, all of whom were keen sportsmen, and had, moreover, burned powder at more important game than even bear and panther, while serving with Dick Taylor in the late unpleasantness.

Other intellectual and æsthetic elements were not wanting to round out the proportion of this little island-world. The "Petite Anse Amateur," which boasts the proud distinction of being the "smallest newspaper in the world," and is edited, printed, and published by the children of the Avery household, had, by last accounts, a subscription of two hundred copies, and numbered about fifty papers among its exchanges. The enterprise was undertaken at the instance of the teacher of the Petite Anse school, as an exercise in composition, and as such has proved very beneficial, and far more entertaining to its staff than compositions of the usual kind. At first, some revision of contributions by the seniors of the family was necessary; but this did not extend beyond

the indication of errors in spelling and grammar. Now the paper has acquired an editorial experience which enables it to stand alone. The ages of its contributors vary from seven to fifteen years, and its conduct fully justifies its motto, "*Prosta ac vince*."

Just before our departure, an entertainment was given under the auspices of the colored congregation of the plantation chapel. The programme was calculated to arouse expectation, and almost the entire population, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, went to witness what was announced as the

#### GREAT RELIGIOUS WONDER OF THE AGE!

By REVS. WHITE AND HUDSON.

#### PANITHEOPTICONICON!

Such as never been seen before. Go and see it. One night only. Don't fail to come and see. You may never have another opportunity.

Doors open at seven o'clock, P. M.

Adam and Eve pass the scene at eight o'clock, with the serpent following at their feet.

As the performance was opportunely timed when the plantation people had just been paid off, a silver harvest of quarters rewarded the labors of the reverend showmen. A feature of the spectacle which attested its character as a "strictly moral show" was the giving out of suitable hymns, to be sung by the congregation while the slides were being passed through the lantern. Various and curious were the exclamations of awe and wonder from the assistants, and some startling effects were produced by the occasional invasion by a colossal hand of the luminous picture-field upon the sheet. As to the singing, description is powerless to convey an impression of its swing and fervor, which sometimes promised to precipitate a revival, as some camp-meeting favorite would be given out.

If we had found difficulty in getting to Petite Anse, it was harder yet to leave, and it was only after one or two false starts that our flitting was effected. The fleeting weeks of our sojourn had been long enough for the forming of a deep-rooted attachment to the spot and its inhabitants. It was with a feeling near akin to homesickness that the stranger, who had but just now come unbidden within their gates, passed out again, "to the northward heading," and as he turned for a last lingering look at the lovely island, now but a wavy break upon the level horizon, the thought took shape that inclosed in those blue hills, if anywhere, was to be found "the salt of the earth."



## ROBERT FULTON'S EXPERIMENTS IN SUBMARINE GUNNERY.

FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED MSS.

INTRODUCTION, BY ROBERT H. THURSTON.

ROBERT FULTON has never received, either in kind or in degree, the credit that is justly his due. Those members of the engineering profession who have become familiar with his work through the ordinary channels of information generally look upon him as a talented artist and fortunate amateur engineer, whose fancies led him into many strange vagaries and whose enthusiastic advocacy of a new method of transportation—the success of which was already assured by the ingenuity and skill of James Watt, Oliver Evans, and John Fitch, and by the really intelligent methods of those early professional engineers, the Messrs. Stevens—gave him an opportunity of grasping the prize of which Chancellor Livingston had secured the legal control. By such engineers as know only of his work on the Seine and the Hudson, in the introduction of the steam-boat, he is not considered as an inventor, but simply as one who profited by the inventions of others, and who, taking advantage of circumstances, and gaining credit which was not, of right, wholly his own, acquired a reputation vastly out of proportion to his real merits.

The layman, judging only from the popular traditions, and the incomplete historical accounts that have come to him, supposes Robert Fulton to have been the inventor of the steam-boat, and on that ground regards him as one of the greatest mechanics and engineers that the world has yet seen.

The truth, undoubtedly, is that Fulton was not "the inventor of the steam-boat," and that the reputation acquired by his successful introduction of steam navigation is largely accidental, and is principally due to the possession, in company with Livingston, of a monopoly which drove from this most promising field those more original and more skillful engineers, Evans and the Stevenses. No one of the essential devices successfully used by Fulton in the *Clermont*—his first North River steam-boat—was new, and no one of them differed, to any great extent, from devices successfully adopted by earlier experimenters. Fulton's success there was a commercial success, purely.

John Stevens had, in 1804, built a successful screw steam vessel; and his paddle steamer of 1807—the *Phoenix*—was a better piece of engineering than the *Clermont*. John Fitch had, still earlier, used both screw and paddle. In England, Miller, and Symington, and Lord Dundas had antedated even Fulton's earliest experiments on the Seine. Indeed, it seems not at all unlikely that Papin, just a century earlier,—in 1707,—had he been given a monopoly of steam navigation on the Weser or the Fulda, and had he been joyfully hailed by the Hanoverians as a public benefactor, as was Fulton, instead of being proscribed and assaulted by the mob who destroyed his earlier *Clermont*,\*—might have been equally successful; or, it may be that the Frenchman, Jouffroy, who experimented on the rivers of France twenty-five years before Fulton, might, with similar encouragement, have gained an equal success.

The essentials to Fulton's success—his steam-engine and the stanch hull of his boat—were designed by more experienced builders. The engine was sent from England by James Watt, and the hull was constructed by Charles Brown in New York.

Yet, although Fulton was not, in any true sense, "the inventor of the steam-boat," his services in the work of introducing that miracle of our modern times cannot be overestimated, and, aside from his claim as the first to grasp success among the many who were then bravely struggling to place steam-navigation on a permanent and safe basis, he is entitled to all the praise that has ever been accorded him on such different ground; although his talent as an inventor and his skill as a great mechanic and engineer were not displayed in any remarkable way in the construction of the *Clermont*, they were exhibited most remarkably in both earlier and later work, and were most wonderfully displayed in his methods of submarine warfare.

One of the great engineer's earliest inventions was a "diving-boat," in which, like a veritable Captain Nemo, he prowled

\* "History of the Growth of the Steam-engine," pp. 223-225. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

about beneath the waters of the harbor of Brest, during all the summer of 1801, coming to the surface like the gigantic balena to get breath, plunging beneath it again, rising or diving, moving forward or backward, turning and returning, and, after a time, coming above water where least expected, and sailing away like any of the commonplace craft with which the harbor was crowded. He spent, at times, several hours below the surface, and once, when a ship was placed at his disposal by Bonaparte, then First Consul, he attacked her from beneath and blew her into the air with his torpedoes.

Fulton's diving-boat, the *Nautilus*, and his powerful torpedoes, kept the British fleet in a state of perpetual apprehension, for it was well known that he was negotiating with the French Government for the purchase of his inventions, and had promised Napoleon "to deliver France and the whole world from British oppression."

Dissatisfied with the passive and uncertain character of torpedoes as weapons of submarine warfare, Fulton, although far more successful in their use than any inventor of his own or even of the succeeding generation, next turned his attention to the adaptation of heavy ordnance to use under water. Returning to the United States in the early part of the winter of 1806, after nearly twenty years' residence in Europe, and breaking off the fruitless negotiations with the governments of France and England in which he had sacrificed so much time during the previous five years, he presented his plans to the Government of the United States. He received much encouragement from President Jefferson, from President Madison, and from Smith, the Secretary of State and of the Navy under the two presidents.

He made some successful experiments with his torpedoes and his submarine guns, and patented many of these devices in 1813. His plans finally became well understood and were so favorably judged by the naval officers to whom they were submitted that, in 1814, he obtained a contract for the first war-steamer ever built, the *Fulton the First*, and it was while constructing this "steam-frigate" that he fell a victim to disease contracted by exposure during the severe weather of January, 1815, dying February 24th of that year.

While conducting the correspondence with Jefferson which resulted as just narrated, Fulton wrote the letter which follows,

describing his "method of firing guns under water." The inventor received a favorable reply from the ex-president, and this letter is one of those papers which will always possess historical interest as having formed a part of the most interesting correspondence of those eventful times.

No attempt is made to correct either the orthography or the punctuation of the author; the compositor has worked from the original rough draft made by Fulton, and the illustrations are exact reproductions of his own rough sketches.

The greatest naval engineer of our own time has wonderfully improved upon the rude methods and the comparatively feeble and inefficient apparatus of Fulton; and beside that latest and most formidable of modern engines of war which was so lately pictured in these columns, the *Destroyer*, of Captain Ericsson, the almost forgotten, the never well-known, devices of the artist-engineer may appear insignificant; yet, when the circumstances by which he was surrounded are remembered,—the total lack of all our modern knowledge of the technics of the profession, the absence of all those conveniences that now seem essential to good construction, the absence of all our standard forms of machinery, the inexperience of the workmen who were necessarily intrusted with the carrying out of his plans, and the positively obstructive policy of many departments of government, as well as the opposition of rival claimants of public and private countenance and assistance,—when it is realized how much of talent and how much of enterprise, energy, and persistence were demanded in the accomplishment of such tasks as Robert Fulton so splendidly and successfully undertook, it will certainly be acknowledged that he deserves all the fame that has been accorded him, either as a great mechanic or an ingenious and successful inventor.

#### THE EXPERIMENTS.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1813.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir: As you take a lively interest in every discovery which may be of use to America, I will communicate one I have made, and on which I have finished some very satisfactory experiments, that promise important aid in enabling us to enforce a respect for our commerce, if not a perfect

liberty of the seas; my researches on torpedoes led me to reflections on firing guns under water, and it is about a month since I commenced a suit of experiments.

## EXPERIMENT FIRST.

A gun 2 feet long, one inch diameter, was loaded with a lead ball and one ounce of powder; I put a tin tube to the touch-hole, made it water-tight, and let it under water three feet. Before it I placed a yellow pine plank, 4 inches thick, 18 inches from the muzzle. on firing, the ball went through the 18 inches of water and the plank. When the gun is loaded as usual, a tom-pkin or plug is put in the muzzle to keep the water out of the barrel, as at *A*. In this experiment the gun being immersed with the pressure of three feet of water on all its parts, that circumstance might be assigned as a reason for its not bursting; It then became necessary to try the effect with the muzzle in water and the brith in air.

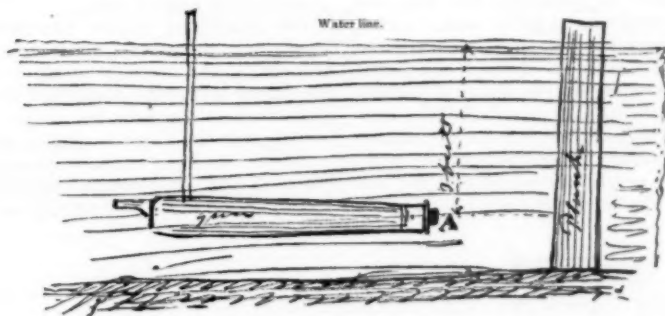


FIGURE 1.—FIRST EXPERIMENT.

## SECOND EXPERIMENT.

I procured a common wine pipe and inserted the gun, loaded as before, into one end near the bottom, the muzzle in the wine pipe 6 inches, the Brith out 18 inches. the pipe was then filled with water to the bung-hole, having a head of water of 2 feet 3 inches above the gun, and a body of water three feet long through which the bullet had to pass, I then placed the opposite end of the pipe against a yellow pine post, in such manner that if the ball went through the water and pipe it should enter the post, I fired the ball passed through the three feet of water, the end of the pipe and 7 inches into the post, the cask was blown to pieces the gun not injured.

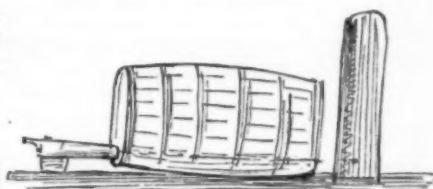


FIGURE 2.—SECOND EXPERIMENT.

## THIRD EXPERIMENT.

I obtained a cannon, a 4 pounder for which I cast a lead ball that weighed 6 pounds two ounces the Charge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of powder I placed it under water 4 feet fired at a target distant 12 feet the ball passed through the 12 feet of water, and a yellow pine log 15 inches thick the gun not injured.

## FOURTH EXPERIMENT.

I put an air box round the same cannon,

except one foot of the muzzle, so that the muzzle might be in water the Brith in air then let it under water 4 feet and fired as before through 12 feet of water and 15 inches of yellow pine gun not injured.

## FIFTH EXPERIMENT.

I ordered a frame to be made of two pine logs each 13 inches square 45 feet long, on one end of which I placed a Columbiad carrying a ball 9 inches diameter 100 pounds weight on the other end I erected a target 6 feet square three feet thick of seasoned sound oak, braced and bolted very strong thus. The Columbiad except two feet of the muzzle was in an air box, the muzzle 24 feet 6 inches from the

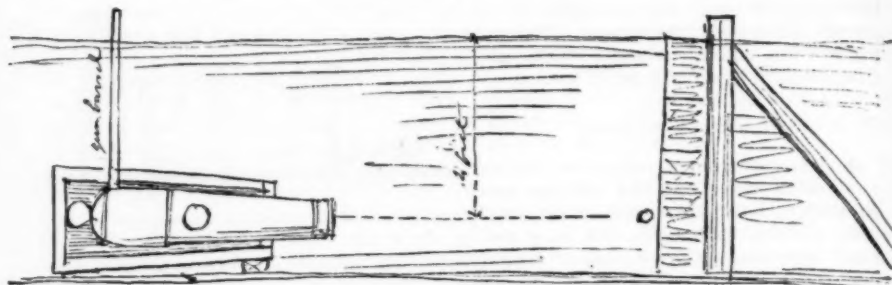


FIGURE 3.—FOURTH EXPERIMENT.

target, the Charge of powder 10 pounds, when fired the ball entered only 9 inches; That is its diameter into the oak; the columbiad not injured; this experiment proved the range of 24 feet 6 inches through the water to be too great.

## SIXTH EXPERIMENT.

I took away the columbiad and Box, and put a 24 pounder in its place loaded with 9 pounds of powder, the muzzle 22 feet from the target on firing it entered the target only its diameter that is about 6 inches; Without mathematical experience the conclusion would have been that the 24 pounder having a quantity of powder equal to near one half the weight of the ball, and the Ball  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches diameter presenting little more

the target the muzzle of the gun 2 feet under water the place where the ball struck the target 5 feet under water, in this case the ball went through the target 3 feet thick, and where is not known, the target was torn to pieces; In this experiment I fortunately proved beyond a doubt, that columbiads can drive balls of one hundred pounds weight through 6 feet of water and the side of a first rate man of war.

On examining doctor Hutton's experiments, and theory of projectiles *in air*, and comparing the density of air with water, the theory is that the columbiad fired, might have been 10 feet from the target, the Ball would then have struck with a velocity of 650 feet a second; and have passed through 3 feet of oak; had the columbiad been 16 feet long and made of a strength to fire with

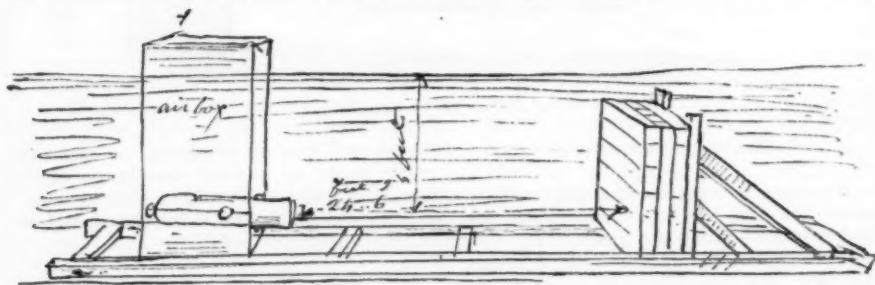


FIGURE 4.—FIFTH EXPERIMENT.

than one third the resistance to the water and wood that was presented by the 9 Inch Ball, it should have entered further into the target *it did not*, momentum was wanting.

## SEVENTH EXPERIMENT.

I loaded the Columbiad with 12 pounds of powder and placed the muzzle 6 feet from

20 pounds of powder, the range might have been 15 feet through water. But I will take the medium distance of 10 feet, and then the first undeniable principle is that one Vessel can range alongside of another within ten or 6 or even 5 feet, when giving the Broadside of only two 9 inch balls through the side of the enemy 8 feet below her water line the water would rush in with a velocity

of 16 feet in a second and sink her in 20 or 30 minutes; but from what I have seen in this sluggish kind of shot I believe if they were put in about 5 feet from each other they would destroy timbers between the two points of shock and open a space of many square feet as thus. To put this discovery



FIGURE 5.

of submarine firing into practice against the enemy I have invented a mode for placing my Columbiads in Ships; from 4 to 8 feet below the water line as in the following drawing. My guns are to be cast with two

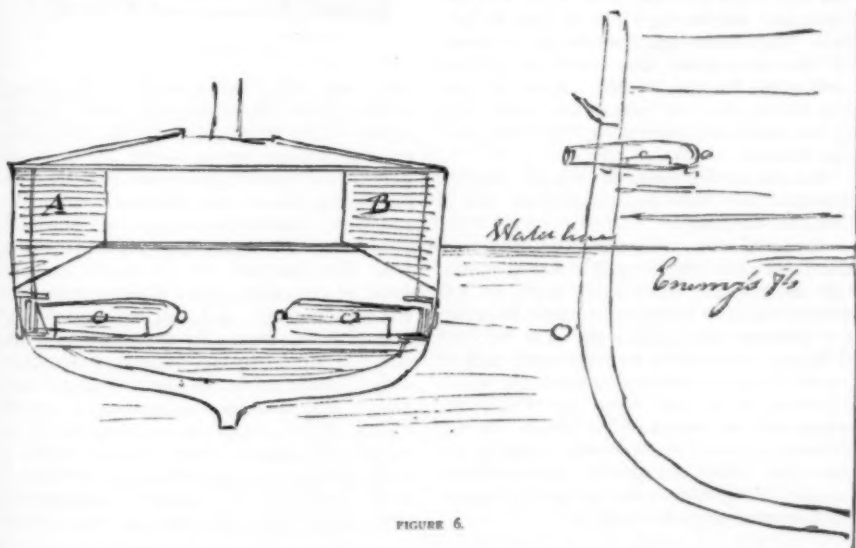


FIGURE 6.

rims round the muzzle thus. The space *a, b* to be wouled with hemp and covered with

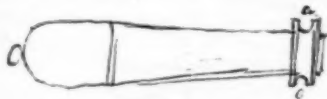


FIGURE 7.

thick leather the gun then forms a piston like that of a steam engine, or the piston of a forcing pump, the gun so prepared there is a Brass cylinder with a stronghead cast and boared and bolted in the side of the Vessel. When as in figure 8 the gun is run into this cylinder it fits it exactly as the piston does

a pump, then if the Calibre of the gun be 9 inches diameter there must be a hole through the bottom of the cylinder of 11 inches as at *C* to let the bullet pass which hole is covered with a strong sliding valve the axis of which comes inside of the vessel as at *D*, when the gun is run into the cylinder and ready to be fired the valve opens, On firing the gun recoils shuts

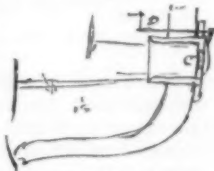


FIGURE 8.

the valve and stops out the water, thus my guns can be loaded and fired under the water line with near the same ease they are now worked above the water line.

My present Idea is to have 4 Columbiads on each side of a vessel and two in her Bow so that whether she runs Bow or side on to the enemy the Bullets must pass through her as in figure 9. You will observe in these sketches that not using guns above the waterline I have no port-holes and the sides above the water may be 7 or 8 feet thick of pine logs which renders them not only bullet proof; but the Vessel so Buoyant that she cannot be sunk in this manner my men who work the guns are out of danger under the waterline and those who steer or work the sails are guarded by walls of wood, as *A, B*, figure 6th. For harbor defence and perhaps finally for sea



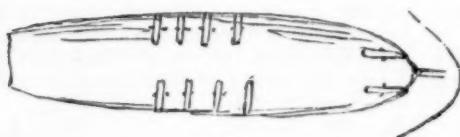


FIGURE 9.

service I have combined a steam engine with this kind of vessel to bring her up to the enemy in a calm or light breezes; In harbors I would not use masts or rigging, there would be nothing to shoot away, nor to hold by in case of attempts at boardage, and in such case as my deck would not be wanted for fighting or any other purpose *while in action* I could make it inclined to 25 degrees, and slush it so that Boarders could not keep their feet but must slide into the water they not having a pin, or rope to hold by. The steam engine would give a vessel of this description the means of playing around the Enemy, to take choice of position on her Bow or quarter and with little or no risque sink everything that came into our waters.

For sea service we must depend more on numbers of which the calculations are in favor of my plan,—

A 74 will cost 600,000 dollars, and then the 74 of an enemy is equal to her in power, the enemy also have such fleets as will enable them to bring two to one, therefore the chances are against us. For 600,000 dollars I can build 7 vessels; were they to attack a 74 she could not dismast the whole of them, some one must get within the range of 8 or 10 feet of her where one fire from any one of them would certainly destroy her. This changes the chances seven to one in our favor and against the enemy for the same capital expended.

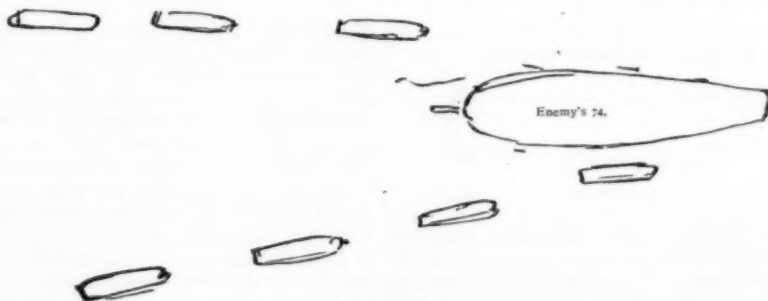


FIGURE 10.

This represents the 7 vessels bearing down on an enemy here it is obvious that

she cannot bring her guns to bear on more than one or two of them, if she lies too to fight they must surround her, But if she sails better than any of them and runs away our object is gained for then she can be driven off the ocean into port. As columbiads of 9 inch calibre are tremendous engines for close quarters I could have two on pivots and circular carriages within my wooden walls, as thus, which being loaded

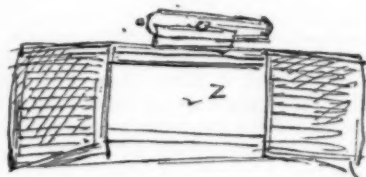


FIGURE 11.

with semi shot and chains 20 feet long would at 200 yards distance while bearing down cut her rigging and disable her before coming to close action:—We are now engaged in a war for principles important to our independence and interest as an active and great commercial nation, and if we fail generations to come must contend for it until they succeed; at all events millions must be expended which if as successful as our present hope; will fall far short of the liberty of the seas, In expectation to discover in the consealed magazines of science some certain mode for destroying military navies, and thereby establishing a perfect liberty of the seas I have laboured at intervals with much ardor for 13 years I now submit to your reflections whether I have found it. My present impression—and commodore Decatur' is that I have

this is also the opinion of many friends. for you will consider that if those vessels

can destroy such as now exist, they cannot be used against each other without both parties going to the bottom and such war cannot be made as duels would never be fought if both parties were obliged to sit on a cask of powder and ignite it with a quick match.

2 millions of dollars would build 20 such vessels 60 men to each would be sufficient total 1200 men. Such a fleet would clear our coast and the probability is it would be the most powerful fleet in the world;—one however should be built by government to establish principles on the public mind which are already proved in private. On the whole of this subject after you have maturely reflected it will give me great pleasure to have your opinions and if it coincides with mine, your influence at Washington may be necessary to carry it into effect, I sincerely hope this new art may give many pleasing hours to your evening of life as this wish is from the heart it is better than the usual unmeaning compliments with which letters are concluded.

ROBERT FULTON.

#### SPECIFICATION.

I Robert Fulton give the following specification of my invention for injuring or destroying Ships and Vessels of war, by igniting Gunpowder below a line horizontal to the surface of the water or so that the explosion which causes injury to the vessel attacked shall be under water. Therefore instead of having the cannon and portholes of a ship or vessel of war as usual above the surface of the water I place my cannon so low in the vessel that their portholes will be below the surface of the water any number of inches or feet which may be required from 6 inches to 4. 6. 10 or more feet and thus the cannon being fired with its muzzle under Water the Bullets will pass through the water instead of through air and through the sides of the enemy from 1 to ten or more feet below the water line which letting in the water in quantity according to the size of the holes and their dept under the surface will sink the vessel attacked.

#### DRAWING THE FIRST

Represents the mechanism by which a cannon may be loaded inside of a ship its  
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muzzle be presented to hole in the side of the ship below the waterline then be fired its Ball pass out through water the cannon recoil into the ship and the porthole shut without letting in any inconvenient quantity of water—the gun may again be loaded and fired as before.

For this purpose a ring or flange is cast round the cannon near its muzzle which may be filled in with hemp like the packing of the piston of a steam engine or with leather like the piston of a pump. a strong Cylinder of Brass or Iron—or the most fit metal for the water in which it is to be used—is to be neat and smoothly bored like the air pump or cylinder of a steam engine and of a size exact to receive the muzzle of the canon with its beforementioned packing hence when the muzzle is pushed into the cylinder it will be air and water tight like the piston of a forcing pump the cylinder may be one 2 or more feet long as the use may require on its outer end a strong-head and flange cast which flange receives screw Bolts to fasten it tight in the side of the vessel In the centre of the said head there is a hole two inches in diameter greater than the caliber of the cannon to be used for the cylinder—the canon being run home until its muzzle touches the head of the cylinder as in the drawing the cover to the hole is to be turned to one side and the cannon fired the Ball and Charge passing through the hole. on the recoil of the canon the sliding piece which covers the hole will descend and Stop out the water on this plan the cannon may be mounted on a carriage with wheels or not as future experience may prove best and always recoil and be worked in a line direct to the Cylinder which is to receive the muzzle. in my experience so far when the cannon is loaded as usual I put a kind of tompkin or stopper in the muzzle with canvass and white lead to keep the water out of the gun thus I have found the gun to fire perfectly well without any risque or accident, although this mode may be good in practice I do not positively know that the water might not be admitted into the gun up to a Water tight Wad the first plan will do the latter may be proved in future practice—Cannon may be thus arranged under the water line in such vessels of war as are usually built But as the whole battery comes below water and may be several feet below, the Vessel above the water line may be made 5, 6 or more feet thick of pine logs or other wood or hay or cotton or old rope or cabbage

tree or any kind of material which will be Bullet Proof thus all the men will be out of danger as in drawing—

Cannon may be placed in the Bow of a Vessel near the Keel as in drawing or suspended over the Bow or sides as in drawings and be fired with water proof locks constructed for common or fulminating powder—various other modes of practice may be devised But the whole merit of this invention consists In having discovered and proved that cannon can be fired to greater advantage for the destruction or annoyance of an enemy when so placed that the muzzle shall be under water and the Ball pass through Water for the whole or greater part of the space it has to go till it strikes the enemy. The practice then will

be with strong Bullet proof vessels to run alongside of an enemy within 30. 20. or 10 feet give her a Broadside of 1. 2. 3. 4 or more heavy pieces from 32 to 100 pdrs from 4 to 12 or 15 feet below the waterline and retire. Of this whole system of firing cannon, carronades columbiads or ordnance of any kind *under water* so as thus to attack an enemy to advantage, I claim to be the original inventor and claiming it as my right I have deemed It sufficient to give one mechanical and practicable combination—being improvements previous to further experiments. But any attempt to fire any kind of ordnance under water in attacks on vessels of war or maritime combat will be considered a violation of my right and purvey of my invention.

*Robt Fulton.*



## THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM. II.

### A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT.

THE argument of the preceding paper was to this effect: The purpose of the people in framing our present political system was to create what they thought would be a People's Government, under which, as the phrase is, the people should govern themselves—should keep power in their own hands. The main idea which led them to form that purpose was that they could not trust their public officials. The main features of the system which they framed on that idea (as those features have developed) are: election districts have become very large; elective offices have become very

many; and elections are very frequent. The particular results which have followed from these features are: we have a great mass of election work; this election work is so large that it cannot be done by men who have other occupations; it falls, therefore, into the hands of professionals; these professionals capture our public offices; they keep them; the number of these professionals is so great that they naturally and necessarily have grown into large organizations, with able leaders and thorough discipline; naturally and necessarily, too, as must always be the case with large bodies of men, the action of

these large organizations is controlled by their leaders. The general result which has followed from those features of our system is: our public officials, instead of being elected by the people, are appointed by the election organizations; instead of serving the people, they serve the election organizations; instead of using our public offices and public moneys for the people, they use them for the election organizations; instead of obeying the will of the people, they obey the will of the election organizations,—in short, we have, not a government, but an election machine.

There is the disease. But then come the questions, What is the remedy? And how is the remedy to be applied?

In the present paper, an attempt will be made to answer the first of these questions—to find the remedy. The disease is deep-seated. The remedy must go to the root of the disease, and not play with the symptoms. The disease comes, if the diagnosis is correct, in the main from constitutional defects in our system of government, from a wrong use of the process of election, and the use of a wrong form of that process. The treatment, then, must be directed to those constitutional defects. In the compass of this paper necessarily only an outline of a system can be given, for the purposes of thought and discussion.

In the attempt to outline such a system of government, it will be necessary to consider:

1. What a people's government is;
2. The main features of a system framed to give us a people's government;
3. The results which a system so framed would give;
4. The reasons why the system would give us those results.

I. A people's government is an organization for doing the people's common work, according to the people's common will, by the hands of the people's common servants.

What this common work is, is not within the line of the present argument.

This common work is to be done, as most Americans will agree, not according to the will of any one man or class of men, but according to the common will of the whole people.

And it must be done, not "by the people" (for that means nothing), but by the hands of their servants—by men specially selected, in some way, for the special work they are to do. The people can at most

*select and control*, directly or indirectly, the men who are to do their common work.

II. We come, then, to the statement of the main features of a system framed to give us a people's government.

One point of objection had best be met here.

It is often said that governments cannot be constructed on paper—that they must grow. Governments do, indeed, grow; but how do they grow? This National Government under which we now live was first framed on paper. That was the way in which its growth began. So it was, too, with our State governments. And shall we have our governments grow wild? How do governments get the best growth—without or with the hand and thought of man? The American method, the scientific method, the common-sense method, is first to draft a scheme of government on paper, as the first stage of its growth; then to think of it, discuss it, and change it; then to enact it, or make it into a constitution; and after that, when time develops faults, *when faults grow*, then to devise such changes in the scheme as will meet the faults. But it has never been the method of the American people to say that "nothing can be done."

As the next stage, then, in the *growth* of our system of government, let us see if we cannot work out on paper some of the main features of a people's government.

These features are, as it seems to me, as follows:

1. All political action, by more men than one, should be taken by men meeting and acting as one body—giving to every man one voice.

The meaning of this is, that citizens would act in their own persons only in the affairs of towns, or of small districts where the numbers of the citizens are not too large for them to meet and act as one body. In all other public action, whether as to the affairs of cities, counties, States, or the nation, whether it be the choice of public officers or the adoption of public measures, whenever the numbers of the citizens who are to act are too large for them to meet and act as one body, then they should act by delegates.

This is, as it seems to me, the key-stone of the political arch, the fact which lies at the very foundation of popular government.

Its especial importance is in its application to the process of election. And its application to the process of election is this: Instead of the citizens of a large city, or a large district, or a State, casting their ballots

directly for a mayor, or a member of the State legislature, or a governor, or a presidential elector, or a representative to Congress, the citizens in each small election district (which should, as a rule, have not more than five hundred voters) would meet in one place, as one body, at one time, and vote for a member of an electoral convention—an elector. This voting by the citizens should be done on a call of names, each citizen giving his vote aloud at the call of his name. And, to insure greater deliberation and greater unanimity, a two-thirds vote rather than a majority, as it seems to me, should be required for a choice. The delegates thus chosen to an electoral convention would in their turn meet, as one body, at one time and place, and would elect the mayor, or member of the State legislature, or governor, or presidential elector, or representative to Congress. It is at once seen that, in some instances, it would become necessary, on account of the large number of voters, to use an intermediate convention (or it might be more than one) to choose the members of the final electoral convention, which should elect the officer himself. That would depend on the size of the voting constituencies. Each successive convention should, as to its membership, be kept, as to numbers, within the limit which will secure deliberate action. That limit seems to be about five hundred men. It may add clearness to the statement of the plan proposed to give one illustration of its working, with the figures. In electing a President of the United States, for instance, the number of citizens entitled each to his one voice in the choice of his President is, taking it roughly, nine millions. If we make the number of the electors who vote directly for the President, in the final convention, three hundred, that would give ninety thousand voters to each district which would choose a presidential elector. If, then, each of these districts of ninety thousand voters were divided into small districts having each two hundred and fifty voters, there would be three hundred and sixty of these small election districts, each of which would have one delegate in the convention which should choose the presidential elector.

The reasons in favor of such a system, especially for elections, are these:

(a) The system is simple and practical. It is the system which is, in form, used for the nomination of candidates—a system which has grown, which has been called

into existence, without the aid of any enactment, by a living and growing need. It is the system which the national party organizations have been compelled to adopt in order to get any common action of their members. It is, in substance, the system which the framers of our national Constitution supposed they had adopted for the election of the President. But they overlooked the necessity of having the electoral college of presidential electors meet as one body. Nor did they anticipate the effect of the growth of population, and the consequent increased numbers of popular constituencies.

(b) This system is the only way in which we can secure a common judgment of the people, as to men or measures.

The result which we wish to secure by any political action, where the action is by more men than one, is the judgment of those men, and not merely their choice between two lists of names or two measures prepared by the hands of others. And we wish to get, not a mere declaration of the individual judgments of the single men who make up the body, but the common judgment of the whole body. And that common judgment can be had only by a meeting, a conference, of the men who are to act, where each man can be heard, and can hear other men; where each man can change his own opinion, and change the opinions of other men; where men and measures can be discussed on their merits; where a common judgment—a different thing from the judgment of any one, two, or three individuals—a new thing—can grow and take form; where new combinations can be made, on the spot, and at the time; where it will be impossible for a small knot of men to force a vote for some one man or measure, as a mere choice between two evils, simply because it is then too late to combine on any other man or measure.

This method of having the citizens of each small election district meet and choose their one delegate to cast their collective vote will secure, as far as any system can, the common judgment of the whole people. The result of the action of the delegate may not be, in all respects, what any individual citizen would most wish. But it will be a result to which, as a whole, all the citizens can agree. The delegates, if there be a reasonably large number of them, will be as sure as any body of men can be to represent fairly the common opinion of the citizens who have chosen them. But whenever we



attempt to have a large number of citizens in a large district vote, as to men or measures, without any opportunity for conference, they may indeed assent to the action of some other men, but their action cannot be, in any correct sense, their own common judgment.

(c) This system is the only way in which we can secure to every man his one voice, and his full weight.

Whenever men meet for common action, and have an opportunity for conference, every man will have his one voice; he can vote for any man he may wish to vote for, can give his reasons for it, and have his opportunity to influence other men. We shall secure, as far as any system can, that every man will be weighed at his true worth. The rich man who has won his wealth honestly, by honest work, will have great weight in the public councils. The same points of character which have given him wealth will give him influence in public affairs. And any man who has proved himself to have sound, practical sense, even if he be not a man of great pecuniary means, will surely have power in these citizens' meetings and representative conventions. The proposal to restrict the right to vote according to a property standard is not for the best interests of either rich or poor. With such restrictions the moneyed men would have too much power for their own good. They could not be secure against its misuse. A property qualification with us is neither practicable nor sound on principle. The rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow. But the man himself does not suddenly change. His voice in public affairs is, in itself, worth as much the day after he loses his money as the day before, though it will not have the same tone or power—will not be heard as far. If men meet together, talk together, and act together, every man in the long run will have his just weight in public affairs; and in no other way can that result be accomplished.

(d) This system is the only way in which we can secure to the people the free choice of their public servants.

Any system of election which requires the citizens, in a district so large as to make it impossible for them to meet and act as one body, to vote directly for public officers, necessarily makes it certain that they must adopt some nomination which has been made beforehand. The necessary result is that we turn the process of election by the whole people into that of nomination by a

few men. If, in addition, we have many elective officers, and have frequent elections, the certain result is that we take from the people the choice of their public servants, and create a permanent class of self-appointed office-holders. I do not mean that there will not be, from time to time, some change in the individuals who manage the election organizations. Single men, here and there, will for special reasons cease to be useful to the election machines, and will therefore be dropped from their service. But, amid all the changes of "issues" and party names, the old familiar faces will meet us at every turn, changing from time to time the names and "platforms" of their organizations, always keeping before our eyes a due proportion of the grand old platitudes about liberty and free suffrage, and will reappoint themselves from year to year under the form of popular election.

(e) This system will secure, as surely as any system can, the selection for the people's service of the people's best and wisest men.

We have nothing of that kind now—and for the reason that the people do not make their own choice. But how would it be under the system here proposed? Take the case of the election of a representative to Congress from a district of thirty thousand voters. Suppose the number of small election districts were one hundred, giving an average of three hundred voters to each small election district. These three hundred men meet together and have to choose a delegate to an electoral convention. The men who meet together are all neighbors, many of whom are personally known to one another. In the rural districts, nearly all of them would be life-long acquaintances. These men know that they are really taking a substantial part in the selection of the men who are to tax them, and have the control of their property—of all their public affairs. Very certainly it will be no unknown man who will receive a two-thirds vote, or a simple majority vote, of those citizens who are met together to choose their delegate. They will be certain to choose men who have a reputation, of some kind. But there are only two classes of men in a community who have reputations—the men who have good reputations and the men who have bad ones; and, in the very large majority of instances, the reputations are just. When, then, in the local meetings, a delegate is to be selected by the agreement of two-thirds or one-half of the citizens

present, what manner of man is it that they will choose? One or the other of these two classes it will be. I do not say that, in such cases, the people would never be deceived, but, in a very large majority of instances, the man who would be thus chosen by a real vote of the people would be a man long and widely known for his honorable life. When the delegates should meet in convention, though each man might be influenced by his personal prejudices, yet they would have to agree on some one. And they will not agree on a man unknown. Neither will they agree on a man known for his bad deeds. Again, in the very large majority of instances, their vote will be for a man known, and widely known, for his honorable life. The wider the district becomes from which the delegates assemble, the wider will be the reputation of the man who can command their voices. When we come to a convention of delegates from a whole State, or from the whole country, the choice of a public officer by such a convention will, in all human probability, be a man of wide reputation, and he will very certainly be a man of great ability, and honesty. For those delegates will be as free as men can be from improper influences. Each one of them will have his own private interests and prejudices. But these will neutralize one another. It cannot be said that an unfit man would never be chosen by such a convention, but we make the chance of such a thing as small as any system can make it. Each successive stage in the ascending series of conventions will tend more and more to separate the delegates from local and improper influences. They will be as favorably situated as men can be for giving us a wise and upright choice of men.

The men who would be chosen to our national Congress or to our State legislatures under such a system would be very certain to be the ablest and wisest men among us. And the common action, the action approved by the common judgment, of such a body of men, as to either men or measures, would be not only a different thing, but a better thing, than the individual thought and action of nine out of ten of the individuals who make up the body. This is the method of the old town-meeting, of the Convention which framed our national Constitution—that "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," as Mr. Gladstone says. It is a method which gives us the best result that a people is capable of reaching. We should get, in

sober truth, the distilled essence of the wisdom of the whole people. *This* stream would rise higher than its source. *This* force of gravitation would work upward, and not downward. The ablest and most honest men would rise to the top, as they always do when things are free, when nature's forces are allowed to operate under nature's laws.

To group the arguments in favor of this return to the simple methods of the old town-meeting and the Constitutional Convention of 1787, they are these: A system so framed is simple and practical; it is the only way in which we can secure a common judgment of the people, as to men or measures; it is the only way in which we can secure to each man his one voice and his full weight; it is the only way in which we can secure to the people the free choice of their public servants; it will secure, as surely as any system can, the selection for the people's service of the people's best and wisest men.

Can more than that be said of our present system?

2. The people should act, in their own persons, only in the local affairs of the small districts, where they can meet and act as one body.

This has been argued. It is separately stated for the sake of completeness.

3. In all other than the local affairs of these small districts, the people should act by delegates.

This has been argued. It is separately stated for the sake of completeness.

4. Each man and each public body, whether in the town, city, county, State, or national governments, should have work of only one kind.

Especially the men who have to do with executive administration should have nothing to do with general supervision—the work of the legislature. And the men in the legislature should have nothing to do with the details of administration, especially with appointments to executive offices. Either work needs different men, with different training, and requires the undivided time and efforts of the men who are to do it. A public servant, if he is to do his work well, cannot be a man-of-all-work. Here is one of the main defects in our present system of government, and in what is called parliamentary government. Both those systems compel the chief public officials to give much of their time and thought to election work and the keeping their places. But, aside from

that point, under what is called parliamentary government, the men who are at the head of executive departments are compelled to give their energies chiefly to work in the legislature. For it is on a vote in the legislature that they depend for keeping their executive positions. The consequence is that their executive work is done, in the main, by subordinates—in other words, it is substantially not done at all. The work of organizing is left undone. For subordinates cannot organize; they can never be the strong, moving will and brain of administration. The men who are to organize and supervise the executive departments cannot, if that work is to be well done, have on them also the burden of work in a legislature. Mr. Gladstone, who is, in his way, one of the great men of his time, is gradually breaking down under the attempt to do two kinds of work, both of which no one man can do, and for one of which he is not fitted, either by temper or training. He is a great, impetuous parliamentary orator; he is not an administrator. The two powers are seldom combined in one man. In order to have an illustration of the methods of the parliamentary system, we have only to look at the working of the British War Office. Sir James Stephen, as long ago as in 1847, said that if a European war occurred, the British War Office would "utterly break down." And the prophecy came true in the first war that Great Britain afterward had—the war of the Crimea. A military correspondent of the London "Times" has lately written that the British army "is in a state of collapse." During the present disturbances in Ireland, the War Office of the British Government has proved unequal to the work of supplying and moving quickly a force of less than one thousand men. Even the British navy is not managed on sound professional principles. An English admiral, Admiral Lord Dunsany, in the "Nineteenth Century," May, 1881, has just given us the exact statement of the situation. He writes: "The truth is, our navy is a 'House of Commons navy,' devised to suit financial, or, as the French would say, 'budgetary,' considerations, and to meet the criticism of a body profoundly ignorant of all military and technical considerations." British ministers are almost always men who are ignorant of matters of administration. They are selected on other tests. They are House of Commons men. They are able men, if they were in the right place, but they are out

of place. That is the reason why the British army has been, in the language of Sir Garnet Wolseley, "unworthy of being classed as a fighting implement fit to be employed against an enemy more formidable than a Kaffir or an Asiatic." Navies should be managed by sailors, armies by soldiers, postal affairs by trained postal officers, foreign affairs by diplomats, and a great House of Commons orator—should stay in the House of Commons.

5. The only elective officers should be the chief executive, and the members of the supreme supervisory body—which we commonly call the legislature.

This is intended to apply to city, State, and national governments alike, as are all the general principles here laid down. In a city, the mayor should be the only elective executive official. He should be the responsible head of all city executive administration. He should appoint and remove the head of each executive department. In the same way, in a State, the governor should be the only elective executive official. He should be the responsible head of all State executive administration, of every kind,—canals, schools, prisons, and public charities. He should appoint and remove the head of every executive department. So it should be, too, as in law it now is, with the President of the United States.

There are two main reasons for this:

The first is, that the appointment and removal of every official throughout the executive administration, from the very top to the very bottom, should be in the hands of his immediate superior; for he is the only man in a position to judge wisely of the fitness of the subordinate.

The second is, that this rule would diminish greatly the number of elective offices, and, therefore, the amount of election work to be done. It would take from the people the burden of nominally electing a large number of officials as to whose fitness they cannot possibly have knowledge.

6. In executive administration each kind of work should be in the hands of one man. And each officer should have the appointment and removal of his own immediate subordinates.

This is a point which all practical men of affairs well appreciate. To secure efficiency, we must have the responsibility of one man. And to secure the responsibility of one man, we must put power in the hands of one man. Each single office must be under one control, each division and department

must have one head, and all the departments, if we are to have system and organization, must be under the control of one chief executive. Each superior must have the appointment and removal of his subordinates, and each subordinate must be under the control of his immediate superior. This is just as true of national and State administration as it is of the administration of cities or private enterprises. It is true as to all work to be done by men. We must be able to centralize public opinion. There must be, as to each piece of work, one single official, who may get the honor of good work, and on whom we may heap the odium of bad work. Men say that it is unsafe to trust power in one hand: it is much more unsafe to divide it. Our greatest security with all officials under any proper system is in the power of public opinion. But public opinion must be able to find its object quickly, if it is to strike.

7. Each man in the service should be selected for fitness—for his one work.

But under our Constitution, and under what is called parliamentary government, the chief officers of the people are in fact selected for their fitness for election work. The chief places in the executive administration are put up as a prize, to be fought for in an election contest, to be won by the most skillful election workers. With us the contest comes at regular periods. We have a great national campaign once in four years between two national armies, with smaller local battles each year, which serve to keep the troops always under arms, and in a high state of discipline. Under the English system, the contest is carried on in the House of Commons, between two champions, the decision as to who is the winner being given by vote of the House, with an occasional appeal "to the country." And on the European Continent it is a never-ending scramble for place, between small factions. With us in the United States it is government by campaign, in England it is government by prize fight, on the Continent it is government by *mêlée*—and, with all of us, government by election machine. The science of war by election has, with us, reached the highest stage of development yet recorded. The civilized nations of Europe are slowly toiling onward in our path of progress. M. Gambetta in France and Mr. Chamberlain in England are, consciously or unconsciously, helping to establish great national election machines, under which fitness for election work will

be the test by which public officials will be selected, for local as well as national administration.

8. Every man in the service should be removable at once—for his own failure to do well his one work.

What we must secure is the responsibility of individuals for the work of individuals. But under our system of short terms, with a large number of elective offices, many of which become vacant at the same time, we lose sight of individuals, and see only the great organizations, to which the individuals profess allegiance. It is always a question of "platforms," almost never a question of whether this man or that man has given good administration. But this attempt to mass responsibility destroys it.

What we must have is a system which will, in city affairs, secure at the head of one department responsibility for that one department, and at the head of the whole city administration responsibility for the whole administration. When we come to State affairs, we wish responsibility for the management of our prisons, canals, and our State finances. And when we come to national affairs, we wish at the head of each department responsibility for that one department; and with the President of the United States, we wish responsibility, not for opinions, or platforms, or "grand old principles," before election, but for administrative results after election. We wish, not a "policy," but performance—a thorough supervision and efficient management of our executive administration.

This responsibility for working results, as the experience of many centuries has shown, can be secured in only one way, and that is, by the summary removal of all inefficient men. Removing men at the end of four years, or of one year, does not serve our needs. The removal must be immediate, if it is to have any good effect on the other men in the service. And if we wait till the next general election, there is a great possibility that the man will not be removed at all.

We must, too, in order to enforce responsibility, remove the right man, the one who makes the failure, and not remove one man for the failure of another, or the heads of twenty departments for the failure of one, or a constitutional adviser because his chief will not take his advice.

We must, too, make the removal for the right thing. We must not remove the head of the War Office for a blunder in the House



of Commons, nor for a failure to do good election work.

And this power of removal must exist as to the chief executive, as well as subordinates—the mayor of a city, the governor of a State, and the President of the United States. The chief is the man we must deal with. And he should be removed for the right reason—for a failure to give good administration—by a two-thirds vote of the supreme legislative body. Members of the supreme body would be removable, as they now are, by vote of the body itself.

9. The process of election should be used only to fill vacancies, when there are vacancies. It should not be used constantly, at fixed periods, in the fruitless attempt to thereby enforce responsibility.

But that is what we have really been trying to do under our system as it now stands. We have been acting on the belief that by electing men frequently we secured their responsibility to the people. It secures only responsibility to the election machine. Aggregate removal by aggregate election is not a sound political process. Removal of individuals for individual faults is the only way in which responsibility can be enforced. To talk of the responsibility of a "party" is like talking of the responsibility of the whole collective human race.

10. For supreme supervision and control, there should be the one common judgment and will of the whole people.

This common judgment and will of the whole people must be uttered, as to the local affairs of the small districts, where citizens can meet and act as one body, by the citizens themselves; as to city, county, State, and national affairs, by their assemblies of their chosen delegates. This is the only way, as has been shown, in which such a thing as a common judgment of the whole people can be had. If we try, as to the affairs of a city, a State, or of the whole nation, to have that common judgment uttered at the polls, by the citizens themselves, nine millions of them, through periodical elections, we get, not the people's voice, only a collection of paper ballots. The hand may be the hand of the people, but the voice is the voice of the election machine.

11. Every political act should be open.

Above all, let the vote of the individual be open. No man should be allowed to vote who has not the courage to have his vote known. Secret voting by ballot is the pet device of the professional corruptionist.

Here, as everywhere, publicity is the essential to honest action. We say we wish "responsible government." Let responsibility begin here, with the responsibility of the individual citizen for his individual action. We shall then soon make the purchase of votes impossible.

12. Time and quiet must be had to secure a healthy political growth.

Our present political system, taking it at its theoretical best, is a system of government, by revolution, at regular periods. Parliamentary government, taking it also at its theoretical best, is a system of government, by revolution, at irregular periods. The theory of each system is that one group of men is to control public affairs for a time, and that then, if the people are dissatisfied with their control, there shall be a clearing out of the men who are at the heads of all the executive departments. Changing a large number of subordinates would be comparatively harmless; but we are continually changing the men at the head. We might as well keep changing a man's brain, and hope for vigorous and healthy life. Mere automatic action of the extremities is not enough in political organisms. We must have a brain and a will.

What we want is, not a series of revolutions, but a system which allows steady growth, a gradual renewal of single organs, as they die or become useless—a system where single men can be weeded out, and new men can be brought in, as the needs of the service require, instead of having these annual and quadrennial earthquakes and avalanches. We must have government by evolution, not government by revolution. Men must have time—to find their places, to learn what their work is and how to do it, to do their work after they learn it, to find new work to be done, and new ways of doing it. Men must have time—to become adjusted one to another, to grow into a living and working organization. The organization must have time—for its leaders to be found, for them to grow. The organizers at the head must have time—to find the worth of the men under them, and to train their successors. Abuses, even, must have time—to localize themselves, and develop their true remedies.

This perpetual turmoil of elections, where year after year we go through the empty form of placing in a box a list of names of men we do not know, put in our hands by men whom we do not respect, may have for some men in the community certain



pecuniary advantages. But it is not government.

The conclusion of this branch of the argument, then, is this:

In order to secure a people's government, in order to have the people's common work done according to the people's common will, we must have a system with these main features:

1. All political action, by more men than one, should be taken by men meeting and acting as one body—giving to every man one voice.

2. The people should act in their own persons only in the local affairs of the small districts, where they can meet and act as one body.

3. In all other than the local affairs of the small districts, the people should act by delegates.

4. Each man and each public body in the service should have work of only one kind.

5. The only elective officers should be the chief executive, and the members of the legislatures.

6. In executive administration each work should be in the hands of one man; and each officer should have the appointment and removal of his own immediate subordinates.

7. Each man in the service should be selected for fitness—for his one work.

8. Every man in the service should be removable at once—for his failure to do his one work.

9. The process of election should be used only to fill vacancies, when there are vacancies. It should not be used constantly, at fixed periods, in the fruitless attempt thereby to enforce responsibility.

10. For supreme supervision and control, there should be the one common judgment and will of the whole people.

11. Every political act should be open.

12. Time and quiet must be had to secure a healthy political growth.

III. And what would be the results which such a system would give us?

Let two points be understood.

It is not intended that the system here set forth is the one which we must adopt. It has already been said that this problem of the people is too large a one for any one man to deal with. What is here submitted is given only by way of suggestion—to draw out other schemes and discussion, so that in the end we can work out a true solution of the problem before us.

Nor is it expected that, under any system that can be devised, there will be no

imperfections or abuses. The aim here is to find some remedy for those abuses that we now see. Others will, no doubt, arise under any system which we may adopt. But these we already know. These we must deal with as well as we can.

So much being premised, let us, as far as we can, forecast the probable working of the scheme here proposed.

1. This system would make things free.

It will make the people free to choose the men who are to have the chief control of their public affairs. It meets directly the disturbing causes in our present system. It does away with the large election districts, restores the old town-meeting, as the basis of all national and State as well as local government—makes the town-meeting, as it were, the single cell of political organization. The system also lessens greatly the amount of election work to be done, and leaves no official dependent on the carrying of the next election for his present support or future advancement. Moreover, as far as any system can, it makes it impossible for any band of men, by any possible completeness of combination, to arrange beforehand the result of an election. Any combination for that purpose would have to capture the whole people. And there is only one thing that can capture the whole people, and that is a great reputation.

2. It would specialize, instead of centralize, the different powers in the government.

Under our present system of frequent elections, by direct popular vote, through large districts, these vast national election machines get the control of everything, of local as well as national affairs. If, on the contrary, as is here proposed, we decrease the number of elections and elective offices, decrease the size of election districts, and make the national, State, and local elections distinct, by having distinct electoral conventions, we shall separate the administration of national, State, and local affairs, one from the others, as far as they can be, and as far as they should be.

3. The system would enforce the responsibility of public servants.

That is, it would provide the means for removing single individuals for their single failures to do their single work, as soon as the failure took place. And it would place the power to make this removal, as to each executive official, in the hands of the one man who would be best fitted to use it, and who would have a stronger motive than any other man or body of men to use the power

wisely—that is, the official's immediate superior. Under a system where power is trusted in the hands of single men, when affairs go wrongly, then public opinion is at once centered on the man who has the power. He is driven to use his power of removal of his subordinate in self-defense. He gets all the odium which comes from the bad work, and all the praise for the good work, which is done by the men under him. He might, no doubt, misuse his power. But all the inducements would be in favor of his using his power wisely. But now the inducements are, in the main, in favor of his using his power unwisely and corruptly.

4. It would promote the efficiency of the public service.

Again, it is the *tendencies* of the system with which we are dealing.

With us, and with every free people, a very great number of our best men have a strong wish to go into public life. It was so in the early days of the country, and it is so still. The people, too, wish their best men in public life. The best men for the public service will be drawn into it, if they are not kept out by some abnormal condition of things, such as we now have. And men once in the service will find their right places in due time, if the operation of natural laws is not checked by some foreign force, like that of the election machine. And the men in the service will learn how to do their work, and will do it from mere pride, which is for most men a sufficient motive, if they are not compelled, by some foreign pressure, to give their main efforts to other things. Even the men that we now have in our public offices—selected, as they are, on a false test—in the main serve us as well as they can, under all the disadvantages of the system under which they labor. If they were only as fairly placed as the men in any of our great private business establishments,—if they were only sure of permanent employment and promotion for showing zeal and efficiency at their work,—they would soon become an efficient organization of working-men. But all the prizes go to the men who manage caucuses and conventions. Instead of being sure of their places, our public officials may at any moment be removed, to make way for some man who has counted ballots at a disputed election.

Under this system here proposed, the pressure begins at the top, where it must begin to have an efficient service. The chief executive will be a man chosen by the whole people, on a free vote. He will very cer-

tainly be a man who has already shown administrative talent. Very probably he would be a man who had already distinguished himself in the public service. Above him would be a body of men who would have the power to remove him, at any time, in case his administration of affairs were not satisfactory. It would be very certain that they would not agree to remove him, by a two-thirds vote, if his administration were able and honest. So long as he gave good administration, he would be certain of holding his position, and of gaining a great reputation among a great people. All his influences and surroundings would be in favor of his giving us the best management of affairs that he could. If he should try to appoint favorites to office, he would at once injure the working of the force under him. He would arouse opposition everywhere. He would concentrate on himself alone the combined hostility, of the people, who wish their affairs well managed; of the men above him, who would feel the effects of his misconduct; of the men under him, who would be angry at having the places, which should be used to reward them for honest service, used for his selfish purposes. Moreover, he would have time to become known. If he were a man who should try to use his power for his own gain, he would not do so in single instances only; the abuses would be many; the hatred of the people would have time to grow and concentrate. The country would soon be too hot to hold him. But now, we simply wait till the next election. We have no time to work out the real remedy. We leave it to time to bring the remedy for us, which time never does.

5. This system would purify the public service.

Under this system, we should begin to purify the public service at the top. We should have in our supreme body an assembly of men who would, as far as men could, be free from any inducement to use their power wrongly. They would be men in very high station, with slight possibility of any further political advancement. The chief executive would be under every possible influence to act honestly and wisely. He would be in the highest position he could reach. There would be, with them and him, the possibility of lasting disgrace if they were dishonest, and the certainty of great fame if they did what was right. To make men honest, or as honest as they can be, the great need is that there should be thorough supervision and a certainty of de-

tection in case of any wrong-doing. Under our present system we have no thorough supervision. For we keep changing the men at the head. They have neither the time nor the motive to learn thoroughly what is done by the men under them. But this thorough supervision and certainty of detection exists in all large, well-ordered private establishments. For, in every large business, work must be so subdivided that each man has his work brought into contact at many points with other men. He cannot be dishonest or inefficient without making a disturbance in other departments. The larger the business, the more sure is this result; and our public business is the largest in the land.

6. The system would embody and enforce the people's will.

Many thoughtful men would have the fear that the system proposed would give us a bureaucracy,—what is sometimes called an aristocracy of permanent office-holders,—who would lose their sympathy with the best thought and feeling of the time, would stagnate and become corrupt.

Under the system proposed, it is true that most of the men who once entered our public service would probably be there for the whole of their lives. But they would not all stay in the same places. Seventeen of Napoleon's marshals rose from the ranks. So it would be in a well-ordered civil service. It would be a body full of life and energy, where the strong men would rise to the highest places, where there would be a perpetual struggle for advancement. In every well-ordered industry we have what is, in one sense, a life tenure—that is, most men who are good workers follow the calling which they have chosen through their lives. But the faithful workers do not stay in one position; they rise.

As to such a system giving us a bureaucracy: The thing which is really meant by this word is an irresponsible bureaucracy—an army of officials appointed by an irresponsible ruler, who uses the places in his service to pension his personal adherents. In such a state of things, stagnation is certain. But no such state of things could exist under a responsible government.

As to such a system giving us a permanent aristocracy of office-holders: If our public service is to be efficient, we always shall have, under any system, a permanent class of office-holders. We have it now. The question with us is, whether these permanent office-holders shall be our best

men, or those who gain and keep their places by the manipulation of an election machine.

As to such a system causing our public officials to lose their sympathy with the popular thought and feeling: How much sympathy with popular thought and feeling do we find in our public men now? The system under which they are placed in power, and are kept there, makes it impossible for them to regard the people's real wishes.

On the contrary, under the simple, natural system here proposed, what would be the situation? The men who would be sent to our State and national legislatures would generally be men well advanced in life. Their periods of service would probably be, on an average, about twelve years. The members would be continually changing. New blood would be always coming in. There would always be a large number of experienced men to give character and stability to the policy pursued. The new men, as they were elected, would be in harmony with the prevailing tone of thought of the day in the districts from which they came. All the members, new and old, would be always learning and thinking. Instead of being behind the thought of the age, they would lead it. These men would very certainly be men of commanding ability, men like Webster, Calhoun, and Clay—the great men of the day, who have the confidence of the people. Would an assembly so made up be one of intellectual stagnation? Or would such men embark in wild schemes of political piracy, and endeavor to subvert the people's liberties? Such men would have their own ideas. It might even be, that some of them would try to use their public places to forward their private interests. But if any men can be trusted, those men could be. And some one we must trust, otherwise government cannot exist. We cannot, by any machinery we may devise, secure that any body of public men shall continually trim to every shifting current of popular feeling. Nor do we wish that. We wish men, and not weather-cocks, in our public assemblies; men who will use in our service their superior knowledge and abilities. We wish their judgment, and not our own. They cannot fail to change their opinions with the times, being open to the same influences with other men.

7. This system would give us a healthy national life and growth.

We should be free. Now we are bound

hand and foot. Every vote of the people, every act of our public men, bends to the needs and the power of the election organizations. The whole body politic is in the condition of a man whose every artery and vein are under a ligature. Wherever we try to have public work well done, whether it be a matter of railroads, or canals, or custom-houses, or carrying the mails, or the administration of justice, or of the public charities, we are met with this one overpowering pressure, which compels our public servants to use the public offices and treasuries to pay for election work. The scheme here outlined is an effort for freedom.

It may be that this scheme is not wisely conceived. Then let us devise some other; for we must do something.

But the argument here is that the system here proposed is based on sound principles, and would give us an organization under which the people's common work would be done according to the people's common will, by the hands of the people's common serv-

ants—that it would give us a People's Government.

IV. And the reason of this result would be, that we should make it for the individual interest of each man in the service to do his official work, instead of making it for the common interest of all men in the service to carry elections. But now, if a man in our public service gives himself to the simple, honest discharge of his duty to the people, he signs his political death-warrant. Drivers of ash-carts and Presidents alike, we compel them to do caucus work, or leave our service.

But even if this argument be sound, the question then comes:

How are we to accomplish the change?

Especially, since we are now in the hands of this great power, which controls so many of our public men,—which, in effect, disfranchises the people,—how can a way be devised to put the system into effect?

An attempt will be made, in the next paper, to answer this question.

## PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.\* X.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### REFORM.

DURING the nine years since the beginning of the war, Peter had been little in the capital. Whenever he had set himself seriously to work at the administration of the country, the necessities of the war had always called him away. The boyárs held, as before, their regular sessions in council, and managed the routine business of the Government, though the heads of departments were now called ministers, and the Russian name for their assembly was changed for a foreign one. Peter ordered the decisions of the council to be written out, and signed by all the ministers present; and that minutes of their decisions and important papers of all kinds should be sent to him, in whatever part of the empire he might be. In old time, the Streltsi, at Moscow, had been charged with the preservation of the public order. After the dissolution of the Streltsi, the police duties devolved chiefly on the Preobrazhensky regiment. The business of the tribunal at Preobra-

zhensky constantly increased, and included not only police matters, but crimes, and even treasonable acts.

After Peter's return from his Western journey, he established new municipal institutions. At the end of 1708, he divided the whole empire into *gubernias*, or governments. One of the duties specially enjoined upon the governors set over these was to see that the whole of the revenue was sent to the treasury. In 1709, the revenue was 3,022,128 roubles (£1,259,220, or \$6,296,000), while the expenses were 3,834,418 roubles (£1,597,674, or \$7,988,000).

A hospital was established at Moscow. New laws were made to protect that city from fire, and in 1703 its parish priests were obliged to keep registers of the births and deaths. A school of mathematics and navigation was established in Moscow, under Scotch professors, in which there were about two hundred pupils. In 1703, a school of a different character, where ancient and modern languages were taught, and a general education was given, was founded by Pastor Gluck, the prisoner of Marienburg and the protector of Catherine. The brothers Tessing, of Amsterdam,

under their concession, printed Russian books, which were sold at reasonable rates. In 1703, the first Russian newspaper was published at Moscow.

On the death of the Patriarch Adrian, in 1700, the election of a successor was postponed, and the principal charge of the Church was given to Stephan Yavórsky, the metropolitan of Riazán and Murom, with the title of exarch. The patriarchal chancery had, up to this time, had very great powers and jurisdiction over all questions of wills and inheritance, marriage, the settlements of complaints, not only of civilians against ecclesiastics, but of ecclesiastics against civilians. While questions of a purely theological and dogmatic character, and those of church discipline, were left to the metropolitan of Riazán, the general ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as well as the care of the property and the other material interests of the Church, were placed in a new department, created for the purpose, called the Department of Monasteries, under the boyár (afterward count) Iván Alexéievitch Músin-Pushkin. Strict regulations were made and enforced against the monasteries.

On the very day of the proclamation of the war with Turkey, March 6, 1711, a decree was issued creating a Senate, intended to govern the country in the absence of the Tsar. As the council of boyárs had insensibly passed into the Privy Chancery, so now the Senate took the place of this body. It was composed of nine members. By a subsequent decree, every official, whether clerical or lay, military or civil, was instructed to obey the orders of the governing Senate, as they would those of the Tsar, under pain of severe punishment. In case the interests of any private individual were injured by the action of the Senate, the Tsar begged them to be silent during his absence, and on his return to lay before him their complaints, fortified by written proofs, when they would receive full justice, and the guilty would be punished.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### DISCONTENT.

GREAT dissatisfaction greeted the innovations of Peter; nevertheless, the distasteful changes continued. The war began; taxation and recruiting bore heavily on all classes, but especially on the peasants. The change in the popular feeling toward the sovereign was very perceptible. In the time of the

Tsar Alexis, the people had many causes for discontent; but they threw the blame on Plestchéief, Morózof, and other boyárs and ministers of the Tsar, whom they considered to be the real causes of their troubles. Peter was no longer the demi-god, who remained quietly in his palace, or appeared only in state, ready to interpose to protect his people against the rapacity and injustice of the boyárs. The religiously disposed Russian peasantry were greatly given to apocalyptic teachings, and to explanations of the Biblical mysteries. They had seen the fulfillment of prophecies in Nikon and Alexis, and were ready to be convinced that Peter, with the changes which he had made in the sacred and established order of things, was the true Antichrist. Moscow came to be looked upon as a sinful and unholy Babylon, and all the officials of the Tsar as the servants of Antichrist.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### REBELLION.

THE southern and south-eastern frontier of Russia contained a population ready, at all times, to follow the lead of agitators. The great rebellions of Russian history all broke out here. In this region, therefore, it was to be expected that the opposition to Peter's reforms and changes would take a stronger form than elsewhere. At Astrakhan, opposition began to show itself against the officials, especially against Rzhevsky, the voievode, who was hated for his cruelty and extortion. A rumor was suddenly spread in the bazaars of Astrakhan that no Russian men would be allowed to marry for seven years; but that all the girls were to be married to the Germans, who were daily expected to arrive from Kazán. The excitement was tremendous. The population resolved to frustrate these plans by marrying their children before the hated Germans arrived, and on Sunday, the 9th of August, a hundred couples were married. The wine and whisky of the wedding-feasts went to the heads of the guests, and that night a band of the populace attacked the Government buildings, and massacred several officials. The voievode was not found until the next day, when he was immediately beheaded. The insurgents organized a government for the town, in Cossack fashion, and elected Nosof, a merchant of Yarosláv, as their hetman. It was evident that the rising did not have a merely local character.



There was great panic and commotion at Moscow when the news came of the rising. Peter, who was then at Mitau, immediately sent to Astrakhan the field-marshal Sheremétief, with several regiments. Wishing to see whether affairs could not be arranged without the use of force, Peter sent to Astrakhan Kisélnikof, a merchant of that town, to receive the complaints of the citizens, and with promises of mercy. The Tsar's promises had a good effect, and deputies were sent to Moscow from Astrakhan, to state their griefs. Their statement made a deep impression at Moscow. The deputies were sent back with a written promise of amnesty. The Tsar told Sheremétief to avoid, as much as possible, any bloodshed, and use great caution in dealing with the people.

Meanwhile, the army of Sheremétief was still advancing, and he had excepted the leaders of the insurrection from the amnesty. The violent party again got the upper hand, and treated the messenger of Sheremétief with rudeness. When Sheremétief approached the walls, the insurgents, instead of yielding, came out and attacked him. The forces of the field-marshal were too strong for them, and the resistance was short. The Tsar was greatly relieved when the rebellion was finally put down.

Early in 1705, symptoms were seen of a commotion amongst the Bashkirs; but a rebellion did not begin until 1708. Order began to be restored in the spring of 1709.

The peasants collected to cut timber and build ships at Vorónezh ran away, to escape the heavy work and the fevers which decimated them. Nothing was so hated as the forced labor at Azof, and criminals of every kind left this penal colony for the Don. The army of Sheremétief, in passing from the Volga to Kíef, lost large numbers by desertion. The Government demanded from the Don Cossacks the surrender of such deserters and fugitives. Finally, Prince Dolgorúky, with a detachment of soldiers, appeared on the Don. This was an attack on the privileges of the Cossacks, and excited commotion. Dolgorúky was received with all due honor at Tcherkask; but when he proceeded to arrest the fugitives, a band of Cossacks, under the leadership of Kondráty Bulávin, attacked him on the river Aídár, on the 20th of October, 1707. The Russians were killed, to the last man. The Cossacks who remained loyal to the Government collected, and defeated Bulávin's band. Bulávin sought refuge among the Zaporovians of

the Dnieper, and soon returned with larger bands. The disorder spread toward the center of Russia. Numerous letters of Peter to his friends show his anxiety. At one time, he was on the point of starting himself for the scene of trouble. He ordered Prince Basil Dolgorúky, the brother of the general who had been killed, to march against the insurgents, and "put out the fire, once for all." Dolgorúky was for a time in great perplexity. His troops were deserting, there was great danger for Azof and Taganrog, the Zaporovians were on the march, and he was fettered by changing instructions of the Tsar. The attack on Azof was repulsed, after the Cossacks had succeeded in getting possession of the suburb inhabited by the sailors, and Dolgorúky finally succeeded in beating the Cossacks in detail—for Bulávin had the imprudence to divide his army. Bulávin, in order to escape from some Cossacks who wished to surrender him, blew his brains out.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## UNCOMFORTABLE DIPLOMACY.

As we remember, the declaration of war against Sweden, in 1700, had been put off until the Tsar received news of the signature of peace at Constantinople. Prince Dimitri Galítsyn was sent to Turkey, in 1701, with the ratification of this treaty, and with instructions to try again where Ukráintsef had failed, in getting permission from the Sultan for Russian ships to navigate the Black Sea. But the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared again that the Sultan would sooner open his harem to the Russians than open the Black Sea. The Patriarch of Jerusalem counseled Galítsyn to desist, as he might prevent the ratification of the peace. He explained to him how much the Turks feared the Russian fleet that was building, and what projects they had for blocking the entrance to the Sea of Azof, and building strong fortifications at the straits. By insisting, he would only frighten the Turks more, and the result might be disastrous; whereas, when a strong Russian fleet was finally built, the Tsar could open the Black Sea whenever he pleased, without any permission of the Sultan.

Toward the end of 1701, Peter Andréievitch Tolstói was sent as permanent ambassador to the Sultan, Mustapha III., who at that time resided at Adrianople. Tolstói

was instructed to send home frequent and exact information as to the foreign relations of Turkey; the internal politics; the character of the men in power, or likely to obtain it; the military and naval strength and preparations; as to the strength of the Turkish fortresses on the Black Sea; whether there was really any intention of constructing fortifications at the Straits of Kertch, and especially as to the condition and value of the trade with Persia.

The arrival of Tolstói disturbed the Turks. There had never been a permanent Muscovite ambassador before. Other ambassadors were there, nominally to supervise the commercial affairs of their nations; but the Russians had no commerce. There must be, they thought, some hidden purpose at the bottom of it.

Vizier succeeded vizier. Some were more amiable to Tolstói than others; but his position was always uncomfortable. In 1702, Daltaban Mustapha became vizier. He was bent on a war with Russia, and when the Sultan refused the demands of the Crim Tartars, and even changed the Khan, the vizier privately encouraged them, and urged them to revolt, promising to go to the Crimea with an army, under the pretext of putting them down, when he would join them, and lead them against the Russians. Tolstói, by a liberal use of bribes, succeeded in bringing the intrigues of the vizier to the knowledge of the Sultan's mother. Daltaban was deposed and beheaded, and Rami Mohammed, the former minister of foreign affairs, was appointed in his place. The new vizier treated Tolstói with great courtesy, but two Janizaries still stood at the door of his embassy, and prevented the freedom of his movements.

In August, 1703, Mustapha was dethroned by a rebellion, and replaced by his brother, Ahmed III. Internal troubles made the Turks peacefully inclined. Tolstói was treated with consideration and kindness. But soon, Ahmed III. changed his grand vizier. Tolstói complained: "The new vizier is very ill-disposed toward me, and my wretched situation, my troubles and fears, are worse than before. Again no one dares to come to me, and I can go nowhere. It is with great trouble that I can send this letter. This is the sixth vizier in my time, and he is the worst of all."

Again he writes: "They ill-treat me in a frightful way, and they shut us all up in our house, and allow no one either to go out or to come in. We have been seven days

almost without food, because they let no one out to buy bread, and it was with difficulty that I succeeded, by great presents, in getting permission for one man to go out to buy food." Tolstói asked permission to resign such an uncomfortable post. But his services were necessary, and Peter wrote him an autograph letter, begging him to remain for a while longer, so flattering to his vanity that it drove all ideas of resignation out of his head.

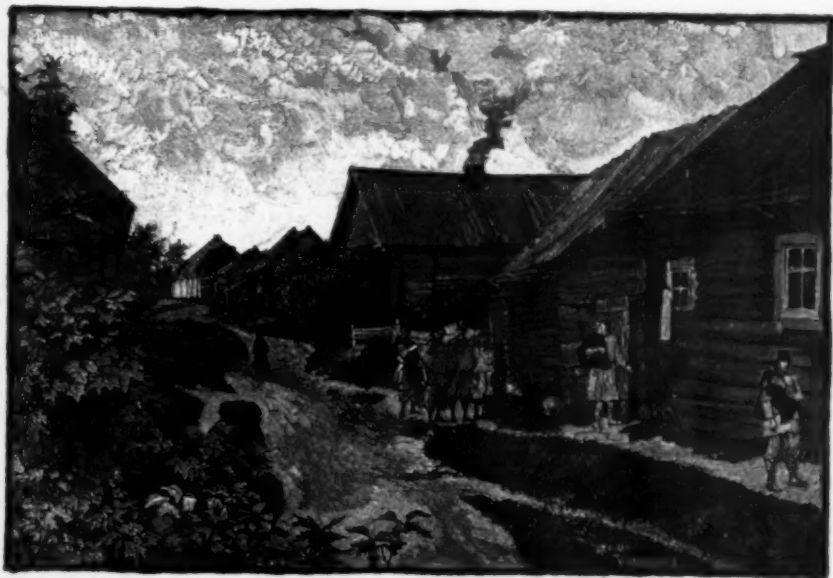
#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### WAR WITH TURKEY.

DIFFICULTIES in the Kuban, between Cossacks and Tartars, excited a hostile feeling at the Porte, in the summer and autumn of 1706. At this time, any inimical manifestation of Turkey was exceedingly dangerous, and the Russians again began to think whether they could not occupy Turkey by exciting her to war against Austria. Tolstói proposed to act in conjunction with the French ambassador, but he speedily found that the French ambassador was exciting the Turks, not only against Austria, but against Russia as well. The Turkish Government was, however, not so easily roused to action, and the French schemes fell to the ground. Agents were sent to Constantinople by King Stanislas, but the Polish propositions had no more effect than the French, on the Turks.

The rebellion on the Don, the petition of the Cossacks to the Sultan, and the invasion of Russia by the Swedes, all made the Tsar very nervous about his relations with Turkey. Orders were given to search out any Turkish and Tartar prisoners that had not yet been freed, and give them their liberty. This measure was not approved by Tolstói, as he thought more was to be gained by a firm and threatening attitude than by a yielding one. He had had some difficulty with the authorities about the arrest of certain Russian merchants who had been selling religious pictures, and thought that no prisoners should be freed in Russia till these men had been set at liberty.

In the spring of 1709, Tolstói was able to assure his Government that, for that year, there was no danger of war. Indeed, while Peter was fearing for his fleet at Azof, the Turks were apprehending an expedition of these very ships from Azof. On the 21st of July, Tolstói, who as yet knew nothing of the battle of Poltava, wrote that the pres-



A RUSSIAN FRONTIER VILLAGE.

ence of the Tsar at Azof had led to the belief that he was about to begin a war, and that this rumor had created the utmost excitement at Constantinople. Many Turks went over into Asia, people cried out in the streets and bazaars that the Muscovite fleet had already entered the Bosphorus, and a rebellion nearly broke out against the Sultan.

The arrival of Charles XII. at Otchakóf threw the Turks into great perplexity. They would have been glad to be rid of him immediately, but their religion and their traditions forbade them to deliver him up to Russia. The violation of the Moldavian frontier by Kropótof, and the capture of Gyllenkrook and of nearly all the Swedes that remained to the King, made the Turks angry, but they had no wish to fight. At the same time, they feared an attack from the Russians, after Polish affairs had been completely arranged. They began strengthening the fortresses, and moved large bodies of troops toward the frontier.

Tolstói succeeded in getting from the Turks the long-delayed ratification of the treaty of 1700, and in making an arrangement with the grand vizier, Ali Pasha, by which the Cossacks should be delivered up, and the King should be accompanied to the frontier by a guard of five hundred Janizaries, where he would be received by a

Russian guard, which would conduct him through Poland to the Swedish frontier, keeping him from all communication with the party of Stanislas. Charles, indignant at finding that he was to be intrusted to Russian guards, succeeded in getting a letter into the hands of the Sultan, accusing Ali Pasha of treason. This had its effect. The grand vizier was removed, and Numan Köprülü was appointed in his stead. The new vizier furnished Charles with four hundred thousand thalers, as a loan without interest, but even he was unwilling to break with Russia, and suggested to the King a safer way out of Turkey, by the way of Austria.

The rumors of war which had been circulated throughout Constantinople began to work, and the Janizaries demanded to be led against Russia. The grand vizier was removed, and replaced by one of more warlike cast, Baltadji Mohammed. At the same time, the Tsar became more pressing in his demand for the exact fulfillment of the new arrangement, complained that the Swedes were still allowed to remain, and that Orlik had been named hetman of the Cossacks, in place of Mazeppa. In October, 1710, he demanded a categorical reply about the expulsion of Charles, but the couriers who brought the Tsar's letter were



COUNT TOLSTOL

arrested on the frontier. On the 1st of December, 1710, war was decided upon in a solemn session of the Divan, and Tolstói, with his suite, was immediately imprisoned in the Seven Towers. It was decided that the grand vizier, with a large army, should begin the campaign in the following spring.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE CAMPAIGN ON THE PRUTH—1711.

AS SOON as Peter received news of the rupture of peace by the Turks, he ordered Prince Michael Galitsyn to move toward the Moldavian frontier with ten regiments of dragoons, and watch for any movement of the Turks or Tartars. Sheremétief was sent thither from Livonia with twenty-two regiments of infantry, Prince Michael Ramodanófsky advanced to Putivl with the regiments of the nobility, and Prince Michael Galitsyn was intrusted with the supervision of the Zaporovians. On the 8th of March, 1711, the "war against the enemies of Christ" was solemnly proclaimed to the people, in the Cathedral of the Assumption, at Moscow.

On the 17th of March, Peter left Moscow for the Polish frontier. In Yavrov, near Lemberg, where the Tsar remained during the month of May, he received news that the Tartars who had attacked the Ukraine had been repulsed with heavy loss, that the country beyond the Dniester had been re-

duced to submission, that the poor Christians in Turkey were eagerly turning to him, and that the Turks were in trouble. While at Yavrov, Peter signed the treaty, so long in negotiation, for the marriage of his son Alexis to the Princess Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel.

In the little town of Yaroslav, Peter had an interview with King Augustus, and concluded a treaty with him for action against the Swedish troops in Pomerania. As the success of the Turks might give hopes to the party of Stanislas, he obtained from Augustus the promise that a force of Poles should be ready to coöperate with him.

The Tsar, however, did not expect so much assistance from the Poles as from the Moldavians. The relations of Brancovano, hospodar of Wallachia, to Peter were known at Constantinople, and it was desired to remove him; but, as he was rich, and had troops at his disposition, it was necessary to proceed cautiously. Demetrius Cantemir, who had been educated from childhood at Constantinople, who was known to be a personal enemy of Brancovano, and who was thought to be devoted to the Turks, was, in December, 1710, made hospodar of Moldavia, with the promise that, if he succeeded in seizing Brancovano, he should be rewarded with the sovereignty of Wallachia as well.

Cantemir no sooner reached Jassy than he formed other plans, and began to enter into negotiations with the Tsar. On April 24th, he concluded a secret treaty with the Russians, by which he agreed to furnish ten thousand troops during the campaign. By the terms of this treaty, Moldavia was to be an independent state, under Russian protection. The Tsar promised to conclude no peace with Turkey by which Moldavia should be returned under Turkish rule, and agreed that, in case of an unfortunate issue of the campaign, Cantemir should receive refuge and property in Russia. The Tsar wrote again and again to Sheremétief, urging him to hasten his march, because, if he could prevent the Turks from crossing the Danube, much would be gained, and the Bulgarians and Serbians would rise. Cantemir begged Sheremétief to send him four thousand men. When he knew that these, under the command of Kropótof, were already on the Pruth, he called his more faithful boyárs, and informed them that he had invited the Russians into Moldavia. "The boyárs," says Neculce, "were beside themselves with joy at this news."

Sheremétief crossed the Dniester, near Soroki, on the 10th of June, and on the 16th, in spite of the difficulty of the march, was on the Pruth, near Jassy. The grand vizier, with the Turkish troops, had arrived on the Danube at Isaktcha, but hearing of the invasion of Moldavia by the Russians, he hesitated to cross. He had not yet heard of the treachery of Cantemir, and, in order to guarantee his rear, sent him word immediately to arrest Brancovano. When he learned the true state of things, his rage had no bounds.

Peter's plan had been for Sheremétief to march southward to the Danube, and Sheremétief, in yielding to the request of Cantemir, and going to Jassy, had changed this. He excused himself on the ground that, owing to the heat and want of forage, the march to the Danube, on the east side of the Pruth, would have been difficult, and he could not have reached there before the Turks had crossed, whereas Moldavia would have been entirely given up to the Turks. In order to keep the troops together, it was necessary for the Tsar to accept this change, and follow in the footsteps of Sheremétief. He reached the Pruth on the 5th of July, and, leaving his troops there, went to Jassy. Here he was met by two leading Walla-

chians—one, George Castriota, the accredited envoy of the hospodar, with propositions of peace from the grand vizier; the other, General Thomas Cantacuzene, with accusations of treachery against Brancovano. The propositions of peace, which even hinted at the possibility of a cession of Turkish territory, were unfortunately rejected by the Tsar, who did not feel sure of their authenticity, and who feared to encourage the enemy by a willingness to treat.

When Brancovano found the grand vizier approaching rapidly with a large Turkish army, he began to waver. He sent some boyárs to Peter, reminding him of certain articles of their treaty, and begging him to send troops as soon as possible into Wallachia. Encouraged by the reported alarm of the grand vizier, and influenced by Cantemir and Cantacuzene, Peter felt strong enough to refuse Brancovano's request for troops, and to order him to carry out the stipulations of the treaty. Brancovano was so offended at the tone of Peter's letter and the credit which he seemed to give to his enemies, that he sent word that he no longer considered himself bound by the treaty, should cease all relations with him, and made terms with the Turks. As soon as the grand vizier entered Moldavia, he



THE ARREST OF A SPY.





AN ENCAMPMENT ON THE PRUTH.

went to meet him, and delivered to the Turks all the provisions which he had prepared for the Russians. The treachery of Brancovano had a great influence upon the fortunes of the campaign. The Moldavians had prepared no stores of provisions and forage, and, unfortunately, that summer the whole face of the country was eaten up by grasshoppers.

Provisions being scarce, and a report having come that the Turks had already crossed the Danube, it was decided to cross the Pruth, march over the western branch of the river to Faltchi, and then to Seret, where it was said that quantities of provisions, collected for the Turks, lay without guard. General Rönne, with twelve thousand cavalry, was sent to capture Braila and destroy the bridge over the Danube. Rönne and Cantacuzene set out on the 11th of July, while the main army crossed the Pruth and began its march, in three divisions, on the 18th. That evening, General Janus, who had been instructed to destroy a bridge a few miles down the river, sent word to the Tsar that it was too late, that the grand vizier was already on the western side of the Pruth, and that his army was crossing. It was necessary to

concentrate, but the march was so difficult that it was easier for Janus to retreat than for the rest to advance. This he accomplished, without loss, during the night. The Turks had at first been frightened, and had stopped their crossing with the thought of retreating, but the next morning they began the pursuit. The Tsar had taken up a position along a marsh on the little river Prutets, and during the whole of this Sunday he had to defend himself against repeated attacks of the Turks. The Moldavians under Cantemir, in spite of their inexperience and their bad arms, did good service. Peter was alarmed by the non-appearance of Répnin's troops, which could get no farther than Stanilesti. Another council of war was held that evening, and in view of the lack of provisions, the absence of cavalry,—for all had been sent to Braila,—and the overwhelming forces of the enemy, which were estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand Turks and seventy thousand Tartars, while the Russians had only thirty-eight thousand two hundred and forty-six men, it was decided that retreat was imperative. Neculce, the commander of the Moldavian troops, relates that the Tsar asked him to convoy Catherine and him-



CATHERINE I., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, WIFE OF PETER. (AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY HOUBRAGEN.)

self to the Hungarian frontier, but that he refused, on the ground that the whole of Upper Moldavia was already occupied by the Tartars, and in case of an unfortunate result he did not wish to bring down upon his head the curses of all Russia. There is nothing improbable in this. It shows to what straits the Tsar was reduced—how severe a blow he felt it would be to Russia if he were taken prisoner with his army. The loss of the army could be repaired if his energy should still have free play. Besides this, the danger, though great, was not inevitable. The cattle for food might be sent down from Jassy, Rönne and his cavalry might return, and he might hurry up the Polish auxiliaries through Czernowitz.\* Indeed, Neculce says that he intended to

\* The pretended letter of Peter to the Senate, urging them to pay no attention to his orders in case he were taken prisoner, but to choose the worthiest of their number as his successor, has been proved to be a forgery.

order Sheremétief and Cantemir to hold out in Moldavia till he could bring fresh troops. The circumstances were similar to those which caused Peter's hurried departure from his troops before the first battle of Narva.

The retreat was begun during the night, but it was late the next afternoon, Monday, July 20th, before all the Russian forces, after losing part of their baggage and treasure, were united at Stanilesti, where they hastily intrenched themselves. The Turks had followed them closely, greatly harassing their rear-guard, and, when the grand vizier came up, they made a terrific onset on the still unfinished camp. The Janizaries were beaten back with considerable loss, and in their turn began to throw up an intrenched line, in which they placed over three hundred guns, around the Russian camp. The Tartars, who had long been watching the Russians, together with the Poles and Cossacks, completely guarded the other side of the river. The position of

the Russians then became most perilous. They were completely surrounded, worn-out by the battle and by the heat, with a very small quantity of provisions, and with no chance of aid. There was no supply of water, and the soldiers were driven back from the river by the firing of the Tartars. The earth-works were unfinished,—one whole side was protected only with dead bodies and *chevaux-de-frise*. The women were protected by baggage-wagons and slight earth-works, in the center, but their clamor and weeping caused confusion.

On Tuesday morning, July 21st, there was a sharp cannonade, with so little effect that the Moldavian Costin said: "Great as a man is, he seems a small point to aim at in a battle." The Janizaries, who had greatly suffered the night before, could not be brought to attack the Russian camp, but the Russians made a sortie with great effect. After an hour's sharp fighting, in which General Weidemann was killed and Prince Volkonsky wounded, they were driven back. Hearing from a prisoner of the disinclination of the Turkish troops for further fighting, and thinking that possibly reasonable terms might be obtained, Peter, urged by Catherine and opposed by Cantemir, sent a trumpeter to the Turkish camp with a letter from Sheremétief to the grand vizier, suggesting that, as the war had been brought about, not by the desire either of the Turks or of the Russians, but wholly by the intrigues of other parties, it would be well to stop further bloodshed and make peace, with an allusion to the proposition made through Brancovano and the negotiations of the English and Dutch ambassadors. No answer came, and Sheremétief then sent a second letter to the same effect, but adding that he was quite prepared to recommence the attack. It had been agreed that, in case of refusal, a last attempt should be made to break through the Turkish lines. The answer was delayed, and the Russian troops began to advance. Immediately Tcherkess Mehemed Pasha, the *amrokh* of the grand vizier, came to the Russian camp, saying that the grand vizier was not averse to a good peace, and requesting the Tsar to send somebody with power for negotiation. The grand vizier had heard of what the Tsar was still ignorant—the capture of Braïla by General Rönne.

The vice-chancellor Shaffrof, accompanied by Savva Raguzinsky, was sent to the Turkish camp with full powers, in the evident belief that the treaty would include

the settlement of all disputes with Sweden as well as with Turkey. Peter was willing to give back all places captured from the Turks, to give up to the Swedes Livonia, and even little by little to cede everything he had taken in the war except Ingria and St. Petersburg; he would instead give up Pskof, and if that were not sufficient, other provinces, which it would be better not to name, but to leave to the discretion of the Sultan. He was ready to recognize Stanislas as King of Poland. In general, Shaffrof was ordered to make concessions to the Sultan rather than to the Swedes. He was allowed also, if necessary, to promise the vizier and other influential persons large sums of money—one hundred and fifty thousand rubles to the vizier, sixty thousand to his *kehaya*, ten thousand to the *tchaush-bashi*, ten thousand to the *aga* of the Janizaries, etc. Such offers, which included all the conquests and the successes of Peter's reign, showed the desperation to which he was reduced. Shaffrof sent back word that, although the Turks were ready enough for peace, they were wasting time. To this Peter replied the next morning, telling him to use his discretion, to agree to everything the Turks asked except slavery, but by all means to give him an answer that day, so that they might begin their desperate march, or attack the Turkish trenches. The same day, July 22d, Shaffrof returned to the camp with the following conditions: 1. To surrender Azof in the same state in which it was taken, and to destroy Taganrog and the other newly established fortresses on the Turkish border. 2. Not to interfere in Polish affairs or trouble the Cossacks. 3. To allow the merchants of both sides to trade freely, but not to keep an envoy at Constantinople. 4. To allow the King of Sweden a free passage back to his dominions, and conclude a peace with him if an agreement could be reached. 5. No loss to be occasioned to the subjects of either country. 6. That all former hostile acts should be forgotten, and the troops of the Tsar have free passage to their country. It was demanded that Shaffrof and the son of Sheremétief should remain with the Turks as hostages. Shaffrof was at once sent back to the Turkish camp, with orders to conclude peace immediately on these conditions. The treaty was signed and ratified on the 23d of July, and Sheremétief informed Peter that the Russian army could retreat at once without opposition.

The Russian loss in these two terrible days had been seven hundred and fifty-two killed, one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight wounded, and seven hundred and thirty-two missing—a total of two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. The Turkish loss was stated, in the official reports of the Austrian embassy at Constantinople, as two thousand killed. The Russian loss during the whole campaign was about fifteen thousand.

The treaty was obtained without very great difficulty, though the vizier at first insisted on the surrender of the Russian arms, the delivery of Cantemir, the renewal of the tribute to the Tartar khan, and a large sum for the payment of the expenses of the war. This last condition was given upon the promise of a large sum of ready money. The money, however, was never paid, for when it arrived at the Turkish camp the grand vizier refused to receive it—at first out of fear of the Tartar khan, and subsequently on account of the calumnies spread by the agents of Charles XII., that he had been bribed by the Russians.\*

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## DIFFICULT NEGOTIATIONS.

APRÁXIN was the first to be informed of the treaty. "Although I never wished," said Peter, "to write to you about such a matter as I am now compelled to do, yet God has thus willed, for the sins of Christians have not allowed otherwise. On the 19th of this month we met the Turks, and from that time up to noon of the 21st we were under very great fire, not only by day but by night, and, indeed, never since I have been in the service have we been in such desperation, for we had neither cavalry nor provisions. However, the Lord God so encouraged our men that, although the enemy exceeded us in numbers by a hundred thousand, yet they were always repulsed, so that they were compelled to throw up intrenchments, and to attack our weak defenses with approaches, like a fortress; and afterward, when they had had enough of our treatment, an armistice was made, and a peace concluded, by which we agreed to give up all the towns taken from

the Turks, and destroy those which have been newly built. Thus finished this feast of death. The matter stands thus. Although it is not without grief that we are deprived of those places where so much labor and money have been expended, yet I hope by this very deprivation we shall greatly strengthen ourselves on the other side, which is incomparably of greater gain to us."

The Swedish king was one of the greatest obstacles to the fulfillment of the conditions of peace. Shaffirof pressed the grand vizier to send him at once out of the country, and the vizier replied: "I wish the devil would take him, because I now see that he is king only in name, that he has no sense in him, and is like a beast. I will try to get rid of him, somehow or other, without dispute." Charles refused to go. Meanwhile, the Tsar refused to surrender Azof and Taganrog until the Swedish king was sent out of Turkey. As these places were not given up, war was declared against Russia, and Shaffirof and his companions were sent to join Tolstói in the Seven Towers. Azof and Taganrog were finally surrendered in the winter of 1712, and in April a new treaty was concluded for a peace of twenty-five years. By this the Russians were to offer no opposition to the return of the King of Sweden through either Russian or Polish dominions. Nothing but Kíef and the surrounding districts were to remain to Russia on the western bank of the Dnieper. No new fortresses were to be built between Azof and Tcherkask.

On the 10th of December the Sultan went to Adrianople, after declaring war for the third time, and issuing orders for the mustering of the troops. "But the war," Shaffirof wrote to Golófskin, "is disliked by the whole Turkish people, and is begun by the sole will of the Sultan." The Tsar had again two wars on his hands—in the north and in the south. As most of his troops were in Pomerania, it was decided, this time, to carry on a strictly defensive war in the south, the center of resistance being Kíef and the Ukraine. The Russian envoys, in their prison in the Seven Towers, began, in the early part of the year 1713, to hear rumors that the Sultan was not on good terms with the Swedish king. The Sultan and his advisers had begun to reflect. No one came from Russia to subscribe to the terms of peace which they were willing to offer; no one came even to ask for better terms. They began to think that perhaps the Tsar was stronger than

\* The legend that Catherine gave her jewels, and went through the ranks of the army collecting money to bribe the grand vizier, seems absolutely without foundation.



A JANIZARY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DECAMP. (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL &amp; CO.)

they had supposed. The Sultan ordered the pasha of Bender to persuade Charles XII. to go home, through Poland, as fast as possible. Persuasion was of no avail, threats still less, and finally came the attempt to remove the King by force, which ended in the well-known *kalabalik*, when Charles, after sustaining a siege in his own house until most of his followers were dead or wounded, and making a sortie through the ranks of the Janizaries, was finally knocked over, taken prisoner, and conveyed to the fortress of Demir-tash, near Adrianople.

Protracted negotiations were carried on between Shafirof and the Turkish authorities. At the end of June, the grand vizier called a council, and put the question

whether war should be begun for two points which the Russian ambassadors refused to accept. The mufti, who had been bribed by Shafirof, replied that the war would be unlawful, because the Tsar had fulfilled the conditions of the treaty. The rest agreed with the opinion of the mufti, and their decision was at last approved by the Sultan. At the end of August, 1713, Shafirof and his colleagues learned that the Tsar approved the new treaty. The grand vizier obtained the ratification by the Sultan on the 18th of October. The ambassadors, nevertheless, were detained in Turkey until the final *delimitation* of the frontiers, and it was not until December, 1714, that they finally left Turkey. Shermétief died on the road at Kíef.



## QUEEN TITANIA.

### I.

MR. QUINTUS BODILL, as had been intimated by his mother at the time when he made his *début* in existence, was an exceedingly handsome fellow. You observed at once that he was no crude *homo novus*, whose culture and polish are only skin-deep. There was something in the frank directness of his gaze, the soft modeling of his features, and the quiet and unconscious dignity of his demeanor which seemed to indicate a long transmission of inherited good breeding. I would not say that his face was in any wise remarkable, except, perhaps, for its absolute purity and sweetness; its innocence was at times almost touching, and yet, if you looked closely, you would detect amid all that blonde and downy youthfulness a very definite hint of resolution and courage. The passengers on board the *Melanesia*, however, were not sufficiently interested in Quintus Bodill's face to make these minute investigations. The absorbing topic at the time to which I refer—it was the seventh day from Queens-town—happened to be a funeral which had just occurred during the morning. A young English woman, of the second cabin, had died the day before, leaving a four-year-old little daughter, who was just now being handed around and inspected by some officiously benevolent ladies. Quintus, who sat on a camp-stool leaning against the gunwale, smoking reflectively, watched the distressed and frightened child with lively sympathy; and thought of his own little sister at home, of whose appearance this bewildered waif remotely reminded him. What was to become of her? To whom did she now belong? Was there any one on the other side of the ocean awaiting her arrival? The wind whistled and sang in the cordage of the ship, the huge sail gave an occasional flap and again bulged out before the breeze, the waves rose with a rushing rhythm up to the very gunwale, then sank away with a wrathful hiss; and, down somewhere out of sight, the machinery kept laboring with a throbbing, nightmarish energy. But through it all the thought of the homeless and motherless child continued to haunt the warm-hearted Norseman. Presently he saw the captain, a shaggy naval bachelor with terrific eyes and beard and a voice like a bas-

soon, approaching the group of ladies who were temporarily interesting themselves in the little girl, and stretching out his arms to take her. But as he was stooping to her level, she gave a scream of terror, darted across the deck, and, sobbing, hid her face in the folds of Quintus's overcoat. He was quite startled at the suddenness of her motion, but soon began to find pleasure in the situation. He tried to lift her up on his lap, but she clung convulsively to his knee, and sobbed piteously when he bent down over her, spoke soothingly to her, and ran his fingers caressingly through her long yellow ringlets.

All day long, with a wholly irrational devotion, the little girl followed at Quintus's heels like a little dog, and pursued him wherever he went. She sat on his lap at dinner, and would suffer no one else to come near her, and in the evening, when the stewardess came to take her away, she gave such a terrified shriek that he could not find it in his heart to part with her. He then retired with her into a corner of the saloon, and began to ask her questions about her father, mother, and her past life; but beyond the fact that her name was Tita, he could not coax from her a single item of intelligence. She answered, in a half-injured manner, "yes," to questions which mutually contradicted each other, making her father, for instance, simultaneously a resident of England, of America, and of heaven, and being apparently not in the least troubled by the inconsistencies of her testimony. It was very puzzling indeed, her face seemed to say, but she could not help it.

During the whole remainder of the voyage, Quintus and Tita were inseparable companions. From her elevated position on his arm, with her little soft cheek pressed tightly against his, and her chubby arms clasped resolutely around his neck, she felt safe in defying the whole world. She slept in the upper berth in his state-room, and would never consent to close her eyes before he had seated himself on the very uncomfortable ladder and taken both her hands in his. She seemed in everything to look upon him as the natural substitute for her lost mother, and Quintus, who was an absurdly tender-hearted fellow, was so touched by her dependence upon him, and

so flattered, too, by her undisguised preference for him, that it hardly occurred to him to throw off her yoke, or to rebel against her despotic authority. He was perfectly well aware that there were those among the passengers who were amusing themselves at his expense, and he occasionally happened to overhear remarks which made him marvel at the possible baseness of human nature. Thus, he came very near having an unpleasant encounter with Sir Walter Thorndowne, who, in Bodill's hearing, declared, between his yawns, that he had no belief in disinterested generosity, and that in all probability "the young polar bear" was more closely related to Tita than he cared to confess. On the other hand, Mr. Diggers, who had been canvassing Europe in the interest of some patent concern or other, and persisted in coming to lunch in a gorgeous dressing-gown, assured Mr. Bodill that he was delighted, by George! to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who had a heart under his waistcoat, and who was not afraid to take a hand when the odds were against him. He even carried his generosity so far as to propose to the captain that a subscription be taken up for the benefit of the child, pledging himself for thirty dollars, but refusing to head the list, because he knew that his plebeian name would prejudice the foreign passengers against the undertaking. The captain accepted this hint, and collected four hundred and fifty-five dollars for Tita, the sum to be deposited temporarily with the steam-ship company until it should be drawn by Tita herself, or by some one legally entitled to compensation for her support.

It was on a sunny morning in May, 186—, that the *Melanesia* cast anchor in the harbor of New York. Quintus was standing on deck, gazing with joyous expectation at the great city which was soon to receive him. He had half forgotten Tita, whom he was holding on his arm, and who, with an air of supreme contentment, kept rubbing her cheek against his, and occasionally pointing with delighted ejaculations at the queer men and women who were rushing about with bundles and boxes in their hands, gesticulating wildly and shouting in unknown tongues to the apathetic sailors and officers. The cabin passengers were already pressing forward to board the tug-boat, and a pang suddenly shot through Quintus's heart at the thought that the hour of parting was now at hand. Tita was to be placed in an orphan asylum in New York, the captain had told

him, until some one claimed her, and if no one claimed her, she would be trained for a servant or a seamstress, or something of the sort, or perhaps be sent West, as soon as she would be able to shift for herself. Of her mother nothing definite could be ascertained, except that she came from London, and, under the name of Mrs. Marion Hulbert, had taken a second-cabin ticket for New York.

As Quintus stood sadly revolving these thoughts in his head, the captain (for whom Tita had an ineradicable aversion) made his appearance, accompanied by the stewardess, who held out her arms coaxingly to the child, promising her jelly, and making her all sorts of tempting proposals if she would come to her. But Tita was as much proof against bribes as she was against argument; she only responded with a determined little pout, and clung the more closely to Bodill's neck. Quintus felt inexpressibly wretched; he would have liked to yield to the impulse of his heart to take upon himself the responsibility for Tita's future. But what could he, a penniless bachelor of twenty, do with a child of four, and what sort of a future could he possibly prepare for her? With this reflection Quintus resolutely steeled his heart, and with a huge effort tremblingly unclasped Tita's tiny hands, which yet clung about his neck with a desperate persistence. The stewardess, who was not troubled with much delicacy of feeling, hastened to assist him, and with one rough wrench transferred the reluctant child to her own ample embrace. Quintus seized his valise, which was lying at his feet, and was about to make his escape; from the bottom of his heart he detested himself, and, in his innocent Norse fashion, wondered whether God would ever forgive him for thus basely deserting one of His little ones. It was this thought, perhaps, or possibly a mere natural impulse of pity, which made him pause and turn about once more. "Let me kiss you good-bye, at least, my child," he said, putting his arm around Tita's neck and pressing her closely to him. She looked so irresistibly lovely with the quivering little lips, the great tears in her eyelashes, and the air of profound injury in her whole expression, that all Quintus's rational reflections evaporated. The tears now came faster and faster, and surrendering herself completely to her grief, Tita sobbed on his bosom as if her small heart was wounded beyond the possibility of repair.

"Wants—to—do—with—you," she man-

aged to say, between her sobs. "Wants to do with Twint."

"Oh, you precious child!" cried Bodill, feeling now no longer ashamed of his tears. "Yes, you shall go with Twint."

With heedless haste he rushed forward to the stair-way, from which he boarded the tug-boat. And there he stood, amid the wondering passengers, holding on his arm his tiny charge. He was not aware, this unsuspecting Quintus, what an amount of possible misery and bliss he was importing into the United States of America in the diminutive person of Tita.

## II.

AFTER having left his prospective address at the steam-ship office, and satisfied the authorities that he was a proper person to be, at least temporarily, intrusted with the care of a child, Quintus betook himself with his charge to Jersey City, where a former groom of his father's, named Syvert Hanson, was said to be living. This Hanson had been one of Quintus's boyish admirations, on account of a rare and manly accomplishment he possessed of spitting through his teeth without the slightest movement of the lips. He had, however, vanished long ago from his friend's horizon, but reports of his extraordinary prosperity had, from time to time, reached the family through Hanson's relatives, who took pains to convey the impression that Syvert was now as big a man as Colonel Bodill himself, and perhaps a little bigger. Quintus, who had been accustomed to hear marvelous tales of America, and had a vague impression that the common logic of human life was not applicable to republics, would, therefore, hardly have been surprised if he had been informed that Hanson was about to take up his residence in the White House. As it was, he counted mightily on the ex-groom's influence, and fully expected to be introduced by him into the best society of the city.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when, after a long and futile search, he found Hanson's cottage. Its architectural unpretentiousness was a little disappointing to Bodill, but he consoled himself with the reflection that, in all likelihood, the stability of the republic required that its greatest citizens should be conspicuous, not for vulgar luxury and show, but for stern simplicity and uprightness. The idea was cer-

tainly a beautiful one, and Hanson was worthy of all honor for adhering to it so rigidly. With a palpitating heart he approached the front door, deposited Tita, who had just waked up from a sound nap, on the steps, and proceeded to whip the dust off his shoes with his handkerchief. He then arranged his hair hastily, took Tita by the hand, and rang the door-bell. A slatternly looking blonde woman, with a baby on her arm, opened the door and asked him rather gruffly what he wanted. If there was any patent he was peddling, she would tell him beforehand that she had no time to look at it. The young man answered, with extreme deference, that he had nothing to sell, but that he had letters to Mr. Hanson from his relatives in Norway, and that he was very desirous to deliver them in person. His name was Quintus Bodill, and he had himself had the pleasure of Mr. Hanson's acquaintance in his childhood.

"Good Lord!" cried the woman, in Norwegian, hurriedly depositing the baby on the floor and grasping Quintus by the hand, "are you Quintus Bodill, Colonel Bodill's son? How glad Syvert will be to see you! Walk in, sir, walk in. Don't mind the looks of things, please. The children have it all their own way here in the morning. And this is your little daughter, I suppose. And I who didn't know you were married even; and not Syvert, either."

"I am not married," said Quintus, blushing to the edge of his hair.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, in a more subdued tone.

She looked at her visitor with a sort of blunt kindliness which would have been amusing to any one less finely organized than Quintus was. He writhed under her imputation, which was too subtle to allow of a defense; moreover he felt that by the embarrassment of his manner he was accumulating inferential evidence against himself.

"Tita is not my daughter," he managed at last to stammer, as he seated himself on a carpet-covered lounge of loud coloring. "I merely picked her up on the steam-ship —"

"Oh yes, yes; I understand," interrupted Mrs. Hanson, with a smile of undisguised skepticism. "She is a beautiful child, anyway, and likely as not you are quite proud of her. Seems to me she features you consid'able."

Quintus, with a little superfluous show of dignity, rose to take his leave. She, how-

ever, entirely unconscious that she had given offense, urged him to stay to supper, as Syvert would then have returned. He yielded reluctantly, because he knew of nothing else to do; and learned from the intermittent conversation of the hostess during the next three hours that Mr. Hanson was not a member of the cabinet at Washington, nor even mayor of New York, but a box-maker for the great publishing firm of J. C. Dimpleton & Co. in the city. The republican simplicity of his household thus became less enigmatical. A vast edifice of heaven-scaling aspirations which Quintus had during the voyage been erecting on the basis of Hanson's hypothetical eminence now tumbled down over his head. He evidently had nothing to hope from Hanson except, perhaps, a kindly greeting and some practical advice, of which he was sadly in need.

About six o'clock Hanson arrived, and by his mere appearance made Bodill feel the utter absurdity of his expectations. He was, to be sure, an honest-looking man, rough and square-built, loud in his manners, and, on the whole, a very slight and perfectly intelligible modification of the former groom, whom Quintus had admired twelve years ago for qualities which now no longer commanded his admiration. One conspicuous change, however, seemed to have taken place in Hanson since his transplanting into American soil—he had learned to think. His vocabulary, though neither choice nor abundant, was certainly energetic and expressive, and indicated that his thought, which formerly had rarely risen above the sphere of the stable, had gained a much wider range. He had, especially, very definite opinions on politics, and expressed with much confidence what he would have done in a certain recent emergency, in case he had been President, until Quintus, who in his Norse simplicity was quite impressed by such magnificent talk, began to wonder whether the President might not have a personal grudge against Hanson, since he so persistently neglected to consult him. The latter, greatly encouraged by his guest's impressibility, now began to patronize him more conspicuously, promised him the benefit of his protection, unfolded his plan for the conduct of the war (which was then in progress), and aroused again in Quintus's bosom all the expectations to which he had, but a moment ago, bidden a reluctant farewell. After all, Hanson might be at the same time

a box-maker, and an important personage in the republic. Very likely that was the peculiarity of republics, that men, after having been divested of the insignia of office, returned to their former obscurity, with a chance, however, of being again as suddenly raised to the pinnacle of glory. Was not Cincinnatus taken from the plow to be made dictator of Rome? And President Lincoln, who was then occupying the White House, had he not been a rail-splitter? Why might not a box-maker, then, be suddenly called from his boxes and charged to organize a cabinet? Hanson promptly rose to his former eminence in Quintus's estimation, and he was not a little pleased when the great man proposed to him that he and Tita should take, at a moderate rent, the two spare rooms upstairs which had recently been furnished for the purpose of accommodating a lodger. Mrs. Hanson promised to look after the little girl while Mr. Bodill was at his business, and considering the old friendship of the families (old Colonel Bodill ought to have heard that remark, Quintus reflected, smiling), she would charge but a trifle for her extra trouble. The bargain was readily concluded, and the two European innocents were immediately installed in their new abode.

The next day Mr. Hanson proved the value of his protection by introducing Quintus to his employer, Mr. Dimpleton, who seemed to be greatly pleased with the young Norseman's appearance, and, after some parley, engaged him at a salary of forty dollars a month as clerk in his retailing department. The same evening Quintus wrote a jubilant letter to the family at home, in which he declared that he had mounted the lowest round of the ladder of fortune, and that he had now a fair chance of becoming anything except President of the United States, from which office his foreign birth excluded him—a fact which he greatly regretted.

About Tita, however, he did not write a word.

### III.

THE first four years of Bodill's sojourn in the land of liberty were extremely uneventful. His time was chiefly occupied in writing business letters, and in becoming Americanized, which latter process is, to be sure, not a conscious act, but a slow psychological fermentation which gradually

changes one's original Old World substance into something rich and new and strange. Quintus, at all events, was satisfied that his metamorphosed self, at the end of the four years, was a finer and more valuable article than the primitive Norse self, which he brought over in the *Melanesia*. He looked back with supreme pity upon the naïve notions of the world which he then entertained, smiled at his exalted opinions of Hanson (whose patronage he now received with good-humored persiflage), and, on the whole, treated the still surviving remnant of his Norse personality as a younger and slightly weak-minded brother who stood in constant need of his superior protection and counsel.

To Tita, on the other hand, the first years of her transatlantic existence were crowded with important events. In the first place, she displayed a singular tenacity of purpose in outgrowing, every five or six months, her frocks, her shoes, and her stockings, not to speak of those little garments which (according to feminine notions) have to be embroidered all over, even though they are never meant to be seen; and Mrs. Hanson, who understood that she had *carte blanche* in providing for Tita's wardrobe, indulged her taste for finery to an extent which sometimes made Quintus groan, and would have betrayed him into the use of energetic language, if he had not been the kindest and most good-natured of men. However, Tita was so daintily made,—so soft and sweet and dimpled,—that nothing could really be too good for her. Her vanity ought not to be encouraged, he would often reason: and the next day, very likely, he paid for a blue silk sash, or a plumed hat (which was miraculously becoming), or a lace-covered little parasol, fit for Queen Titania to carry. What wonder, then, that Tita was well satisfied with the American republic! Yet, to do her justice, there were other things which she valued more highly than ornamental millinery. She always had a vehement kiss and embrace for Quintus every evening when he returned from his business, and she could never be induced by Mrs. Hanson to close her eyes before Quint had presented himself at her bed and had submitted to being smothered with caresses. Then there was inevitably a little story with a pointed moral, whereupon followed a long and affectionate coaxing for another and still another, until the long dark lashes began to droop, and the obedient squirrel-children, and the naughty fairy who received

such summary punishment, and the refractory little bird that found such a tragic end under the cat's claw, all joined in a confused procession, underwent queer transformations, and hovered away into dreamland.

I am extremely sorry to record the fact that Tita sometimes was naughty. She had, not infrequently, violent disputes with Syvert Hanson, Jr., a young man of her own age, and if he did not yield to persuasion, she would adopt more serious measures, as, for instance, boxing his ears or pulling his hair. Mrs. Hanson would then interfere in her son's behalf, and the slate which hung over Quintus's desk would then in the evening contain the sad record of Tita's misdemeanors. On such evenings there were no story and no "good-night kiss," even though it nearly broke Quintus's heart to hear Tita calling him with a voice that gradually grew feebler as she sobbed herself to sleep. It occurred to her one day when her conscience was not quite at ease, to break the "misdemeanor slate," which she regarded as the cause of all her sufferings; but it is needless to say that the ingenuity of Mrs. Hanson soon provided another. Poor Tita, how she suffered during the long hours of suspense while she stood weeping at the door listening for Quint's well-known footsteps in the hall! And with what remorseful tenderness she flung herself upon his neck as he entered, and confessed all her misdoings, anxious only to forestall the testimony of the dreadful slate. Quintus then, in spite of his stern resolutions to the contrary, would gradually relent, and, while half-unconsciously returning her caresses, would wring her little heart by his sham grief over her monstrous wickedness. For all that, it must not be supposed that Quintus failed to realize the gravity of the task he had undertaken in becoming responsible for Tita's education. If he erred at all, it was on the side of over-conscientiousness. He read Spencer, Pestalozzi, and even Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," with sole reference to Tita's misdemeanors; he listened gravely, and with a sincere desire to be enlightened, to the lectures of reforming monomaniacs, and he even began a system of severe self-scrutiny, hoping by constant watchfulness of his every thought and act to become in time a worthy example to his ward.

Curiously enough, it never occurred to Quintus that Tita was educating him quite as much as he was educating Tita. She gave, by her dependence upon him, a value



to his life which it had never possessed before. At home, as one of twelve children, he had never flattered himself that he was of much account. He knew perfectly well that he could easily be spared, and that his parents (even though they loved him very sincerely) must find some compensation for his loss in the fact that his departure to seek his fortune in the New World had created a vacancy at their interminable dinner-table. He had never distinguished himself either in school or in college, except on a single occasion when he took a prize in Greek, and he had become thoroughly convinced that he was a mere average mortal who, as his name indicated, had no other mission in the world than to figure numerically in the census. Now fate had attached another life to his, and accordingly, without reflecting much about it, he rose perceptibly in his own estimation. All his thoughts and aspirations centered in Tita. If he had a new coat made, he enjoyed beforehand the pleasure she would take in watching him from the window as he stalked up the street conscious of his good appearance, and he would smile a very affectionate smile to himself and puzzle his tailor as he was just shouting out the numbers of his measure. If sometimes in crossing the ferry he saw a vision of wealth and glory unfolding itself in the wintry sky, it was Tita and always Tita who was to benefit by his greatness, it was Tita who was to shine in silks and satins and have the great aristocratic world at her feet, and he—well, he would stand behind Tita's chair and smile and feel happy in her splendor. On Saturday nights, when he was always in the habit of bringing her some trifling present, he would run up the stairs like a boy to receive her greeting, and she would, with much laughter and coaxing, investigate his pockets, one after another, while he always feigned an exaggerated grief at having forgotten the accustomed gift; and when finally it was found in some inconspicuous pocket, he would pretend to be greatly surprised, while she would dance triumphantly about him and hug him and call him all manner of affectionate names. And Quintus felt so supremely happy that he snatched Tita up in his arms and whirled around the room with her like a madman. Nevertheless, as I have said, he never reflected upon what he would have been without Tita. The case seemed hardly supposable. Tita as an educator! How ridiculous!

## IV.

QUINTUS remained nearly ten years in the employ of the firm of J. C. Dimpleton & Co. before he made the acquaintance of the head of the house in any but his official capacity. Then a little incident happened which was fraught with greater consequences to Bodill than he ever had anticipated. A certain well-known Greek scholar, Professor P—— (more remarkable for his skill in concocting text-books than for real learning), was about to publish an edition of the orations of Demosthenes through the firm of Dimpleton & Co. A large package of proof-sheets, already revised by the editor, had to be opened by Quintus before being returned to the printer, and on casting a glance on the page he discovered what, according to the best authorities, was a false reading. He then began to investigate the text carefully, and found several other evidences of what he would call either ignorance or very careless editing.

Kindled with learned zeal, he seized the proof-sheets and walked rapidly to Mr. Dimpleton's private office, and asked for the privilege of a moment's conversation. Mr. Dimpleton, who was a portly and somewhat pompous man, with close-trimmed gray side-whiskers and a bald head, raised his eyes questioningly to the clerk and asked rather sharply what he wanted. Quintus explained briefly the mistakes he had discovered, and requested Mr. Dimpleton's permission to communicate with the editor, as in his opinion it was not consistent with the dignity of the firm to publish an unscholarly work. Mr. Dimpleton gazed for a moment in blank amazement at his employé.

"Do you mean to say, then," he said, after having recovered from his amazement, "that you know more about Demosthenes than the professor who has written this book?"

"That I cannot say; but he is evidently not acquainted with the latest criticisms and emendations of the text."

"Well, if you wish to communicate with him I have no objection; but I doubt if you will beat him as easily as you imagine. We have published a number of his text-books, and they have all sold well."

Quintus withdrew hastily, feeling for the first time in his life a sort of superior pity for Mr. Dimpleton, whom, in spite of his stately demeanor, he could not but regard as a man of crude taste and judgment.

He was resolved, at any rate, to have the errors in the Greek text corrected, and accordingly sat down and wrote a plain and respectful letter to Professor P——, calling his attention to the latest works of German scholars, and, moreover, to some important articles bearing upon the subject in a recent number of a philological journal. The next day he received a telegram, thanking him for his suggestions and requesting him to stop the stereotyping of the book until the text could be subjected to a second revision. This was very flattering to his scholarly pride, and he treated himself to a bottle of porter at luncheon, in recognition of his services to science and humanity. A man who at the age of thirty still read Homer and Demosthenes for pastime, and who at a pinch could even himself concoct a respectable Greek hexameter, was, after all, not to be sniffed at, he reflected, smilingly; he was, in all probability, somewhat above the average of his kind, and he justly deserved to lunch at seventy-five instead of fifty cents.

Quintus was in a radiant mood as he again seated himself at his desk and began, half-mechanically, to open the letters which had arrived by the noon mail. He was so absorbed in his joyous meditations that he failed to observe that some one was approaching him from behind, and that a hand was placed on the back of his chair. Suddenly, at the sound of his name, he turned around and saw Mr. Dimpleton. The publisher seemed to have something on his conscience, and seated himself rather uneasily on a lounge inside the railing which bounded Quintus's domain.

"Mr. Bodill," he began, in his peculiar, constrained manner, in which there was, however, a vague intention of friendliness, "I was somewhat preoccupied yesterday morning when you spoke to me about the Greek text. I am afraid I gave you the impression that I wished to discourage your interest in the concerns of the firm. Such, I assure you, was not my intention."

"I was not discouraged, Mr. Dimpleton," replied Quintus, cheerfully. "My zeal for Greek is never easily discouraged. It is what saves my self-respect when I am inclined to be too modest in my estimate of myself. And Professor P——, as if he knew my weakness, has proven himself a subtle flatterer."

He handed his chief the telegram which he had just received, and gazed smilingly at his face while he read it.

"Very gratifying," murmured Mr. Dimpleton, "very gratifying, indeed."

He took up his hat and stroked it three or four times with the sleeve of his coat.

"Speaking of Greek," he said, gazing critically at the inside of the hat, "it occurred to me that perhaps it might interest you to meet my daughter, who has, I believe, made quite a study of the Greek classics. At all events, if you have no previous engagement, we shall expect you to dine with us to-night at seven o'clock."

Quintus was somewhat nonplussed by this unexpected proposition, but was careful to conceal his surprise.

"I shall be very happy," he said, "to make Miss Dimpleton's acquaintance."

"And remember, seven o'clock."

"I shall not forget."

After having dispatched the business of the day, Quintus accordingly returned home by the ferry a little earlier than usual, made an elaborate toilet (which excited Tita immensely), and at the appointed hour rang the door-bell of a handsome house in Madison Avenue. The door was promptly flung open by a martial-looking negro in blue-and-yellow livery, who mustered him critically, and finally decided to permit him to enter. Quintus, who very opportunely remembered that the pedigree of the Bodills dated back to the earls of the ninth century, determined in his heart not to be dazzled, although (to be candid) the somber magnificence of the parlor, with its enormous mirrors, its rich, dark curtains, its gilt-framed pictures and artistic decorations, was, to his innocent Norse eyes, marvelously impressive. A parlor had always, to him, signified a very simple arrangement of tables and chairs, inclosed within four walls; the chairs intended for sitting on, and the tables for depositing books, paper-cutters, and other stray objects upon. But this wonderful complexity of harmoniously blending lines and colors, this studied combination of effects in carpets, draperies, and in each separate group of furniture, this subdued and impressive *ensemble*—indeed, the earls of the ninth century themselves would have felt for a moment stunned in Mr. Dimpleton's parlor.

Quintus somehow derived the impression that Miss Dimpleton, even though she did wear spectacles and possibly short hair, was a lady of taste and refinement. His reflections, however, were cut short by the sudden consciousness that some one was approaching from one side. He turned

quickly and saw a young lady, apparently not far advanced in the twenties, holding out her hand to him and bowing in gracious recognition of his greeting.

"I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Bodill," she said, motioning him to be seated.

"Have I the honor to speak with Miss Dimpleton?"

"Yes, you certainly have that honor," answered the young lady, with a frank laugh.

Quintus had somehow got the spectacles and the short hair so firmly associated with Miss Dimpleton's personality that he could hardly conceal his surprise at the agreeable disappointment. For Miss Dimpleton, though you would at first sight have pronounced her a sensible girl, about whom there was no nonsense, had nothing "emancipated" or unpleasantly aggressive in her manner or appearance; and yet it occurred to Bodill, as he sat looking quite guilelessly into her pure, handsome face, that she would have made a very nice boy. Especially were the large gray eyes expressive of a fearless candor which one associates rather with the male than with the female sex. The distinctive feature of her face, however, was a fairly well-modeled mouth, about which there was a strangely conscious air. She moved her lips a little too much when she spoke, and always with a certain curious precision.

"And you are the disguised prince or viking," she was saying, as she seated herself opposite her guest, "whom father has kept concealed for years down in his store without communicating the fact to his family. Now tell me, how can a gentleman of your wild and fierce ancestry tolerate being chained to a writing-desk for so long a time? Don't your ancestral instincts sometimes awake in you? Don't you occasionally feel like breaking the furniture?"

"Our blood has been very much diluted and our type enfeebled and subdued during the last five or six centuries," he answered, with a pleasant laugh. "I am nothing but a degenerate late-comer, who am conscious of no heroic instincts whatever."

"In the matter of Greek, however, I am told that you have finely developed critical eyes—a trait which, by the way, I should never have expected in so close a relative of William the Conqueror."

"Well, there, you see, you draw a rash conclusion. You, too, for aught you know, may be a relative of some blood-thirsty Saxon barbarian, and yet you have an en-

thusiasm for Homer which very likely would have been incomprehensible even to your nearest kin a dozen generations back."

"Very likely. We have all kept pace in our change of tastes and habits. Imagine, in case we had met, say, eight centuries ago, how different we should both have been, and how different our meeting. You would, of course, have been a Norse viking, with long blonde hair, picturesque attire, and predatory habits. I should have been—let me see—the daughter of some Saxon thane, who sat with my maids and spun the yellow flax the livelong day, and only appeared in the parlor on state occasions. Well, we will say that your arrival were such an occasion, what do you suppose we should have talked about?"

"If I came with a peaceful purpose, I should tell you of my adventures on sea and land, but if, as is more probable, I came intent on mischief, I should carry you on board my ship without consulting your wishes, and you would be very sea-sick on the voyage to Norway."

"How dreadful!" she cried, merrily. "How fortunate that we did not meet in the eleventh century!"

"And who knows," he reflected smilingly, "whether I may not do the very same thing in the nineteenth." But aloud he said, while his smile grew so irresistible that she could not help joining, "Worse things may happen to a woman than being carried away to Norway."

They were now fairly launched on a playful discussion which had yet seriousness enough in it to make it not wholly unprofitable. Then Mr. and Mrs. Dimpleton appeared, just as the butler pushed back the folding doors to the dining-room, displaying a table which appealed to all Bodill's senses at once, except that of hearing, this latter sense being kept steadily and agreeably busy by Miss Dimpleton. It required no great amount of insight to discover that she was the ruling genius of the household; for the quick way in which she surveyed her father's toilet as he entered, and then sent him an approving little nod, as much as to say that he had done nobly, could only be interpreted to mean that Mr. Dimpleton was naturally too fond of undress, and subjected himself to the inconvenience of frequent toilets out of regard for his daughter's opinion. The butler, too, betrayed some little uneasiness as she paused to take in the total effect of the table, and was apparently relieved when in the next moment she was

smiling with evident amusement at one of Bodill's remarks.

Mrs. Dimpleton was that deplorable American institution, the chronic invalid. She had a pale and withered look, sighed frequently, as if she thought that life was after all a wearisome affair, and while speaking cast her eyes in an aimless, wandering way up toward the ceiling, as if she sought a solution there of the troubles which perplexed her. She was small and daintily made, and her features bore yet in them a faded memory of their beauty.

"Jessie tells me that you are such a great scholar, Mr. Bodill," she said, between two sips of the soup.

"Miss Dimpleton is very kind to say such pleasant things about me," he answered, "although I hope, for her sake, that the Recording Angel was off duty when she said it."

"You must pardon me if I don't quite understand you," sighed his hostess. "You must remember I am not learned at all, like you and Jessie."

"Mr. Bodill only hints that I have exaggerated his scholarship, mother," commented Miss Jessie, from the other side of the table.

"Now, speaking of scholarship," Mrs. Dimpleton went on, as the waiter was removing the soup-plates, "do you know Jessie, there" (she lowered her voice to an almost confidential whisper), "reads and speaks Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, and Gothic, and Anglo-Saxon, and I don't know how many other outlandish tongues. Her teacher, Mr. Schnabelstein, told me she was the greatest genius he had ever known. And only think of it, he was a German professor, and we paid him four dollars an hour. He even said that——"

"Mother, mother," interrupted Miss Jessie, laughingly, "I know by your expression that you are on your favorite theme. Please don't tell Mr. Bodill how that rogue Schnabelstein gave vent to his imagination as a preliminary to obtaining from you a loan of two hundred dollars. When Mr. Bodill finds out what a poor blunderer I am, I shall seem positively ridiculous to him, unless he has the kindness to forget Mr. Schnabelstein's insincere praises."

"Now, Mr. Bodill," the elder lady resumed, unmindful of her daughter's interruption, "that is the way she is all the time whenever I say anything about her accomplishments. Of course I can't keep track of all the languages she learns, but I

believe the last one she studied was the Croptic."

"The Croptic?" repeated Quintus, looking quite puzzled.

"Oh, mother!" cried the daughter, in mock despair, in which there was, however, a note of real annoyance; "I never studied the Croptic language, nor the Coptic, either. Mr. Bodill," she continued, turning to Quintus, "my mother imagines that whenever I mention a thing I necessarily know it. The other day I was reading a French essay with some interesting references in it to the Copts, and in endeavoring to tell the substance of it to a friend who was here the other evening, I evidently gave the impression to mother that I was studying Coptic."

Mr. Dimpleton, who during this conversation had maintained a severely neutral countenance, as if neither the Croptic nor the Coptic in the least concerned him, now raised his clean shaven chin out of his stiff cravat, and inquired, in a hushed and solemn voice, whether they had lobsters in Norway? Mr. Bodill, although the abruptness of the question struck him as very ludicrous, replied gravely in the affirmative. And were the Norwegian lobsters very good? They were excellent, thank you. And did the natives of Norway dress in fur all the year round? No, they did not when they went to bed, nor in the ball-room, nor, in fact, on any other occasion, except in midwinter, when they were traveling. What were the staples of diet in Norway? They were bread, meat, fish, milk, very much as in the rest of the civilized world—all of which seemed very wonderful and surprising to Mr. Dimpleton. Quintus was just beginning to feel like a wild man of Borneo or a polar bear escaped from a menagerie, when his host (as Quintus suspected, at a hint from his daughter) took pity on him, and suddenly ceased to exhibit his interest in Norway. He had, of course, been under the impression that he was making himself very agreeable, and if he had noticed the slight look of annoyance in Miss Jessie's face, would have been at a loss to account for it.

V.

FROM that day Bodill found his position in the house of J. C. Dimpleton & Co. entirely changed. From a simple clerk he became, in a sort of half-acknowledged way, the most trusted and confidential adviser of the firm. Manuscripts were con-

tinually submitted for his approval, and his judgment on them, if positively expressed, was always decisive. The firm never rejected what he strongly recommended, nor accepted for publication what he condemned. In the case of two or three venturesome undertakings which Mr. Dimpleton would not have touched if Mr. Bodill had not thrown his influence in their favor, the firm had an opportunity to submit his intelligence and his commercial sagacity to the crucial test, and as both prosperity and an increase of dignity resulted from the venture, it seemed obvious to the chief of the house that Mr. Bodill had now fairly earned his title to partnership in the firm. The offer was accordingly made on very favorable conditions, and, after some hesitation on Bodill's part, accepted. The thought had sometimes occurred to him that it might be Miss Jessie's influence, rather than his own merits, which had so rapidly advanced his fortunes, and he was too proud to wish to be indebted to any one for so substantial a favor. He concluded, however, after much meditation, that all Miss Jessie had done was to furnish the opportunity, which he had himself improved.

It is needless to say that he was all this time a constant visitor at Mr. Dimpleton's house. He had completely captivated Mrs. Dimpleton, who was less languid and more confidential with him than with any one else. He discovered, to his great amusement, that this innocent little lady had a decided taste for wicked French novels, which she read without the faintest suspicion of their impropriety. He half-divined that she was a little bit obtuse, but he would not have thought it possible, if his own ears had not convinced him, that any one could read the books she read without supplying what was left unexpressed in the text or comprehending a single one of the veiled allusions. He also discovered (what was still more amusing) that the daughter was, in a measure, the guardian of her mother's morality; and, indeed, Mrs. Dimpleton made no secret of the fact that Miss Jessie hid away all the novels which were procured without her permission, or read them herself before allowing her mother to see them.

"She is such a queer child," said Mrs. Dimpleton, taking it always for granted that her listener was no less interested in this inexhaustible theme than she was herself. "Now, would you believe it, Mr.

Bodill, when she was a little girl of six, she crept under the bed one day and lay there crying because she was not a boy. And when she was only three years old, she said the cutest thing which ever I did hear. She had come in in her little night-gown to kiss me and her father and her uncle good-night, and when she had gone the round once, she insisted upon 'tissing papa adain' and then mamma once more, until I was afraid she was catching cold, and carried her off by main force to her nursery. Then I made her kneel down beside her crib to say her prayers. But the little midget was in a contrary mood, and refused to utter a word. She was so stubborn that I knew I should have to give in. So I told her just to ask God to make Jessie a better little girl, and she might go to bed. And what do you think she did? Down she went on her knees and prayed that God would make mamma a better little mamma. Now, wasn't that bright in a child of three? And I assure you she wasn't ten years old before she began to correct my pronunciation and to look after my clothes, as if she had been my mother and not my child."

It was chiefly his pleasant laugh, his unobtrusive politeness, and, above all, his talents as a listener, which secured Quintus Mrs. Dimpleton's favor. To gain the approval of the daughter, more pronounced qualities were required. Until she made his acquaintance, Miss Jessie had had no very high regard for men. Women were in all respects so much more adorable than men: they were attuned to a finer key. In accordance with this theory, Miss Jessie spent the first twenty-two years of her life in falling in love with women, and mostly with those whose attractions, to the coarse masculine vision, were imperceptible. A man, she had hitherto maintained, was only to be tolerated when he was instructive, and she had therefore selected her male acquaintance with sole reference to her own mental improvement. Quintus, too, she had sought on the same principle, because she desired to profit by his knowledge of Greek. And in this she was not disappointed. The Norseman, to whom this opportunity of refreshing the delightful impressions of his college days was very welcome, readily consented to a course of reading in Homer, and, from that time forth, spent every Thursday evening with Miss Dimpleton in Homeric discussion. Jessie began to reflect that a man was, after



all, not such an objectionable phenomenon as she had imagined. She had never, even with her most adorable female friends, had such a delicious sense of feeling herself completely understood. When Quintus recounted, with much delicacy of perception, the characteristics of the Greek civilization, or pointed to the occult and elusive beauties of the text, she could not quite suppress the thought that the daily companionship of such a man through a long united life was the very ideal of happiness of which she had dreamed.

When Quintus returned home about midnight from these Homeric diversions, he always found Tita cuddled up in a chair, wide awake and excited. She was now sixteen years old, and had a room of her own on the other side of the hall, but she yet persisted in her childish habits, and refused to go to sleep without her good-night kiss. Quintus once, as a joke, sent her one in an envelope, before departing for Madison Avenue, and told her to go to bed like a sensible little girl; but when, on reaching home, he paused at her door to listen, he heard a sound of sobbing within. He was for a moment puzzled; then he knocked, but received no answer.

"Good-night, Tita dear," he said; "am I not to have my good-night kiss?"

The weeping ceased immediately within, and Tita's voice, with a little unnatural tremor in it, answered:

"You will find it on your writing-desk, inclosed in an envelope."

"She is a child yet, God bless her," murmured Quintus, with a sigh of relief, as he entered his study and with a meditative smile opened Tita's note with the kiss duly inclosed. For better preservation, it was wrapped in red tissue-paper. The note read as follows:

"QUINTUS BODILL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find a good-night kiss from the undersigned.

Yours truly,

"T. HULBERT."

That "T. Hulbert" was delicious. Quintus flung himself back in his chair, pressed the dear little note to his lips, and sat for half an hour smiling the kind of smile which is not irreconcilable with tear-suffused eyes. Tita's helpless and pathetic indignation reminded him of the wrath of a canary-bird, which ruffles up its feathers and pecks away fearlessly at your fingers,

imagining all the while that it is inflicting a dreadful amount of damage. And yet the comparison, in the next moment, struck him as ungenerous. Tita's feelings, whether they were wise or foolish, were certainly a matter of great concern to him, and it was his duty to exert himself to find out the cause even of her strange caprices. That she, who knew him so well, should take offense at an innocent joke, seemed wholly incomprehensible. That she objected to his Homeric evenings, and was possibly jealous of Miss Dimpleton, whose praises he had loudly spoken during all the winter, was a thought which did not even occur to him. For had she not, on a hundred other occasions, urged him to go to theaters and clubs and to call on friends, alleging always that she was not at all lonely, but could spend her evenings delightfully with her books? Had she not always been the apple of his eye, and was it possible that any one could ever occupy her place in his affection? Ah, the query was absurd. There was no place in his heart for any one but her. And yet, the possibility of his marrying Miss Dimpleton had frequently been contemplated, and how could he, as an honorable man, marry her without giving her a place at Tita's side in his heart? Somehow Miss Dimpleton, with her clear, handsome face, and her bright eyes beaming with intellectual enthusiasm, and the sweet, golden-haired Tita, with her vehement affection and her naughty pout, made such a queer contrast that he could not think of both in harmonious juxtaposition as members of the same household. Here was a problem which would have puzzled the seven sages, provided the seven sages ever were in love and were inclined to bestow their affections in equal divisions upon equally charming women. Quintus, feeling his utter inability to cope with so large a question, resolved to temporize, and to allow circumstances as wide a scope as possible in shaping his destiny.

## VI.

IN spite of his liberal politics, Quintus was, like most Norsemen, a creature of habit. Although his income and position would long ago have warranted him in removing to a more fashionable locality, he postponed the evil day from year to year, always arguing that, until the time came for bringing Tita out in society, there was no

cause for haste. He had reared her tenderly, guarding her from all evil influences, and he dreaded the day when she should pass beyond his control. For ten years he had devoted nearly every evening of his life to her education, and had seen with delight that his approbation was dear to her, and his praise the highest reward of effort. Besides the Hansons and the few Norse families who visited there, she knew but few, and readily perceiving Quintus's superiority to those, she came to look upon him as the ideal of human perfection. She would not tolerate even an implied criticism of his appearance or character, and Mrs. Hanson incurred her lasting displeasure by remarking that he was greatly to blame for keeping her so close, and giving her so little pleasure. This very thought, however, had occurred to Bodill, too, one morning as he was crossing the ferry, and he marveled at his own stupidity in not having thought of it before. He resolved on the spot to procure Tita a fitting toilet for the theater, and to take her as often as he could spare an evening to accompany her. Perhaps she might also like to drive in the Park, and if so, there was no reason why she should not, when he was not required at the office. Really, he had been culpably thoughtless.

It was about a week after this resolution was taken, that Tita, leaning on Quintus's arm, entered Booth's Theater, where Rignold was at that time playing "Henry V." Her protector, who was as ignorant as a babe as to the effect of millinery upon the female character, was in a state of abject admiration and astonishment. He had always known that Tita was beautiful, but he had never known that she was *so* beautiful. Like the peasant in the fairy tale, he had unwittingly been the foster-father of a princess. Tita discovered that night (what she had never been aware of before) that she possessed a rare talent—the talent for luxury. Poor Quintus, who was trembling lest he should step on something or tear something, or in any way damage the elaborate effect, blushed with suppressed agitation, and vaguely wondered that the whole audience did not rise to its feet to contemplate Tita's magnificence. But as far as he could observe, there was no one who was abnormally excited. He was, however, too absorbed in Tita to notice immediately two ladies in a box not far away, both of whom had their opera-glasses leveled toward where

he was sitting. Presently he became aware that some one was bowing to him, and while returning the salutation, he discovered that it was Miss Dimpleton and her mother. Then the thought flashed through his brain that, although he had been intimately acquainted with Miss Dimpleton for more than a year, he had never mentioned Tita's name to her. He had at first been restrained by a fear that she would look upon his adoption of this homeless waif as a quixotic and ridiculous act, and he knew that he had no tenderer spot in his heart, or one capable of being more cruelly wounded. Miss Dimpleton had in the first period of their acquaintance appeared to him as the personification of pure reason, and the apprehension seemed by no means ill-grounded that she might feel a pitying superiority to a man who was capable, on the spur of the moment, of performing an irrationally generous deed. When he had once established himself in her friendship, he discovered that he had done her injustice, but the very fact that he had delayed the revelation so long was sure to throw a false light upon it, and even arouse cruel suspicions. With every month that passed the original mistake became more difficult to remedy, and Bodill became conscious of a positive guilt whenever (as had often happened before the incident with the imprisoned kiss) his little girl came running toward him, greeting him with outstretched arms and overwhelming him with her vehement caresses.

He moved a little uneasily in his seat as, even after the curtain had risen, he became conscious of Miss Dimpleton's continued scrutiny. Tita apparently aroused her curiosity in an unusual degree. He began to imagine all the thoughts that must be passing through her head,—her puzzled defense of his integrity and her inability to harmonize his various statements about his having no female acquaintances except herself outside of his home with the presence of this striking young lady at his side. The gorgeous pageants on the stage followed in quick succession, but his imagination went on an independent journey of exploration and conjecture, and when the curtain rolled down over the last scene, he could hardly remember a single phrase or incident. Tita, on the other hand, had been immensely entertained. She acted the wooing scene in Quintus's study after they got home, and talked English with a French accent, *à la* Princess Catherine, for a week after. Before they retired she curled up in her chair

and meditated, while Quintus smoked his cigar. All of a sudden she looked up and surprised him with this question, uttered in a tone of vexed impatience:

"Why do people marry, Quint?"

"Well, my dear," he answered, slowly, puffing a ring of smoke toward the ceiling, "I suppose it is because they would be lonely if they lived apart."

"But you and I are not lonely, and yet we are not married."

"That is because you and I are so fond of each other that we don't want to run away from each other, even if we are not married," he answered, laughing.

"Then marriage," she went on, with an air of grappling earnestly with the question, "is invented to keep people together who would like to run away from each other."

"Not exactly that, darling," he said, becoming suddenly serious, "although that is undeniably an office which marriage is frequently made to perform."

"Well, what is it meant for, then, Quint?"

"It is intended to bind people more closely together who love each other dearly."

"Then why don't you and I marry, Quint? We love each other dearly."

She had come close up to him and put her arms coaxingly about his neck, as if she were begging him for a new dress or bonnet.

"That is a thing which you don't understand yet, my sweet child," he replied, a little tremulously (for somehow the question, uttered so innocently, touched him deeply), "but you will know some day, when you are older."

"Yes, I do know too," she cried, with sudden vehemence. "It is because you love Miss Dimpleton more than you do me."

And, bursting into tears, she rushed out of the room.

The scales had at last fallen from Quintus's eyes. He now wondered that he had been so persistently blind. Tita was jealous of Miss Dimpleton, not because she knew what love was, but from a childish, unreasoning impulse, as any pet animal is jealous if another threatens to usurp its place. The situation was getting more complicated than, in his Norse simplicity, Quintus had ever anticipated.

VII.

THE next day—it was a gray and frosty morning in February—a very unusual thing happened. Tita did not make her appear-

ance at breakfast, and replied, to Quintus's anxious inquiries at her door, that she had a headache. When he returned in the evening, she had apparently recovered from her indisposition; but some strange, new spirit had taken possession of her, and he had to rub his eyes to be sure that he was not mistaken as to her identity. She received him, not with her old impulsive caresses, but with a stately grace which was in keeping with yesterday's train, but not with to-day's shorter skirts. She presided at table with a dignity which was superb, and to his wondering gazes she responded with politely questioning smiles, as if she did not quite comprehend the reason for his astonishment. Quintus was sincerely puzzled, and would have felt justified in being angry, if Tita had not looked so ravishing just then in her offended dignity, with her beautiful, rebellious curls making a golden frame about her sweet, dimpled face. Dignity in a countenance of this type, though to the possessor it is undoubtedly very impressive, has rarely been known to alarm outsiders. Tita, however, was ignorant of this fact of natural history, and therefore persisted until bed-time in her majestic demeanor, while Quintus smoked in brooding discontent. For there were other things than Tita's caprices which troubled him. The next day would be Thursday, and he would be obliged to meet Miss Dimpleton, and probably to offer her an explanation. Then the foolishly guarded secret would at last be revealed, and very likely, when Tita was brought out, Miss Dimpleton would prove herself a kind and valuable friend to her. And with this consoling reflection he hung his meerschaum (a hollow and frightfully inflated Turk whom Tita had named the Eastern Question) in its proper corner on the wall, and, finding mademoiselle's chair empty, retired to bed. But he scarcely divined what the morrow had in store for him. And yet, the sun had a singularly ominous look as it shone, small and remote, through the river fog on the following morning. On reaching the office, Quintus met Hanson coming out from his chief's private room. It was rather unusual for Mr. Dimpleton to arrive so early, and still more unusual for him to have private interviews with Hanson. However, life was at best a humdrum affair, and would be still more so if a man were not at liberty to do things which his neighbors might regard as eccentric. With this and similar sophistries, Quintus strove to soothe his troubled spirits,

while with absent-minded haste he tore open the envelopes of his business correspondence and, with sudden and unaccountable pauses, as if he had lost the thread of his thought, gave directions to the clerks who came to receive his orders. A few moments after Hanson's departure, Mr. Dimpleton, without taking the slightest notice of Bodill as he passed, called for his carriage and drove away, and about two hours later, a messenger boy handed him a note from Miss Jessie, in which she announced, in the most coldly formal manner, that she would be obliged henceforth to discontinue her Homeric studies, and that she would accordingly make no further demand upon his valuable time. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the head of the firm returned and sent a clerk to Quintus's desk, requesting that Mr. Bodill would favor him with a moment's interview. The door of the private office was carefully locked when he had entered, and Mr. Dimpleton, with an icy solemnity which seemed to make a perceptible change in the temperature of the room, motioned him to a chair and seated himself on the lounge opposite.

"I offered you a partnership in this firm, Mr. Bodill," he began, abruptly, "under the impression that you were a man of excellent habits and character—a Christian man and a man of honor. This firm, sir, has always prided itself on the blameless Christian character of its members. Now, I am well aware that, from the Old World point of view, the offense of which you have been guilty is a venial one, and would there probably not interfere seriously with your social standing—"

"And perhaps, sir," interrupted Quintus, springing to his feet, while his face burned with indignation, "you will have the kindness to inform me of what offense I have been guilty?"

"I had a higher respect for you than that, Mr. Bodill," retorted Mr. Dimpleton, in a slightly impatient tone, as if to say that it was of no use to contest his facts, which were beyond dispute. "Then you plead ignorance of your guilt, do you? Well, sir, to a gentleman of your principles, very likely, it does not assume the character of guilt. But, since you insist upon it, I have no objection to informing you that I refer to the fact that, although unmarried, you have a daughter, as I am told, nearly sixteen years old. And, knowing well how my family and I would look upon this circumstance, you have carefully guarded

your tongue, and never in our presence made the faintest allusion to her existence."

"And who told you, sir, that I have a daughter?" inquired Quintus, now no longer in anger, but with calm disdain.

"It is of no consequence who told me. However, if it can gratify you to know, it was a man who has every means of knowing your life, both previous to your arrival in this country and after. I need not say that I refer to Mr. Hanson."

"And did Mr. Hanson tell you that Tita was my daughter?" cried Quintus, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"He said he had not the slightest doubt that she was your daughter, and that you had been compelled to leave home. Your father, he said, is very irascible,—but it is needless to recount what you know so well. Moreover, he added a great deal of corroborative evidence which would make it useless for you to deny."

"In that case, Mr. Dimpleton," responded Quintus, with the utmost dignity, "I suppose it would be agreeable to you—assuredly it would to me—if our business connection were dissolved, the sooner the better. If you can take the word of a former groom of my father's, who, moreover, offers you nothing but conjectures and impressions, and refuse even to hear my defense, then my respect for you suffers as severely as yours, according to your statement, has for me."

"I have anticipated this proposition," remarked the publisher, coolly, "and here is my check for the amount which is due to you as your share in the profits of the business."

Bodill, without even glancing at the check, put it in his pocket-book, and bowing stiffly took his leave. For several hours he sauntered aimlessly up one street and down another, rode from sheer weariness on the street cars to Central Park and back again to the City Hall, dined absent-mindedly at a restaurant, and finally, before the accustomed hour for his return home had arrived, crossed the ferry to Jersey City. He feared to encounter Tita's questioning eyes, and sincerely hoped that her dignified mood of yesterday would prove something more than a fleeting caprice, as in that case he might succeed in fortifying his heart against compromising confessions. If Tita was stately, he might be distant, and they might avoid affectionate collisions which would inevitably lead, not to the revelation of the truth, for that

would have been impossible, but to much enforced and ingenious deception, which, to a conscientious man like Quintus, was scarcely less unpleasant. He had hardly entered his study, however, before he divined that the latter alternative would be presented to him. Tita, who was yet playing the Queen Titania (as Quintus had humorously designated her majestic rôle), no sooner discovered the look of weariness and trouble which shimmered through the hypocritical cheerfulness of his face than she forgot her studiously prepared part, and rushing forward, became once more the old vehement, childish, and adorable Tita.

"Quint, Quint," she cried; "what have they been doing to you? And to-night is your Homeric evening, too. And yet you come home so early. Has Miss Dimpleton been bad to you, Quint? I never shall like her if she has."

"No, child," he answered, taking the lovely face between his hands and kissing it. "I am only a little tired, and would like a long, peaceful smoke."

"But you can't have it, Quint," persisted Tita, giving her head a decisive little shake, and looking, with her hair drawn over her forehead, like a determined little Shetland pony who is conscious that its perversity is not altogether unbecoming. "Something has gone wrong to-day, and you will have no peace until I know what it is."

But Quintus would only give her fables for facts, and she retired with the conviction that Quintus had proposed to Miss Dimpleton and had been refused. But what a monster Miss Dimpleton must be, to refuse Quintus! In her indignation at such iniquity, Tita even forgot to congratulate herself upon the removal of a dangerous rival. She felt too sad on Quintus's account to be glad on her own.

(To be continued.)

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### THE RIVER INN.

THE night is black and drear  
Of the last day of the year.  
Two guests to the river inn  
Come, from the wide world's bound:  
One with clangor and din,  
The other without a sound.

Now hurry, servants and host!  
Get the best that your cellars boast:  
White be the sheets and fine,  
And the fire on the hearth-stone bright.  
Pile the wood, and spare not the wine,  
And call him at morning-light.

But where is the silent guest?  
In what chamber shall she rest?  
In this? Should she not go higher?  
'Tis damp, and the fire is gone.  
You need not kindle the fire.  
You need not call her at dawn.

Next morn he sallied forth  
On his journey to the North;  
Oh, bright the sunlight shone  
Through boughs that the breezes stir,  
But for her was lifted a stone,  
Under the church-yard fir.



## A RAINY DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS.

(EVENING.)

### XI.

#### HOW MR. ROOSTER LOST HIS DINNER.

THE afternoon wore on and the rain continued to fall. In some mysterious way, as it seemed to the little boy, the gloom of twilight fastened itself upon the dusky clouds, and the great trees without, and the dismal perspective beyond, gradually became one with the darkness. Uncle Remus had thoughtfully placed a tin pan under a leak in the roof, and the *drip-drip-drip* of the water, as it fell in the resonant vessel, made a not unmusical accompaniment to the storm.

The old man fumbled around under his bed and presently dragged forth a large bag filled with lightwood knots, which, with an instinctive economy in this particular direction, he had stored away for an emergency. A bright but flickering flame was the result of this timely discovery, and the effect it produced was quite in keeping with all the surrounding. The rain, and wind, and darkness held sway without, while within, the unsteady lightwood blaze seemed to rhyme with the *drip-drip-drip* in the pan. Sometimes the shadow of Uncle Remus, as he leaned over the hearth, would tower and fill the cabin, and again, it would fade and disappear among the swaying and swinging cobwebs that curtained the rafters.

"W'en bed-time come, honey," said Uncle Remus, in a soothing tone, "I'll des snatch down yo' pa buggy umbrell' fum up dar in de cornder, en I'll take'n' take you und' my arm en set you down on Miss Sally h'a'th des ez dry en ez wom ez a rat'-nes' inside a fodder-stack."

At this juncture, 'Tildy, the house-girl, rushed in out of the rain and darkness with a water-proof cloak and an umbrella, and announced her mission to the little boy without taking time to catch her breath.

"Miss Sally say you gotter come right 'long," she exclaimed. "Kaze she skeered lightnin' gwine strike 'roun' in yer 'mongs' deze high trees some'r's."

Uncle Remus rose from his stooping posture in front of the hearth and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Well, is anybody year de beat er dat!" was his indignant exclamation. "Look yer, gal! don't you come foolin' 'longer me—now, don't you do it. Kaze ef you does, I'll take'n' hit you a clip w'at'll put you ter bed 'fo' bed-time comes. Dat's w'at!"

"Lawdy! w'at I done gone en done ter Unk' Remus, now?" asked 'Tildy, with a great affectation of innocent ignorance.

"I'm gwineter put on my coat en take dat ar umbrell', en I'm gwine right straight up ter de big house en ax Miss Sally ef she sont dat kinder wud down yer, w'en she know dat chile sittin' yere 'longer me. I'm gwineter ax her," continued Uncle Remus, "en ef she aint sont dat wud, den I'm gwineter fetch myse'f back. Now, you des watch my motions."

"Well, I year Miss Sally say she 'feard lightnin' gwineter strike some'r's on de place," said 'Tildy, in a tone which manifested her willingness to compromise all differences, "en den I axt 'er kin I come down yer, en den she say I better bring deze yer cloak en pairsol."

"Now you dun brung um," responded Uncle Remus, "you des better put um in dat cheer over dar, en take yo'se'f off. Thunner mighty ap' ter hit close ter whar deze yer slick-head niggers is."

But the little boy finally prevailed upon the old man to allow 'Tildy to remain, and after a while he put matters on a peace footing by inquiring if roosters crowed at night when it was raining.

"Dat dey duz," responded Uncle Remus. "Wet er dry, dey flops der wings en wakes up all de neighbors. Law, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "w'at make I done gone en fergit 'bout Mr. Rooster!"

"What about him?" inquired the little boy.

"One time, 'way back yunder," said Uncle Remus, knocking the ashes off his hands and knees, "dey wuz two plantations right 'longside er wunner n'er, en on bofe er deze plantations wuz a whole passel er fowls. Dey wuz mighty sociable in dem days, en it tu'n out dat de fowls on one plantation gun a party, w'ich dey sont out der invites ter de fowls on de 't'er plantation.

"W'en de day come, Mr. Rooster, he

blow his hawn, he did, en 'semble um all tergedder, en atter dey 'semble dey got in line. Mr. Rooster, he tuck de head, en atter 'im come ole lady Hen en Miss Pullet, en den dar wuz Mr. Peafowl, en Mr. Tuckey Gobbler, en Miss Guinny Hen, en Miss Puddle Duck, en all de balance un um. Dey start off sorter raggedy, but 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey all kotch de step, en den dey march down by de spring, up thoo de hoss-lot en 'cross by de gin-house, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey git ter whar de frolic wuz.

"Dey dance, en dey play, en dey sing. Mo' 'speshually did dey play en sing dat ar song w'ich it run on like dis:

"Come under, come under,  
My honey, my love, my own true love;  
My heart bin a-weepin'  
'Way down in Galilee."

"Dey wuz gwine on dis away, havin' der 'musements, w'en, bimeby, ole Mr. Peafowl, he got on de comb er de barn en blow de dinner-hawn. Dey all wash der face en han's in de back-po'ch, en den dey went in ter dinner. W'en dey git in dar, dey don't see nothin' on de table but a great big pile er co'n-bread. De pones was pile up on pones, en on de top wuz a great big ash-cake. Mr. Rooster, he look at dis en he tu'n up his nose, en bimeby, atter w'ile, out he strut. Ole Miss Guinny Hen, she watchin' Mr. Rooster motions, en w'en she see dis, she take'n' squall out, she did:

"Pot-rack! pot-rack! Mr. Rooster gone back! Pot-rack! pot-rack! Mr. Rooster gone back!"

"Wid dat dey all make a great ter-do. Miss Hen en Miss Pullet, dey cackle en squall, Mr. Gobbler, he gobble, en Miss Puddle Duck, she shake 'er tail en say quickity-quack. But Mr. Rooster, he ruffle up his cape, en march on out.

"Dis sorter put a damper on de yuthers, but fo' Mr. Rooster git outer sight en year'n' dey went ter wuk on de pile w'at wuz 'pariently co'n-bread, en, lo en beholes, un'need dem pone er bread wuz a whole passel er meat en greens, en bake' taters, en bile' turnips. Brer Rooster, he year de ladies makin' great 'miration, en he stop en look thoo de crack, en dar he see all de doin's en fixin's. He feel mighty bad, Mr. Rooster did, w'en he see all dis, en de yuther fowls dey holler en axt 'im fer ter come back, en his craw, likewise, it up'n' ax 'im, but he mighty biggity en stuck up, en he strut off, crowin' ez he go; but de

'speunce er dat time done las' him en all er his fambly down ter dis day. En you neenter take my wud for't, ne'r, kaze ef you'll des keep yo' eye open en watch, you'll kitch a glimpse er old Mr. Rooster folks scratchin' whar dey specks ter fine der rations, en mor'n dat, dey'll scratch wid der rations in plain sight. Sence dat time, dey aint none er de Mr. Roosters bin fool' by dat w'at dey see on top. Dey aint res' twel dey see w'at und' dar. Dey'll scratch spite er all creation."

"Dat's de Lord's truth!" said 'Tildy, with unction. "I done seed um wid my own eyes. Dat I is."

This was 'Tildy's method of renewing peaceful relations with Uncle Remus, but the old man was disposed to resist the attempt.

"You better be up yander washin' up dishes, stidder hoppin' down yer wid er whole packet er stuff w'at Miss Sally aint dreamp er sayin'."

## XII.

## MR. RABBIT BREAKS UP A LUNCH-PARTY.

AS LONG as Uncle Remus allowed 'Tildy to remain in the cabin, the little boy was not particularly interested in preventing the perfunctory abuse which the old man might feel disposed to bestow upon the complacent girl. The truth is, the child's mind was occupied with the episode in the story of Mr. Benjamin Ram which treats of the style in which this romantic old wag put Mr. and Mrs. Wolf to flight by playing a tune upon his fiddle. The little boy was particularly struck with this remarkable feat, as many a youngster before him had been, and he made bold to recur to it again by asking Uncle Remus for all the details. It was plain to the latter that the child regarded Mr. Ram as the typical hero of all the animals, and this was by no means gratifying to the old man. He answered the little boy's questions as well as he could, and, when nothing more remained to be said about Mr. Ram, he settled himself back in his chair and resumed the curious history of Brother Rabbit:

"Co'se Mr. Ram mighty smart man. I aint 'spute dat; but needer Mr. Ram ner yet Mr. Lam is soon creeturs like Brer Rabbit. Mr. Benjermun Ram, he tuck'n' skeer off Brer Wolf en his ole 'oman wid his fiddle, but, bless yo' soul, ole Brer Rabbit he gone en done wuss'n dat."

"What did Brother Rabbit do?" asked the little boy.

"One time," said Uncle Remus, "Brer Fox, he tuck'n' ax some er de yuther creeturs ter his house. He ax Brer B'ar, en Brer Wolf, en Brer 'Coon, but he aint ax Brer Rabbit. All de same, Brer Rabbit got win' un it, en he 'low dat ef he don't go, he speck he have much fun ez de nex' man."

"De creeturs w'at git de invite, dey tuck'n' 'semble at Brer Fox house, en Brer Fox, he ax um in en got um cheers, en dey sot dar en laugh en talk, twel, bimeby, Brer Fox, he fotch out a bottle er dram en lay 'er out on de side-bode, en den he sorter step back en say, sezee:

"Des step up, gentermens, en he'p yo'-se'f; en you better b'lieve dey he'p derse'f."

"W'iles dey wuz drinkin' en drammin' en gwine on, w'at you speck Brer Rabbit doin'? You des well make up yo' min' dat Brer Rabbit monst'us busy, kaze he 'uz sailin' 'roun' fixin' up his tricks. Long time 'fo' dat, Brer Rabbit had bin at a bobbycue whar dey wuz a muster, en w'iles all de folks 'uz down at de spring eatin' dinner, Brer Rabbit he crope up en run off wid wunner de drums. Dey wuz a big drum en a little drum, en Brer Rabbit, he snatch up de littles' one en run home."

"Now, den, w'en he year 'bout de yuther creeturs gwine ter Brer Fox house, w'at do Brer Rabbit do but git out dis rattlin' drum en make his way down de road todes whar dey is. He tuck dat drum," continued Uncle Remus, with great elation of voice and manner, "en he went down de road todes Brer Fox house, en he make 'er talk like thunner mix up wid hail. Hit talk like dis:

"*Diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum—diddybum!*"

"De creeturs, dey 'uz a-drinkin', en a-drammin', en a-gwine on at a terrible rate, en dey aint year de racket, but, all de same, yer come Brer Rabbit:

"*'Diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum—diddybum!*"

"Bimeby Brer 'Coon, w'ich he allers got one year hung out fer de news, he up'n' ax Brer Fox w'at dat, en by dat time all de creeturs stop en lissen; but, all de same, yer come Brer Rabbit:

"*'Diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum—diddybum!*"

"De creeturs dey keep on lis'nin', en Brer Rabbit keep on gittin' nigher, twel, bimeby, Brer 'Coon reach under de cheer fer his hat, en say, sezee:

"Well, gents, I speck I better be gwine. I tole my ole 'oman dat I wont be gone a minnit, en yer 'tis 'way 'long in de day."

"Wid dat Brer 'Coon, he skip out, but he aint git much fudder dan de back gate, 'fo' yer come all de yuther creeturs like dey 'uz runnin' a foot-race, en ole Brer Fox wuz wukkin' in de lead."

"Dar, now!" exclaimed 'Tildy, with great fervor.

"Yasser! dar dey wuz, en dar dey went," continued Uncle Remus. "Dey tuck nigh cuts, en dey scramble over wunner n'er, en dey aint res' twel dey git in de bushes."

"Ole Brer Rabbit, he came on down de road—*diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum*—en bless gracious! w'en he git ter Brer Fox house dey aint nobody dar. Brer Rabbit is dat owdacious, dat he hunt all 'roun' twel he fine de a'r-hole er de drum, en he put his mouf ter dat en sing out, sezee:

"Is dey anybody home?" en den he answer hisse'f, sezee: "Law, no, honey—folks all gone."

"Wid dat, ole Brer Rabbit break loose en laugh, he did, fit ter kill hisse'f, en den he slam Brer Fox front gate wide open, en march up ter de house. W'en he git dar, he kick de do' open en hail Brer Fox, but nobody aint dar, en Brer Rabbit he walk in en take a cheer, en make hisse'f at home wid puttin' his foots on de sofy en spittin' on de flo'."

"Brer Rabbit aint sot dar long 'fo' he ketch a whiff er de dram —"

"You year dat?" exclaimed 'Tildy, with convulsive admiration.

"—'Fo' he ketch a whiff er de dram, en den he see it on de side-bode, en he step up en drap 'bout a tumbeler full some'ts down in de neighb'oods er de goozle. Brer Rabbit mighty like some folks I knows. He tuck one tumbeler full, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' he tuck 'n'er'n, en w'en a man do dis away," continued Uncle Remus, somewhat apologetically, "he bleedz ter git drummy."

"Truth, too!" said 'Tildy, by way of hearty confirmation.

"All dis time de yuther creeturs wuz down in de bushes lissenin' fer de *diddybum*, en makin' ready fer ter light out fum dar at de drop uv a hat. But dey aint year no mo' fuss, en bimeby Brer Fox, he say he gwine back en look atter his plunder, en de yuther creeturs say dey b'leeve dey'll go 'long wid 'im. Dey start out, dey did, en dey crope todes Brer Fox house, but dey crope mighty keeful, en I boun' ef somebody'd 'a' shuck a bush, dem ar creeturs 'ud

a nat'allly to' up de ye'th gittin' 'way fum dar. Yit dey still aint year no fuss, en dey keep on creepin' twel dey git in de house.

"W'en dey git in dar, de fus' sight dey see wuz ole Brer Rabbit stannin' up by de dram-bottle mixin' up a toddy, en he wa'n't so stiff-kneed n'er, kaze he sorter swage fum side ter side, en he look like he mighty limbersome, w'ich, goodness knows, a man bleedz ter be limbersome w'en he drink dat kinder lickin' w'at Brer Fox perwide fer dem creeturs.

"W'en Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit makin' free wid his doin's dat away, w'at you speck he do?" inquired Uncle Remus, with the air of one seeking general information.

"I speck he cusst," said 'Tildy, who was apt to take a vividly practical view of matters.

"He was glad," said the little boy, "because he had a good chance to catch Brother Rabbit."

"Tooby sho' he wuz," continued Uncle Remus, heartily assenting to the child's interpretation of the situation; "tooby sho' he wuz. He stan' dar, Brer Fox did, en he watch Brer Rabbit motions. Bimeby he holler out, sezee:

"Ah yi! \* Brer Rabbit!" sezee. 'Many a time is you made yo' 'scape, but now I got you!' En wid dat, Brer Fox en de yuther creeturs cloze in on Brer Rabbit.

"Seem like I done tole you dat Brer Rabbit done gone en tuck mo' dram dan w'at 'uz good fer his wholesome. Yit his head aint swim so bad dat he dunner w'at he doin', en time he lay eyes on Brer Fox, he know he done got in close quarters. Soon ez he see dis, Brer Rabbit make like he bin down in his cup mo' deeper dan w'at he is, en he stagger 'roun' like town gal stannin' in a bateau, en he seem like he des ez limber ez a wet rag. He stagger up ter Brer Fox, he did, en he roll his eyeballs 'roun', en slap 'im on de back en ax 'im how he ma. Den w'en he see de yuther creeturs," continued Uncle Remus, "he holler out, he did:

"'Vents yo' uppance, gentermens! Vents yo' uppance!† Ef you'll des gimme han'-roomance en cum one at a time, de

tussle'll las' longer. How you all come on, nohow?' sezee.

"Ole Brer Rabbit talk so cu'us dat de yuther creeturs have mo' fun dan w'at youk'n shake a stick at, but bimeby Brer Fox say dey better git dwnter business, en den dey all cloze in on Brer Rabbit, en dar he wuz.

"In dem days, ole man B'ar wuz a judge 'mong's de creeturs, en dey all ax 'im w'at dey gwine do 'long wid Brer Rabbit, en Judge B'ar, he put on his specks, en cle'r up his throat, en say dat de bes' way ter do wid a man w'at kick up sech a racket, en run de neighbors outer der own house, en go in dar en level \* on de pantry, is ter take 'im out en drown 'im; en ole Brer Fox, w'ich he settin' on de jury, he up'n' smack his hands tergedder, en say, sezee, dat atter dis he bleedz ter b'leeve dat Judge B'ar done got all-under holt on de lawyer-books, kaze dat 'zackly w'at dey say w'en a man level on he neighbor pantry.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he make out he skeerd, en he holler en cry, en beg um, in de name er goodness, don't fling 'im in de spring branch, kaze dey all know he dunner howter swim; but ef dey bleedz fer ter pitch 'im in, den fer mussy sake gin 'im a walkin'-cane, so he kin have sumpin' ter hol' ter w'iles he drownin'.

"Ole Brer B'ar scratch his head en say, sezee, dat, fer ez his 'membrance go back, he aint come 'cross nothin' in de lawyer-book ter de contraries er dat, en den dey all 'gree dat Brer Rabbit kin have a walkin'-cane.

"Wid dat, dey ketch up Brer Rabbit en put 'im in a wheelborrow, en kyar 'im down ter de branch, en fling 'im in.

"Eh-eh!" exclaimed 'Tildy, with well-feigned astonishment.

"Dey fling 'im in," continued Uncle Remus, "en Brer Rabbit light on his foots, same ez a tomcat, en pick his way out by de helps er de walkin'-cane. De water wuz dat shaller dat it don't mo'n come over Brer Rabbit slipper, en w'en he git out on t'er side, he holler back, sezee:

"So long, Brer Fox!"

## XIII.

BROTHER FOX, BROTHER RABBIT, AND  
KING DEER'S DAUGHTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING Brother Rabbit's success with the drum, the little boy was still

\* A corruption of "aye, aye." It is used as an expression of triumph, and its employment in this connection is both droll and picturesque.

† Southern readers will recognize this and "han'-roomance" as terms used by negroes in playing marbles—a favorite game on the plantations Sunday afternoons. These terms were curt and expressive enough to gain currency among the whites.

inclined to refer to Mr. Benjamin Ram and his fiddle; but Uncle Remus was not, by any means, willing that such an ancient vagabond as Mr. Ram should figure as a hero, and he said that, while it was possible that Brother Rabbit was no great hand with the fiddle, he was a drummer, and a capital singer to boot. Furthermore, Uncle Remus declared that Brother Rabbit could perform upon the quills,\* an accomplishment to which none of the other animals could lay claim. There was a time, too, the old man pointedly suggested, when the romantic rascal used his musical abilities to win the smiles of a nice young lady of quality—no less a personage, indeed, than King Deer's daughter. As a matter of course, the little boy was anxious to hear the particulars, and Uncle Remus was in nowise loath to give them.

"W'en you come ter ax me 'bout de year en de day er de mont'," said the old man, cunningly arranging a defense against criticism, "den I'm done, kaze de almanick w'at dey got in dem times wont pass muster deze days, but, let 'lone dat, I speck dey aint had none yit; en ef dey is, dey aint none bin handed 'roun' ter Remus."

"Well, den, some time 'long in dar, ole Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit got ter flyin' 'roun' King Deer's daughter. Dey tell me she 'uz a monst'us likely gal, en I speck may be she wuz; leas'ways, Brer Fox, he hanker atter 'er, en likewise Brer Rabbit, he hanker atter 'er. Ole King Deer look like he sorter lean todes Brer Fox, kaze it seem like, ter a settle man like him, dat Brer Fox kin stir 'roun' en keep de pot a-b'ilin', mo' speshually bein's he de bigges'. Hit go on dis away twel hardly a day pass dat one er de yuther er dem creeturs don't go sparklin' 'roun' King Deer daughter, en it got so atter w'ile dat all day long Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox keep de front gate a-skreakin', en King Deer daughter aint ska'cely had time fer ter eat a meal vittels in no peace er min'."

"In dem days," pursued Uncle Remus, in a tone of unmistakable historical fervor, "w'en a creetur go a-courtin' dey wa'n't none er dish yer bokay doin's mix' up 'longer der co'tship, en dey aint cut up no capers like folks does now. Stidder scollopin' 'roun', en bowin' en scrapin', dey des go right straight atter de gal. Ole Brer Rabbit, now, he mouter had some bubbly-blossoms†

wrop up in his hankcher, but mostly him en Brer Fox 'ud des drap in on King Deer daughter en 'gin ter cas' sheep-eyes at 'er time dey sot down en cross der legs."

"En I bet," said Tildy, by way of comment, and looking as though she wanted to blush, "dat dey wa'n't 'shame', nuther."

"Dey went 'long dis away," continued Uncle Remus, "twel it 'gun ter look sorter skittish wid Brer Rabbit, kaze ole King Deer done good ez say, sezee, dat he gwineter take Brer Fox inter de fambly. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did, dat dis aint gwineter do, en he study en study how he gwineter cut Brer Fox out."

"Las', one day, w'iles he gwine thoo King Deer pastur' lot, he up wid a rock en kilt two er King Deer goats. W'en he git ter de house, he ax King Deer daughter whar'bouts her pa, en she up'n' say she go call 'im, en w'en Brer Rabbit see 'im, he ax w'en de weddin' tuck place, en King Deer ax w'ich weddin', en Brer Rabbit say de weddin' 'twix' Brer Fox en King Deer daughter. Wid dat, ole King Deer ax Brer Rabbit w'at make he go on so, en Brer Rabbit, he up'n' 'spon' dat he see Brer Fox makin' monst'us free wid de fambly, gwine 'roun' chunkin' de chickens en killin' up de goats."

"Ole King Deer strike his walkin'-cane down 'pon de flo', en 'low dat he don't put no 'pennunce in no sech tale like dat, en den Brer Rabbit tell 'im dat ef he'll des take a walk down in de pastur' lot, he kin see de kyarkiss er de goats. Ole King Deer, he put out, en bimeby he come back, en he 'low he gwineter settle marters wid Brer Fox ef it take 'im a mont'."

"Brer Rabbit say he a good frien' ter Brer Fox, en he aint got no room ter talk 'bout 'im, but yit w'en he see 'im 'stroyin' King Deer goats en chunkin' at his chickens, en rattlin' on de palin's fer ter make de dog bark, he bleedz ter come lay de case 'fo' de fambly."

"'En mo'n dat,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'I'm de man w'at kin make Brer Fox come en stan' right at de front gate en tell you dat he is kill dem goat; en ef you des wait twel ter-night, I wont ax you ter take my wud,' sezee."

"King Deer say ef Brer Rabbit man 'nuff ter do dat, den he kin git de gal en thanky, too. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit jump up en crack his heels tergedder, en put out fer ter fine Brer Fox. He aint git fur 'fo' he see Brer Fox coming down de road all primp up. Brer Rabbit, he sing out, he did:

\* A simple but very effective musical instrument made of reeds, and in great favor on the plantations.

† A species of sweet-shrub growing wild in the South.



"Brer Foxy, whar you gwine?"

"En Brer Fox, he holler back:

"Go 'way, Rab; don't bodder wid me. I'm gwine fer ter see my gal."

"Brer Rabbit, he laugh 'way down in his stomach, but he don't let on, en atter some mo' chat, he up'n' say dat ole King Deer done tell 'im 'bout how Brer Fox gwineter marry his daughter, en den he tell Brer Fox dat he done promise King Deer dat dey'd drap 'roun' ter-night en gin 'im some music.

"En I up'n' tole 'im,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat de music w'at we can't make aint wuth makin'—me wid my quills, en you wid yo' tr'angle.\* De nex' motion we makes,' sezee, 'we'll hatter go off some'r's en practice up on de song we'll sing, en I got one yer dat'll tickle um dat bad,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'twel I lay dey'll fetch out a hunk er dat big chicken-pie w'at I see um puttin' in de pot des now,' sezee.

"In a 'casion like dis, Brer Fox say he de ve'y man w'at Brer Rabbit huntin', en he 'low dat he des 'bout put off payin' his call ter King Deer house en go wid Brer Rabbit fer ter practice on dat song.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he git his quills en Brer Fox he git his tr'angle, en dey went down on de spring branch, en dar dey sing en play, twel dey git it all by heart. Ole Brer Rabbit, he make up de song his own se'f, en he fix it so dat he sing de call, like de captain er de co'n-pile, en ole Brer Fox, he hatter sing de answer."†

At this point Uncle Remus paused to indulge in one of his suggestive chuckles, and then proceeded:

"Don't talk 'bout no songs ter me. Gentermens! dat 'uz a funny song fum de wud go. Bimeby, w'en dey practice long time, dey gits up en goes 'roun' in de neighborhoods er King Deer house, en w'en night come dey tuck der stan' at de front gate, en atter all got still, Brer Rabbit, he gun de wink, en dey broke loose wid der music. Dey played a chune er two on de quills en tr'angle, en den dey got ter de song. Ole Brer Rabbit, he got de call, en he open up like dis:

"Some folks pile up mo'n dey kin tote,  
En dat w'at de marter wid King Deer goat,"

en den Brer Fox, he make answer:

"Dat's so, dat's so, en I'm glad dat it's so!"

\* Triangle.

† That is to say, Brother Rabbit sang the air and Brother Fox the refrain.

Den de quills en de tr'angle, dey come in, en den Brer Rabbit pursue on wid de call:

"Some kill sheep en some kill shote,  
But Brer Fox kill King Deer goat,"

en den Brer Fox, he jine in wid de answer:

"I did, dat I did, en I'm glad dat I did!"

En des 'bout dat time King Deer, he walk outer de gate en hit Brer Fox a clip wid his walkin'-cane, en he foller it up wid 'n'er'n, dat make Brer Fox fa'rly squall, en you des better b'lieve he make tracks 'way fum dar, en de gal she come out, en dey ax Brer Rabbit in."

"Did Brother Rabbit marry King Deér's daughter, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Now, den, honey, you're crowdin' me," responded the old man. "Dey ax 'im in, en dey gun 'im a great big hunk er chicken-pie, but I wont make sho' dat he tuck'n' marry de gal. De p'int wid me is de way Brer Rabbit run Brer Fox off fum dar."

#### XIV.

#### BROTHER TERRAPIN DECEIVES BROTHER BUZZARD.

THERE was a pause here, which was finally broken by 'Tildy, whose remark was in the shape of a very undignified yawn. Uncle Remus regarded her for a moment with an expression of undisguised scorn, which quickly expressed itself in words:

"Ef you'd er bin outer de house dat whack, you'd er tuck us all in. Pity dey aint some place er 'n'er whar deze yer trollops kin go en l'arn manners."

'Tildy, however, ignored the old man, and, with a toss of her head, said to the little boy in a cool, exasperating tone—employing a pet name she had heard the child's mother use:

"Well, Pinx, I speck we better go. De rain done mos' hilt up now, en bimeby de stars'll be a-shinin'. Miss Sally lookin' fer you right now."

"You better go whar you gwine, you triflin' huzzy, you!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "You better go git yo' Jim Crow kyard en straighten out dem wrops on yo' head. I allers year w'ite folks say you better keep yo' eye on niggers w'at got der ha'r wropt up in strings. Now I done gun you fa'r warnin's."

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, when the old man's wrath had somewhat subsided, "why do they call them Jim Crow cards?"

"I be blessed ef I know, honey, 'ceppin' it's kaze dey er de onliest machine w'at deze yer low-life niggers kin oncomb der kinks wid. Now, den," continued the old man, straightening up and speaking with considerable animation, "dat min's me 'bout a riddle w'at been runnin' 'roun' in my head. En dat riddle—it's de outdoins'es' riddle w'at I mos' ever year tell un. Hit go like dis: Ef he come, he don't come; ef he don't come, he come. Now, I boun' you can't tell w'at is dat."

After some time spent in vain guessing, the little boy confessed that he didn't know.

"Hit's crow en co'n," said Uncle Remus, sententiously.

"Crow and corn, Uncle Remus?"

"Co'se, honey. Crow come, de co'n don't come; crow don't come, den de co'n come."

"Dat's so," said 'Tildy. "I done see um pull up co'n, en I done see co'n grow w'at dey don't pull up."

If 'Tildy thought to propitiate Uncle Remus, she was mistaken. He scowled at her, and addressed himself to the little boy:

"De Crow, he mighty close kin ter de Buzzud, en dat puts me in min' dat we aint bin a-keepin' up wid ole Brer Buzzud close ez we might er done."

"W'at de case mout be deze days, I aint a-sayin', but, in dem times, ole Brer Tarrypin love honey mo' samer dan Brer B'ar, but he wuz dat flat-footed dat, w'en he fine a bee-tree, he can't climb it, en he go so slow dat he can't hardly fine um. Bimeby, one day, w'en he gwine 'long down de road des a-honin' atter honey, who should he meet but ole Brer Buzzud."

"Dey shuck han's mighty sociable en ax 'bout de news er de neighborhoods, en den, atter w'ile, Brer Tarrypin say ter ole Brer Buzzud, sezee, dat he wanten go inter cohoots wid 'im 'longer gittin' honey, en 'twan't long 'fo' dey struck a trade. Brer Buzzud wuz ter fly 'roun' en look fer de bee-tree, en Brer Tarrypin he wuz ter creep en crawl, en hunt on de groun'."

"Dey start out, dey did, ole Brer Buzzud sailin' 'roun' in de elements, en ole Brer Tarrypin shufflin' en shamblin' on de groun'. 'Mos' de ve'y fus' fiel' w'at he come ter, Brer Tarrypin strike up wid a great big bumbly-bee nes' in de groun'. He look 'roun', ole Brer Tarrypin did, en bimeby

he stick his head in en tas'e de honey, en den he pull it out en look all 'roun' fer ter see ef he kin ketch a glimpse er Brer Buzzud; but Brer Buzzud don't seem like he nowhar. Den Brer Tarrypin say ter hisse'f, sezee, dat he speck dat bumbly-bee honey aint de kinder honey w'at dey been talkin' 'bout, en dey aint no great shakes er honey dar nohow. Wid dat, Brer Tarrypin crope inter de hole en gobble up de las' drop er de bumbly-bee honey by his own-alone se'f. Atter he done make 'way wid it, he come out, he did, en he whul in en he lick it all off'n his footses, so ole Brer Buzzud can't tell dat he done bin git a mess er honey."

"Den ole Brer Tarrypin stretch out his neck en try ter lick de honey off'n his back, but his neck too short; en he try ter scrape it off up 'g'in' a tree, but it don't come off; en den he waller on de groun', but still it don't come off. Den ole Brer Tarrypin jump up, en say ter hisse'f dat he'll des 'bout rack off home, en w'en Brer Buzzud come he kin lie on his back en say he sick, so ole Brer Buzzud can't see de honey."

"Brer Tarrypin start off, he did, but he happen ter look up, en, lo en beholes, dar wuz Brer Buzzud hov'rin' right spang over de spot whar he is. Brer Tarrypin know Brer Buzzud bleedz ter see 'im ef he start off home, en mo'n dat, he know he be fine out ef he don't stir 'roun' en do sump'n' mighty quick. Wid dat, Brer Tarrypin shuffle back ter de bumbly-bee nes' swif' ez he kin, en buil' 'im a fier in dar, en den he crawl out en holler des loud ez he kin:

"'Brer Buzzud! Oh, Brer Buzzud! Run yer, fer gracious sake, Brer Buzzud, en look how much honey I done fine! I des crope in a little ways, en it des drip all down my back, same like water. Run yer, Brer Buzzud! Half yone en half mine, Brer Buzzud!'

"Brer Buzzud, he flop down, en he laugh en say he mighty glad, kaze he done git hungry up dar whar he bin. Den Brer Tarrypin tell Brer Buzzud fer ter creep in little ways en tas'e en see how he like um, w'iles he take his stan' on de outside en watch fer somebody. But no sooner is Brer Buzzud crope in de bumbly-bee nes' dan Brer Tarrypin take'n' roll a great big rock front er de hole. Terreckly, de fier 'gun ter bu'n Brer Buzzud, en he sing out like a man in trouble:

"'Sump'n' bitin' me, Brer Tarrypin—sump'n' bitin' me, Brer Tarrypin!'

"Den ole Brer Tarrypin, he holler back:

"'It's de bumbly-bees a-stingin' you, Brer Buzzud; stan' up en flop yo' wings, Brer Buzzud. Stan' up en flop yo' wings, Brer Buzzud, en you'll drive um off,' sezee.

"Brer Buzzud flop en flop his wings, but de mo' w'at he flop, de mo' he fan de fier, en twa'n't long 'fo' he done bodaciously bu'n up, all 'ceppin' de big een er his wing-fedders, en dem ole Brer Tarrypin tuck en make inter some quills, w'ich he go 'roun' a-playin' un um, en de chune w'at he play wuz dish yer:

"'I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;  
Po' Buzzud I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.'"

## XV.

## MR. FOX COVETS THE QUILLS.

"THAT must have been a mighty funny song," said the little boy.

"Fun one time aint fun 'n'er time; some folks fines fun whar yuther folks fines grif. Pig may laugh w'en he see de rock a-heatin', but dey aint no fun dar fer de pig.

"Yit, fun er no fun, dat de song w'at Brer Tarrypin play on de quills:

"'I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;  
Po' Buzzud I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.'

"Nobody dunner whar de quills come fum, kaze Brer Tarrypin, he aint makin' no brags how he git um; yit ev'ybody want um on account er der playin' sech a lonesome\* tune, en ole Brer Fox, he want it wuss'n all. He beg en he beg Brer Tarrypin fer ter sell 'im dem quills, but Brer Tarrypin, he hol' on t'um tight en say eh-eh! Den he ax Brer Tarrypin fer ter loan um t'um des a week, so he kin play fer his chilluns, but Brer Tarrypin, he shake his head en put his foot down, en keep on playin':

"'I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;  
Po' Buzzud I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.'

"But Brer Fox, he aint got no peace er min' on account er dem quills, en one day he meet Brer Tarrypin en he ax 'im how he seem ter segashuate,† en his fambly en all his chilluns; en den Brer Fox ax Brer Tarrypin ef he can't des look at de quills,

kaze he got some goose-fedders at his house, en ef he kin des get a glimpse er Brer Tarrypin quills, he speck he kin make some mighty like um.

"Brer Tarrypin, he study 'bout dis, but he hate ter 'ny small favors like dat, en bimeby he hol' out dem quills whar Brer Fox kin see um. Wid dat, Brer Fox, he tuck'n' juk de quills outen Brer Tarrypin han', he did, en dash off des ez hard ez he kin go. Brer Tarrypin, he holler en holler at 'im des loud ez he kin holler, but he know he can't ketch 'im, en he des sot dar, Brer Tarrypin did, en look like he done los' all de kin-folks w'at he got in de roun' worrul'.

"Atter dis, Brer Fox he strut 'roun' en play mighty biggity, en eve'y time he meet Brer Tarrypin in de road, he walk all 'roun' 'im en play on de quills like dis:

"'I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;  
I foolee ole Tarrypin, too.'

"Brer Tarrypin, he feel mighty bad, but he aint sayin' nothin'. Las', one day w'iles ole Brer Tarrypin wuz settin' on a log sunnin' hisse'f, yer come Brer Fox playin' dat same ole chune on de quills, but Brer Tarrypin, he stay still. Brer Fox, he come up little nigher en play, but Brer Tarrypin, he keep his eyes shot en he stay still. Brer Fox, he come nigher en git on de log; Brer Tarrypin aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Fox still git up nigher en play on de quills; still Brer Tarrypin aint sayin' nothin'.

"'Brer Tarrypin mighty sleepy dis mawnin', sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Still Brer Tarrypin keep his eyes shot en stay still. Brer Fox keep on gittin' nigher en nigher, twel bimeby Brer Tarrypin open his eyes en his mouf bofe, en he make a grab at Brer Fox en miss 'im.

"But hol' on!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in response to an expression of intense disappointment in the child's face. "You des wait a minnit. Nex' mawnin', Brer Tarrypin take hisse'f off en waller in a mud-hole, en smear hisse'f wid mud twel he look des 'zackly like a clod er dirt. Den he crawl off en lay down un'need a log whar he know Brer Fox come eve'y mawnin' fer ter freshen\* hisse'f.

"Brer Tarrypin lay dar, he did, en terreckly yer come Brer Fox. Time he git dar, Brer Fox 'gun ter lip backerds en forrerds 'cross de log, en Brer Tarrypin he crope nigher en nigher, twel bimeby he

\* This word "lonesome," as used by the negroes, is the equivalent of "thrilling," "romantic," etc., and in that sense is very expressive.

† An inquiry after his health. Another form is: "How does yo' corporosity seem ter segashuate?"

\* Exercise himself.

make a grab at Brer Fox en kotch 'im by de foot. Dey tells me," continued Uncle Remus, rubbing his hands together in token of great satisfaction,—“dey tells me dat w'en Brer Tarrypin ketch holt, hit got ter thunner 'fo' he let go. All I know, Brer Tarrypin git Brer Fox by de foot, en he hilt 'im dar, Brer Fox, he jump en he r'ar, but Brer Tarrypin done got 'im. Brer Fox, he holler out:

“Brer Tarrypin, please lemme go!”

“Brer Tarrypin talk way down in his th'roat:

“Gim' my quills!”

“Lemme go en fetch um.”

“Gim' my quills!”

“Do pray lemme go git um.”

“Gim' my quills!”

“En, bless gracious! dis all Brer Fox kin git outer Brer Tarrypin. Las', Brer Fox foot hu't 'im so bad dat he bleedz ter do sump'n', en he sing out fer his ole 'oman fer ter fetch de quills, but his ole 'oman, she busy 'bout de house, en she don't year 'im. Den he call his son w'ich he name Tobe. He holler en bawl, en Tobe make answer.

“Tobe! oh, Tobe! You, Tobe!”

“W'at you want, daddy?”

“Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills.”

“W'at you say, daddy? Fetch de big tray ter git de honey in?”

“No, you crazy-head! Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills!”

“W'at you say, daddy? Fetch de dip-net ter ketch de minners in?”

“No, you fool! Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills!”

“W'at you say, daddy? Water done bin spill?”

“Hit went on dis away twel atter w'ile ole Miss Fox year de racket, en den she lissen, en she know dat 'er ole man holler'n' fer de quills, en she fotch um out en gun um ter Brer Tarrypin, en Brer Tarrypin, he let go his holt. He let go his holt,” Uncle Remus went on, “but long time atter dat, w'en Brer Fox go ter pay his calls, he hatter go *hoppity-fetchity, hoppity-fetchity*.”\*

The old man folded his hands in his lap, and sat quietly gazing into the lightwood fire. Presently he said:

“I speck Miss Sally blessin' us all right now, en fus' news you know she'll h'ist up en have Mars' John a-trapesin' down yer; en ef she do dat, den ter-morrer mawnin' my brekkus'll be col', en likewise my dinner, en ef dey's sump'n' w'at I 'spizes hit's col' vittels.”

Thereupon Uncle Remus arose, shook himself, peered out into the night to discover that the rain had nearly ceased, and then made ready to carry the little boy to his mother. Long before the chickens had crowed for midnight, the child, as well as the old man, had been transported to the land where myths and fables cease to be wonderful—the land of pleasant dreams.

\* This fable and the preceding one are from outlines furnished by a friend in North Carolina. They undoubtedly exist in Georgia, but I have been able to verify them only in a fragmentary way. No verification, however, is necessary to establish their genuineness.

## THE VILLAGE CONVICT.

“WONDER 'f Eph's got back; they say his sentence run out yisterday.”

The speaker, John Doane, was a sun-burnt fisherman, one of a circle of well-salted individuals who sat, some on chairs, some on boxes and barrels, around the stove in a country store.

“Yes,” said Captain Seth, a middle-aged little man with ear-rings; “he come on the stage to-noon. Wouldn't hardly speak a word, Jim says. Looked kind o' sot and sober.”

“Wall,” said the first speaker, “I only hope he wont go to burnin' us out of house and home, same as he burnt up Eliphalet's barn. I was ruther in hopes he'd 'a' made

off West. Seems to me I should, in his place, hevin' ben in State's-prison.”

“Now, I allers hed quite a parcel o' sympathy for Eph,” said a short, thickset coasting captain, who sat tilted back in a three-legged chair, smoking lazily. “You see, he wa'n't but about twenty-one or two then, and he was allus a mighty high-strung boy; and then Eliphalet did act putty ha'sh, forclosin' on Eph's mother, and turnin' her out o' the farm, in winter, when everybody knew she could ha' pulled through by waitin'. Eph sot great store by the old lady, and I expect he was pretty mad with Eliphalet that night.”

“I allers,” said Doane, “approved o' his

plan o' leadin' out all the critters, 'fore he touched off the barn. 'Taint everybody 't would hev taken pains to do that. But all the same, I tell Sarai 't I feel kind o' skit-fish, nights, to hev to turn in, feelin' 't there's a convict in the place."

"I haint got no barn to burn," said Captain Seth; "but if he allots my hen-house to the flames, I hope he'll lead out the hens, and hitch 'em to the apple-trees, same 's he did Eliphalet's critters. Think he ought to deal ekally by all."

A mild general chuckle greeted this sally, cheered by which the speaker added:

"Thought some o' takin' out a policy o' insurance on my cockerel."

"Trade's lookin' up, William," said Captain Seth to the store-keeper, as some one was heard to kick the snow off his boots on the door-step. "Somebody's found he's got to hev a shoe-string 'fore mornin'."

The door opened, and closed behind a strongly made fellow of twenty-six or seven, of homely features, with black hair, in clothes which he had outgrown. It was a bitter night, but he had no coat over his flannel jacket. He walked straight down the store, between the dry-goods counters, to the snug corner at the rear, where the knot of talkers sat; nodded, without a smile, to each of them, and then asked the storekeeper for some simple articles of food, which he wished to buy. It was Eph.

While the purchases were being put up, an awkward silence prevailed, which the oil-suits hanging on the walls, broadly displaying their arms and legs, seemed to mock, in dumb show.

Nothing was changed, to Eph's eyes, as he looked about. Even the handbill of familiar pattern:

"STANDING WOOD FOR SALE.

APPLY TO J. CARTER, ADMIN'R,"

seemed to have always been there.

The village parliament remained spell-bound. Mr. Adams tied up the purchases and mildly inquired:

"Shall I charge this?"

Not that he was anxious to open an account, but that he would probably have gone to the length of selling Eph a barrel of molasses "on tick" rather than run any risk of offending so formidable a character.

"No," said Eph; "I will pay for the things."

And having put the packages into a canvas bag, and selected some fish-hooks and lines from the show-case, where they lay environed by jack-knives, jewsharps, and gum-drops,—dear to the eyes of his childhood,—he paid what was due, said "Good-night, William," to the store-keeper, and walked steadily out into the night.

"Wall," said the skipper, "I am surprised! I strove to think o' suthin' to say, all the time he was here, but I swow I couldn't think o' nothin'. I couldn't ask him if it seemed good to git home, nor how the thermometer had varied in different parts o' the town where he'd ben. Everything seemed to fetch right up standin' to the State's-prison."

"I was just goin' to say, 'How'd ye leave everybody?'" said Doane; "but that kind o' seemed to bring up them he'd left. I felt real bad, though, to hev the feller go off 'thout none on us speakin' to him. He's got a hard furrer to plow; and yet I don't s'pose there's much harm in him, 'f Eliphalet only keeps quiet."

"Eliphalet!" said a young sailor, contemptuously. "No fear o' him! They say he's so sca't of Eph he haint hardly swallowed nothin' for a week."

"But where will he live?" asked a short, curly-haired young man, whom Eph had seemed not to recognize. It was the new doctor, who, after having made his way through college and "the great medical school in Boston," had, two years before, settled in this village.

"I believe," said Mr. Adams, rubbing his hands, "that he wrote to Joshua Carr last winter, when his mother died, not to let the little place she left, on the Salt Hay Road, and I understand that he is going to make his home there. It is an old house, you know, and not worth much, but it is weather-tight, I should say."

"Speakin' of his writin' to Joshua," said Doane, "I have heard such a sound as that he used to shine up to Joshua's Susan, years back. But that's all ended now. You wont catch Susan marryin' no jail-birds."

"But how will he live?" said the doctor. "Will anybody give him work?"

"Let him alone for livin'," said Doane. "He can ketch more fish than any other two men in the place—allers seemed to kind o' hev a knack o' whistlin' 'em right into the boat. And then Nelson Briggs, that settled up his mother's estate, allows he's got over a hundred and ten dollars for him,



after payin' debts and all probate expenses, and that and the place is all he needs to start on."

"I will go to see him," said the doctor to himself, as he went out upon the requisition of a grave man in a red tippet, who had just come for him. "He doesn't look so very dangerous, and I think he can be tamed. I remember that his mother told me about him."

Late that night, returning from his seven miles drive, as he left the causeway, built across a wide stretch of salt-marsh, crossed the rattling plank bridge and ascended the hill, he saw a light in the cottage window, where he had often been to attend Aunt Lois. "I will stop now," said he. And, tying his horse to the front fence, he went toward the kitchen door. As he passed the window, he glanced in. A lamp was burning on the table. On a settle, lying upon his face, was stretched the convict, his arms beneath his head. The canvas bag lay on the floor beside him. "I will not disturb him now," said the doctor.

A few days later, Dr. Burt was driving in his sleigh with his wife along the Salt Hay Road. It was a clear, crisp winter forenoon. As they neared Eph's house, he said:

"Mary, suppose I lay siege to the fort this morning. I see a curl of smoke rising from the little shop in the barn. He must be making himself a jimmy or a dark-lantern to break into our vegetable cellar with."

"Well," said she, "I think it would be a good plan; only, you know, you must be very, very careful not to hint, even in the faintest way, at his imprisonment. You mustn't so much as *suspect* that he has ever been away from the place. People hardly dare to speak to him, for fear he will see some reference to his having been in prison, and get angry."

"You shall see my sly tact," said her husband, laughing. "I will be as innocent as a lamb. I will ask him why I have not seen him at the Sabbath-school this winter."

"You may make fun," said she, "but you will end by taking my advice, all the same. Now do be careful what you say."

"I will," he replied. "I will compose my remarks carefully upon the back of an envelope and read them to him, so as to be absolutely sure. I will leave on his mind an impression that I have been in

prison, and that he was the judge that tried me."

He drove in at the open gate, hitched his horse in a warm corner by the kitchen door, and then stopped for a moment to enjoy the view. The situation of the little house, half a mile from any other, was beautiful in summer, but it was bleak enough in winter. In the small front doorway stood three lofty, wind-blown poplars, all heading away from the sea, and between them you could look down the bay or across the salt-marshes, while in the opposite direction were to be seen the roofs and the glittering spires of the village.

"It is social for him here, to say the least," said the doctor, as he turned and walked alone to the shop. He opened the door and went in. It was a long, low lean-to, such as farmers often furnish for domestic work, with a carpenter's bench, a grindstone, and a few simple tools. It was lighted by three square windows above the bench. An air-tight stove, projecting its funnel through a hole in one of the panes, gave out a cheerful crackling.

Eph, in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets, was standing, his back against the bench, surveying, with something of a mechanic's eye, the frame of a boat which was set up on the floor.

He looked up and colored slightly. The doctor took out a cigarette, lit it, sat down on the bench, and smoked, clasping one knee in his hands and eying the boat.

"Center-board?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," said Eph.

"Cat-rig?"

"Yes."

"Going fishing?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"I was brought up to sail a boat," said the doctor, "and I often go fishing in summer, when I get a chance. I shall want to try your boat sometime."

No reply.

"The timbers are not seasoned, are they? They look like pitch-pine, just out of the woods. Wont they warp?"

"No. Pitch-pine goes right in, green. I s'pose the pitch keeps it, if it's out of the sun."

"Where did you cut it?"

Eph colored a little.

"In my back lot."

The doctor smoked on calmly, and studied the boat.

"I don't know you," said Eph, relaxing a little.

"Good reason," said the doctor. "I've only been here two years;" and after a moment's pause, he added: "I am the doctor here, now. You've heard of my father, Dr. Burt, of Broad River?"

Eph nodded assent; everybody knew him, all through the country;—a fatherly old man, who rode on long journeys at everybody's call, and never sent in his bills.

The visitor had a standing with Eph at once.

"Doctors never pick at folks," he said to himself,—*"at any rate, not old Dr. Burt's son."*

"I used to come here to see your mother," said the doctor, "when she was sick. She used to talk a great deal about you, and said she wanted me to get acquainted with you, when your time was out."

Eph started, but said nothing.

"She was a good woman, Aunt Lois," added the doctor; "one of the best women I ever saw."

"I don't want anybody to bother himself on my account," said Eph. "I ask no favors."

"You will have to take favors, though," said the doctor, "before the winter is over. You will be careless and get sick; you have been living for a long time entirely in-doors, with regular hours and work and food. Now you are going to live out-of-doors, and get your own meals, irregularly. You didn't have on a thick coat the other night, when I saw you at the store."

"I haven't got any that's large enough for me," said Eph, a little less harshly, "and I've got to keep my money for other things."

"Then look out and wear flannel shirts enough," said the doctor, "if you want to be independent. But before I go, I want to go into the house. I want my wife to see Aunt Lois's room, and the view from the west windows;" and he led the way to the sleigh.

Eph hesitated a moment, and then followed him.

"Mary, this is Ephraim Morse. We are going in to see the Dutch tiles I have told you of."

She smiled as she held out her mittened hand to Eph, who took it awkwardly.

The square front room, which had been originally intended for a keeping-room, but had been Aunt Lois's bedroom, looked out

from two windows upon the road, and from two upon the rolling, tumbling bay, and the shining sea beyond. A tall clock, with a rocking ship above the face, ticked in the corner. The painted floor with bright ragmats, the little table with a lacquer work-box, the stiff chairs, and the old-fashioned bedstead, the china ornaments upon the mantel-piece, the picture of "*The Emeline G. in the Harbor of Canton*," were just as they had been when the patient invalid had lain there, looking from her pillow out to sea. In twelve rude tiles set around the open fire-place, the Hebrews were seen in twelve stages of their escape from Egypt. It would appear from this representation that they had not restricted their borrowings to the jewels of their oppressors, but had taken for the journey certain Dutch clothing of the fashion of the seventeenth century. The scenery, too, was much like that about Leyden.

"I think," said the doctor's wife, "that the painter was just a little absent-minded when he put in that beer-barrel. And a wharf, by the Red Sea!"

\* \* \* \*

"I wish you would conclude to rig your boat with a new sail," said the doctor, as he took up the reins, at parting. "There isn't a boat here that's kept clean, and I should like to hire yours once or twice a week in summer, if you keep her as neat as you do your house. Come in and see me some evening, and we'll talk it over."

Eph built his boat, and, in spite of his evident dislike of visitors, the inside finish and the arrangements of the little cabin were so ingenious and so novel that everybody had to pay him a visit.

True to his plan of being independent, he built in the side of the hill, near his barn, by a little gravelly pond, an ice-house, and, with the hardest labor, filled it, all by himself. With this supply, he would not have to go to the general wharf at Sandy Point to sell his fish, with the other men, but could pack and ship them himself. And he could do better, in this way, he thought, even after paying for teaming them to the cars.

The knowing ones laughed to see that, from asking no advice, he had miscalculated and laid in three times as much as he could use.

"Guess Eph cal'lates ter fish with two lines in each hand and 'nother in his teeth,"

said Mr. Wing. "He's plannin' out for a great lay o' fish."

The spring came slowly on, and the first boat that went out that season was Eph's. That day was one of unmixed delight to him. What a sense of absolute freedom, when he was fairly out beyond the light-ship, with the fresh swiftness of the wind in his face! What an exquisite consciousness of power and control, as his boat went beating through the long waves! Two or three men from another village sailed across his wake. His boat lay over, almost showing her keel, now high out of water, now settling between the waves, while Eph stood easily in the stern in his shirt-sleeves, steering with his knee, smoking a pipe, heaving and hauling his line astern for blue-fish.

"Takes it nat'ral ag'in, don't he? Stands as easy as ef he was loafin' on a wharf," said one of the observers. "Expect it's quite a treat to be out. But they do say he's gittin' everybody's good opinion. They looked for a regular ruffian when he come home,—cuttin' nets, killin' cats, chasin' hens, gittin' drunk. They say Eliphalet Wood didn't hardly dare to go ou'doors for a month, 'thout havin' his hired man along. But he's turned out as peaceful as a little gal."

One June day, as Eph was slitting blue-fish at the little pier which he had built on the bay-shore, near his rude ice-house, two men came up.

"Hallo, Eph!"

"Hallo."

"We've got about sick, tradin' down to the wharf; we can't git no fair show. About one time in three, they tell us they don't want our fish, and wont take 'em unless we'll heave 'em in for next to nothin', and we know there aint no sense in it. So we just thought we'd slip down and see ef you wouldn't take 'em, seein' you've got ice, and send 'em up with yourn."

Eph was taken all aback at this mark of confidence. He would decline the offer, sure that it sprang from some mere passing vexation.

"I can't buy fish," said he. "I have no scales to weigh 'em."

"Then send urn in separate barrels," said one of them.

"But I haven't any money to pay you," he said. "I only get my pay once a month."

"We'll git tick at William's, and you can settle 'th us when you git your pay."

"Well," said he, unable to refuse, "I'll take 'em, if you say so."

Before the season was over, he had still another customer, and could have had three or four more, if he had had ice enough. He was strongly inclined that fall to build a larger ice-house, and although he was a little afraid of bringing ridicule upon himself in case no fish should be brought to him the next summer, he decided to do so, on the assurance of three or four men that they would deal with him. Nobody else had such a chance, he thought,—a pond right by the shore.

One evening there was a knock at the door of Eliphalet Wood, the owner of the burned barn. Eliphalet went to the door, but turned pale at seeing Eph there.

"Oh, come in, come in!" he panted. "Glad to see you. Walk in. Have a chair. Take a seat. Sit down."

But he thought his hour had come: he was alone in the house, and there was no neighbor within call.

Eph took out a roll of bills, counted out eighty dollars, laid the money on the table, and said, quietly:

"Give me a receipt on account."

When it was written he walked out, leaving Eliphalet stupefied.

Joshua Carr was at work, one June afternoon, by the road-side, in front of his low cottage, by an enormous pile of poles, which he was shaving down for barrel-hoops, when Eph appeared.

"Hard at it, Joshua!" he said.

"Yes, yes!" said Joshua, looking up through his steel-bowed spectacles. "Hev to work hard to make a livin';—though I don't know's I ought to call it hard, neither; and yet it is rather hard, too; but then, on t'other hand, 'taint so hard as a good many other things,—though there is a good many jobs that's easier. That's so! That's so!"

"Must we be kerried to the skies  
On feathery beds of ease?"

Though I don't know's I oughter quote a hymn on such a matter; but then,—I don't know's there's any partic'lar harm in't, neither."

Eph sat down on a pile of shavings and chewed a sliver; and the old man kept on at his work.

"Hoop-poles goin' up and hoops goin' down," he continued. "Cur'us, aint it? But then, I don't know as 'tis; woods all bein' cut off,—poles gittin' scurcer; hoops bein' shoved in from Down East. That

don't seem just right, now, does it,—but then, other folks must make a livin', too. Still, I should think they might take up suthin' else; and yet, they might say that about me. Understand, I don't mean to say that they actually do say so; I don't want to run down any man unless I know —”

“I can't stand this,” said Eph to himself; “I don't wonder that they always used to put Joshua off at the first port, when he tried to go coasting. They said he talked them crazy with nothing.

“I'll go into the house and see Aunt Lyddy,” he said, aloud. “I'm loafing this afternoon.”

“All right! all right!” said Joshua. “Lyddy'll be glad to see ye, that is, as glad as she would be to see anybody,” he added, reaching out for a pole. “Now, I don't s'pose that sounds very well; but still, you know how she is,—she allus likes to hev folks to talk, and then she's allus sayin' talkin' wears on her; but I ought not to say that to you, because she allus likes to see you, that is, as much as she likes to see anybody, in fact, I think, on the whole —”

“Well, I'll take my chances,” said Eph, laughing, and he opened the gate and went in.

Joshua's wife, whom everybody called Aunt Lyddy, was oscillating in a rocking-chair in the kitchen, and knitting. It was currently reported that Joshua's habit of endlessly retracting and qualifying every idea and modification of an idea which he advanced, so as to commit himself to nothing, was the effect of Aunt Lyddy's careful revision.

“I s'pose she thought 'twas fun to be talked deaf when they was courtin',” Captain Seth had once sagely remarked. “Prob'ly it sounded then like a putty piece on a seraphine; but I allers cal'lated she'd git her fill of it, sooner or later. You most gin'lly git your fill o' one tune.”

“How are you this afternoon, Aunt Lyddy?” asked Eph, walking in without knocking, and sitting down near her.

“So as to be able to keep about,” she replied. “It is a great mercy I aint afflicted with falling out of my chair, like Hepsy Jones, aint it?”

“I've brought you some oysters,” he said. “I set the basket down on the door-step. I just took them out of the water myself from the bed I planted to the west of the water-fence.”

“I always heard you was a great fisher-

man,” said Aunt Lyddy, “but I had no idea you would ever come here and boast of being able to catch oysters. Poor things! How could they have got away? But why don't you bring them in? They wont be afraid of me, will they?”

He stepped to the door and brought in a peck basket full of large, black, twisted shells, and, with a heavy clasp-knife, proceeded to open one, and took out a great oyster, which he held up on the point of the blade.

“Try it,” he said; and then Aunt Lyddy, after she had swallowed it, laughed to think what a tableau they had made—a man who had been in the State-prison standing over her with a great knife! And then she laughed again.

“What are you laughing at?” he said.

“It popped into my head, supposing Susan should have looked in at the south window and Joshua into the door, when you was feeding out that oyster to me, what they would have thought!”

Eph laughed, too, and, surely enough, just then a stout, light-haired, rather plain-looking young woman came up to the south window and leaned in. She had on a sun-bonnet, which had not prevented her from securing a few choice freckles. She had been working with a trowel in her flower-garden.

“What's the matter?” she said, nodding easily to Eph. “What do you two always find to laugh about?”

“Ephraim was feeding me with spoon-meat,” said Aunt Lyddy, pointing to the basket, which looked like a basket of anthracite coal.

“It looks like spoon-meat,” said Susan, and then she laughed, too. “I'll roast some of them for supper,” she added, “a new way that I know.”

Eph was not invited to stay to supper, but he staid, none the less: that was always understood.

“Well! Well! Well!” said Joshua, coming to the door-step, and washing his hands and arms just outside, in a tin basin. “I thought I see you set down a parcel of oysters,—but there was sea-weed over 'em, and I don't know's I could hev said they was oysters; but then, if the square question hed been put to me, ‘Mr. Carr, be them oysters or not?’ I s'pose I should hev said they was; still, if they'd asked me how I knew —”

“Come, come, father!” said Aunt Lyddy, “do give poor Ephraim a little

peace. Why don't you just say you thought they were oysters, and done with it?"

"Say I *thought* they was?" he replied, innocently. "I knew well enough they was—that is—knew? No, I didn't know, but —"

Aunt Lyddy, with an air of mock resignation, gave up, while Joshua endeavored to fix, to a hair, the exact extent of his knowledge.

Eph smiled; but he remembered what would have made him pardon, a thousand times over, the old man's garrulousness. He remembered who alone had never failed, once a year, to visit a certain prisoner, at the cost of a long and tiresome journey, and who had written to that homesick prisoner kind and cheering letters, and had sent him baskets of simple dainties for holidays.

Susan bustled about, and made a fire of crackling sticks, and began to roast the oysters in a way that made a most savory smell. She set the table, and then sat down at the melodeon, while she was waiting, and sang a hymn,—for she was of a musical turn, and was one of the choir. Then she jumped up, and took out the steaming oysters, and they all sat down.

"Well, well, well!" said her father; "these be good! I didn't s'pose you had any very good oysters in your bed, Ephraim. But there, now,—I don't s'pose I ought to have said that; that wasn't very polite; but what I meant was—I didn't s'pose you had any that was *real* good—though I don't know but that I've said about the same thing, now. Well, anyway, these be splendid; they're full as good as those cohogs we had t'other night."

"Quahaugs!" said Susan. "The idea of comparing these oysters with quahaugs!"

"Well, well! that's so!" said her father. "I didn't say right, did I, when I said that? Of course, they aint no comparison,—that is,—*no* comparison—why, of course, they *is* a comparison between everything, but then, cohogs don't, really, compare with oysters! That's true!"

And then he paused to eat a few.

He was silent so long at this occupation that they all laughed.

"Well, well!" said he, laying down his fork, and smiling innocently; "what be you all laughin' at? Not but what I allers like to hev folks laugh,—but then,—I didn't see nothin' to laugh at. Still, perhaps, they was suthin' to laugh at that I didn't see; sometimes one man'll be lookin' down into his plate, all taken up with his vittles, and

others, that's lookin' round the room, may see the kittens frolickin', or some such thing. 'Taint the first time I've known all hands to laugh all to onct, when I didn't see nothin'."

Susan helped him again, and secured another brief respite.

"Ephraim," said he, after a while, "you aint skilled to cook oysters like this, I don't believe. You ought to git married! I was sayin' to Susan t'other day—well, now, mother, have I said an'thing out o' the way?—well, I don't s'pose 'twas just my place to hev said an'thing about gittin' married, to Ephraim, seein's —"

"Come, come, father," said Aunt Lyddy, "that'll do, now. You must let Ephraim alone, and not joke him about such things."

Meanwhile, Susan had hastily gone into the pantry to look for a pie, which she seemed unable at once to find.

"Pie got adrift?" called out Joshua. "Seems to me you don't hook on to it very quick.—Now that looks good," he added, when she came out. "That looks like cookin'! All I meant was, 't Ephraim ought not to be doin' his own cookin',—that is,—if you can call it cookin',—but then, of course, 'tis cookin',—there's all kinds o' cookin'. I went cook, myself, when I was a boy."

After supper, Aunt Lyddy sat down to knit, and Joshua drew his chair up to an open window, to smoke his pipe. In this vice Aunt Lyddy encouraged him. The odor of Virginia tobacco was a sweet savor in her nostrils. No breezes from Araby ever awoke more grateful feelings than did the fragrance of Uncle Joshua's pipe. To Aunt Lyddy it meant quiet and peace.

Susan and Eph sat down on the broad flag door-stone, and talked quietly of the simple news of the neighborhood, and of the days when they used to go to school, and come home, always together.

"I didn't much think, then," said Eph, "that I should ever bring up where I have, and get ashore before I was fairly out to sea!"

"Jehiel's schooner got ashore on the bar, years ago," said Susan, "and yet they towed her off, and I saw her this morning, from my chamber window, before sunrise, all sail set, going by to the eastward."

"I know what you mean," said Eph. "But here—I got mad once, and I almost had a right to, and I can't get started again; I never shall. I can get a livin', of course; but I shall always be pointed



out as a jail-bird, and could no more get any footin' in the world than Portuguese Jim."

Portuguese Jim was the sole professional criminal of the town, a weak, good-natured, knock-kneed vagabond, who stole hens, and spent every winter in the House of Correction as an "idle and disorderly person."

Susan laughed outright at the picture. Eph smiled, too, but a little bitterly.

"I suppose it was more ugliness than anything else," he said, "that made me come back here to live, where everybody knows I've been in jail and is down on me."

"They are not down on you," said Susan. "Nobody is down on you. It's all your own imagination. And if you had gone anywhere that you was a stranger, you know that the first thing that you would have done would have been to call a meetin' and tell all the people that you had burned down a man's barn, and been in the State's-prison, and that you wanted them all to know it at the start; and you wouldn't have told them why you did it, and how young you was then, and how Eliphalet treated your mother, and how you was going to pay him for all he lost. Here, everybody knows that side of it. In fact," she added, with a little twinkle in her eye, "I have sometimes had an idea that the main thing they don't like is to see you savin' every cent to pay to Eliphalet."

"And yet it was on your say that I took up that plan," said Eph. "I never thought of it till you asked me when I was goin' to begin to pay him up."

"And you ought to," said Susan. "He has a right to the money—and then you don't want to be under obligations to that man all your life. Now, what you want to do is to cheer up and go around among folks. Why, now, you're the only fish-buyer there is that the men don't watch when he's weighin' their fish. You'll own up to that, for one thing, wont you?"

"Well, they are good fellows that bring fish to me," he said.

"They weren't good fellows when they traded at the great wharf," said Susan. "They had a quarrel down there once a week, reg'larly."

"Well, suppose they do trust me in that," said Eph. "I can never rub out that I've been in State's-prison."

"You don't want to rub it out. You can't rub anything out that's ever been; but you can do better than rub it out."

"What do you mean?"

"Take things just the way they are," said Susan, "and show what can be done. Perhaps you'll stake a new channel out, for others to follow in that haven't half so much chance as you have. And that's what you will do, too," she added.

"Susan!" he said, "if there's anything I can ever do, in this world or the next, for you or your folks, that's all I ask for, the chance to do it. Your folks and you shall never want for anything while I'm alive."

"There's one thing sure," he added, rising. "I'll live by myself and be independent of everybody, and make my way all alone in the world; and if I can make 'em all finally own up and admit that I'm honest with 'em, I'm satisfied. That's all I'll ever ask of anybody. But there's one thing that worries me sometimes,—that is, whether I ought to come here so often. I'm afraid, sometimes, that it'll hinder your father from gettin' work, or—something—for you folks to be friends with me."

"I think such things take care of themselves," said Susan, quietly. "If a chip wont float, let it sink."

"Good-night," said Eph, and he walked off, and went home to his echoing house.

After that, his visits to Joshua's became less frequent.

It was a bright day in March—one of those which almost redeem the reputation of that desperado of a month. Eph was leaning on his fence, looking now down the bay and now to where the sun was sinking in the marshes. He knew that all the other men had gone to the town-meeting, where he had had no heart to intrude himself—that free democratic parliament where he had often gone with his father in childhood; where the boys, rejoicing in a general assembly of their own, had played ball outside, while the men debated gravely within. He recalled the time when he himself had so proudly given his first vote for President, and how his father had introduced him then to friends from distant parts of the town. He remembered how he had heard his father speak there, and how respectfully everybody had listened to him. That was in the long ago, when they had lived at the great farm. And then came the thought of the mortgage, and of Eliphalet's foreclosure, and —

"Hallo, Eph!"

It was one of the men from whom he took fish,—a plain-spoken, sincere little man.

"Why wa'n't you down to town-meet'n'?"

"I was busy," said Eph.

"How'd ye like the news?"

"What news?"

"There was never any good news for him now."

"Hain't heard who's elected town-clerk?"

"No."

Had they elected Eliphalet, and so expressed their settled distrust of him, and sympathy for the man whom he had injured?

"Who's elected?" he asked, harshly.

"You be!" said the man; "went in fly-in', all hands clappin' and stompin' their feet!"

An hour later, the doctor drove up, stopped, and walked toward the kitchen door. As he passed the window, he looked in.

Eph was lying on his face, upon the settle, as he had first seen him there, his arms beneath his head.

"I will not disturb him now," said the doctor.

One breezy afternoon, in the following summer, Captain Seth laid aside his easy every-day clothes, and transformed himself into a stiff broadcloth image, with a small silk hat and creaking boots. So attired, he set out in a high open buggy, with his wife, also in black, but with gold spectacles, to the funeral of an aunt. As they pursued their jog-trot journey along the Salt Hay Road, and came to Ephraim Morse's cottage, they saw Susan sitting in a shady little porch, at the front door, shelling peas, and looking down the bay.

"How is everything, Susan?" called out Captain Seth; "'bout time for Eph to be gitt'n' in?"

"Yes," she answered, nodding and smiling, and pointing with a pea-pod; "that's our boat, just coming up to the wharf, with her peak down."

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Bible Revision among the People.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous numbers sold in England of the new revision of the New Testament, it has been stated repeatedly that it makes little headway among the people. We doubt the truth of the statement, because it does not agree with the fact of its wide distribution, and because it is next to impossible to get at the facts. It is undoubtedly true that in England, as well as in this country, certain forms of opposition will be engaged against its reception, but if the new revision is really better than the King James version, its ultimate reception is certain. To suppose otherwise is to accuse the Christian Church of incurable bigotry and wrong-headedness. To us the superiority of the new revision seems patent. The people, as well as ourselves, have every reason to believe in the men who have done this great work—in their candor, and scholarship, and fidelity. They have had better means for arriving at the exact meaning of the text than their predecessors, and we are sure that in the new revision we have the New Testament more perfectly represented in the English language than it has ever been before.

There are several classes which will naturally oppose the reception of the revision, both in this country and England, however, and it is well to take account of them. The conservative naturally dislikes change and innovation. It does not matter from what quarter change may come, or to what it may relate; he will oppose it. There are always a

number of men who, when a village outgrows the forms of village life and government, and seeks to be incorporated as a city, will oppose the change, though urgently needed. They get used to a set of forms of any kind, and cling to them with foolish fondness. They stand by a minister long after the period of his usefulness has expired, simply because they are used to him. They cling to a political party long after the issues which called it into being have been left behind, simply because they dislike change. The new revision will meet with opposition from conservatives, as a matter of course. They prefer their truth in the old form, and the new form will be offensive to them.

Another class will oppose the new revision from motives very much less respectable. They are necessarily ignorant people. To them, the King James version of the Bible is the inspired Word of God, in all its language. They regard a revision as a tampering with the sacred text, and as essential profanation. The forms of language in which sacred truth has been presented to them are quite as sacred as the truth itself. These people cannot be reasoned with, because they do not know enough to use their reason. To this class belonged the bigoted fool who declared, in the presence of many bystanders, that the new revision would make more infidels than all the Bob Ingersolls living, simply by its admissions that there had been some mistakes in the English Bible hitherto preached to the world. The unchristian dishonesty of such an attitude as this is only equaled by its foolishness. We fear

that there is a leaven of this kind of dishonesty pretty widely scattered throughout the church—a feeling, or a fear, at least, that the exact truth, in a new revision, will remove some of the props from under old dogmas that had become precious, or are regarded as fundamental in their accepted schemes of belief. Some of these people make a sort of fetish of the Bible. They carry it in their pockets as a charm. No heathen ever gave the objects of his worship more superstitious reverence than these ignorant Christians do the Bible. Of course they would oppose any change in it.

Then, of course, there is a critical class, not large in numbers, but naturally and rightfully influential. The most of us are obliged to take the work of the revisers on trust, and it is not to be disputed, even by the critics themselves, that the men who have done this work are worthy of the public confidence. They are all well-known scholars, and men not likely to make mistakes. The numbers engaged in the work who, while likely to make some compromises necessary that would be prejudicial to the best unfolding of the meaning of a passage, would guard against all wide departures from the most perfect rendering. Still, their work is the legitimate subject of competent criticism, and this it will undoubtedly receive. The question, however, which the critics are to decide for themselves, and to help the people to decide, is not whether this verse in Matthew and that verse in John has been improved or harmed by the new rendering, but whether the New Testament, as a whole, is better or worse than the King James version, and whether, as a whole, the people will get at the truth in it easier than they will in the old form. We cannot for a moment doubt what their answer must be. It is impossible that, with the great advance of knowledge relating to the original Greek text that has been made since the King James version, and with the substitution of familiar words and phrases for those grown strange or obsolete, not to speak of corrected grammar, the new version should not be better, as a whole, than the old. This should settle the whole question of its universal acceptance. It is the best thing we have. It was made under circumstances which assure us that it is the best we can get.

We should all remember that there is only one thing sacred about the Bible, viz.: the truth there is in it. The language is the vehicle on or through which that truth is conveyed to our minds, and that version is best which most faithfully and forcibly conveys that truth. It would be a real benefit to Christendom to break up the idea that there is anything sacred and not to be touched in the language of the old English Bible—to kill out the reverence for the old forms in which truth has been conveyed. The only fault we have to find with the revision is that it is a revision at all. Wherever in the new revision the revisers have found it necessary to translate anew and present a new version, we find the most interesting and refreshing passages. The truth is that the new revision is a concession to the prejudices of all the classes of objectors to which we have alluded. It has been presented,

as far as possible, in the old form, to conciliate the conservative, the bigot, the fetish-worshiper, and the critic, and in that fact abides what seems to us its only weakness. A fresh translation would have given to Bible study a tremendous impetus. For, fond as we may become of old forms of language, those forms wear out and become powerless by mere reiteration. We have no question that a retranslation would be stronger to-day before the people than the revision is, and would have before it a more splendid future.

#### Bossism.

POLITICAL parties naturally and necessarily have leaders, like all voluntary organizations and combinations of men. In England, leadership in a party is a matter of quite formal acknowledgment. Here it is otherwise, and it is very rare that any one man is regarded as the leader of his party. Here, however, as in England, the true political leader is one who unites with acknowledged ability the representation, in his own ideas and principles, of the ideas and principles of his party. Mr. Gladstone is not only highest in office: he is a political leader. He represents in his principles and opinions the liberals of England. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, of the old Whig party, were political leaders. William H. Seward was a political leader. So were Charles Sumner, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln, Thurlow Weed, Silas Wright, Horace Greeley, and others easily recalled and named. All these men were political leaders because they represented in themselves the opinions, sentiments, principles, and policy of the parties to which they were attached, and were men of power and foresight, whom the people trusted.

William M. Tweed was not a man who could legitimately be called a political leader. He was a man without principle, and, although he wielded great power at one period of his life, it was not through the force of political ideas, or because he was recognized as representing popular political principles. He was simply a "boss," according to the meaning now attached to that word among political men. He got the machinery of office into his hands and used it solely to buy and perpetuate power. It is true that he was corrupt, and used office to win money for himself and his friends, as well as power, but he represented no idea in politics, and was never a leader. Mr. Conkling, though less gross and less corrupt in his methods, has been never a political leader, but always essentially a "boss." He has never deserved any higher or better name than this, and his reputation as a man of great political power is as unreal a thing as ever existed in the realms of myth and moonshine. He has never been a man of ideas. He has shown a good deal of skill in manipulating the machinery of politics, in managing appointments to office, in working up the details of a campaign; but he has never led the people in political ideas, or taught them anything. By force of a strong will and an aggressive self-conceit, he has managed to make a good many

time-serving people afraid of him, and to keep up his power with them, but he is not, and never was, anything better or bigger than a political boss. His ideas of himself and of the people were well illustrated in the resignation of his office as senator. He had never been in the habit of leading: he was a boss—a driver. He undertook, at Chicago, to compel the Republican party to take General Grant for their candidate. The party would not be driven, and he was defeated. It was a question at first whether he would support the nominee, for the people were entirely uncertain whether he cared more for his own personal will than for his party. Then, when the newly elected President nominated a man very offensive to him to an office that formed an important part of his machinery as a political boss, he undertook to coerce the Senate into rejecting the nomination. When he found that he could not do this, and that the President could not be coerced into withdrawing it, he threw up his hand and resigned, leaving the Senate in the power of his political enemies, and compelled his colleague to do the same, thereby ruining himself politically forever, and came home to dragoon his followers into reflecting him. Events have proved what most people apprehended at the first, that no political man ever made a more stupid blunder. He is not only out of office, but out of power as a political boss. A man who cannot manage his own affairs will no more be trusted by his party. The event shows, also, that the days of "bossism" are closing. It is an institution that can hardly survive an intelligent agitation of the subject of Civil Service Reform. The people are becoming tired of being used simply as machinery for the elevation of a pack of selfish and mercenary office-holders.

It is equally astonishing and instructive to see how hard bossism dies, and to witness the hold that in its dying moments it managed to maintain upon its serfs and slaves. When Robertson was nominated for collector of the port of New York, the legislature of the State, of which he was a much-esteemed member, immediately indorsed the nomination as one most fit to be made. Mr. Conkling came back to this legislature to be reflected, on this very issue between himself and the administration. The President made the appointment, the legislature immediately indorsed it; Mr. Conkling opposed it, got angry with the Senate, resigned, and came back to the legislature to be returned, as an indorsement of his fight with the President and the Senate. That he could find thirty men who were ready, at his bidding, to swallow their own words, and humiliate themselves before the State and the nation by voting for his reflection, shows how great his power was. Nay, more than this: that he could coerce the Vice-President of the United States into leaving his high seat, and ignoring the decencies and proprieties of his position, and going to Albany to assist in sending back to Washington a couple of renegades to fight the head of an administration of which himself was an important member—the alternate of the President himself—demonstrates the mischievous hold which bossism had given Mr. Conkling upon

all whom he held to be his debtors. We suppose it is true that Mr. Arthur was nominated to the Vice-Presidency at Chicago in order to conciliate Mr. Conkling. It is probably true that, in consequence of this concession, Mr. Conkling assisted in the campaign, and that, directly and indirectly, Mr. Arthur owes his election to the boss. But how malign must be the power that would compel a man of ordinary sensibilities in the Vice-President's position to turn his back on the President, offend the public sentiment of his own State, trample upon the good-will of the body over which he presides, still stinging with the insult offered it by the retiring senators, and mingle in the canvass instituted to save his boss from political death! Nothing more indecent than this performance stains the annals of party warfare in the United States. Let us hope that any institution which is capable of producing so foul a birth as this is forever dead. With Conkling, his resignation was a case of actual political suicide. With Arthur, it is a case of indecency, for which it will take years of honest service to atone. For one it is defeat; for the other, shame and voluntary humiliation.

#### Purchasable Health.

It is often said, when a rich man dies, that all the money in the world cannot purchase the prolongation of life. It is often said, too, when a rich man's health breaks down, that money will not purchase health. As general propositions, however, both these statements are unsound. When expended at the right time and in the right way, money will purchase health and the prolongation of life. Money will not purchase peaches out of season, but money will purchase peaches when they are in the market. Money will not purchase health out of season, but health is to be had for money, under the proper conditions. When a machine is actually worn-out, it is beyond the reach of repairs. Nothing will do but complete renewal. So, when a man is worn-out, money will not renew him, but there are always times in his life when, by the proper expenditure of money and of time, which is its equivalent, he can buy health and the prolongation of life.

There are thousands of men in New York City, and in every great city, who are perfectly aware that they are bankrupting themselves in health—that they are selling their health for money. The time will surely come, at last, when they will be willing to pay all this money back for the health they have parted with, but it will be too late. The object of this article is to induce these men, if possible, to buy health while it is in the market, and not to sell it under any consideration. Col. Thomas Scott carried his burden so long that the four millions he had won had no power to bring back the health he had parted with; but there were undoubtedly times in his life when, by the proper expenditure of money and of time, he could have bought health enough to last him a brace of decades longer, and to enable him to double the number of his millions for his heirs. A man crowds his powers through a series of years of excessive labor, and, some day, he drops

with paralysis, and from that day forward he becomes a powerless child, to be led kindly and carefully to the grave. The increase of this disease is undoubtedly the result of the increase of unwisely conducted labor. Money can do nothing for it when it befalls a man, but it can do everything to prevent it. "Nervous prostration" has become a too familiar phrase in these latter years. Money cannot restore a shattered nervous system, but, properly expended, at the proper time, it will prevent it, which is a great deal better.

There are two plans of life, by either of which money will buy health and prolong a comfortable existence. The first is, the setting aside of a part of every day for recreation. So far as this can be done, it ought to be done, but there seem to be some peculiarities in our American life that forbid it. Competition in business is cruelly sharp, and most men feel obliged to devote themselves to it, when they are in it at all, from morning until night. The sleeping hours are the only ones which give them release from active care. Now business, followed in this way, from year's end to year's end, is just as certain to ruin health and shorten life as the recurrence of seed-time and harvest is sure. The alternance of daily recreation is a yearly period of rest. There are always slack seasons in business, and these every business man should avail himself of, for rest and recreation. It is in these seasons that there is health in the market, to be bought for money. Two weeks of leisure are not enough for a man who works like a dog all the rest of the year. Two months are never too much, and there is not a slave of Wall street who would not only win health and save life by taking these two months of leisure every year, and enjoying them, but he would, in the end, make money by it. Suppose, however, he loses money by it; he wins that for which he will sometime be willing to give money, when money will not buy it. When a man gives health for money, he makes the poorest investment of his life. When he

gives money for health, he makes, from every worldly point of view, the best.

There is a hallucination, cherished by a great multitude, that they must be constantly in their own business, or it cannot possibly go on prosperously. Some of these men are so unfortunately organized that they cannot believe that anybody living can do their work as well as they can do it. It takes an enormous self-conceit to come to such a conclusion as this, and there is a great misfortune in it. Of course, these men are never able to leave their work for a moment in other hands, and so they become the bond slaves of their own mistake. Now there is nothing in which a great business man shows his greatness so signally as in his ability to find men to do his work—to find competent instruments to execute his purposes. The greatest business man is always a man of comparative leisure. His own work is always deliberately done. It is, as a rule, the small man who never gets a moment, and who never can find a pair of hands as good as his own. If a man cannot leave his business, or thinks he cannot, he shows that he lacks the highest grade of business capacity.

The leisure of Newport and Long Branch and Saratoga, with its social excitements and attractions, is not that certainly which buys health in the cheapest market. Stillness, rest, freedom of action and of dress in the open air, distance from the marts of trade—these pay best; and, when these are properly and regularly enjoyed, the money that they cost buys health and the prolongation of life. Health and a reasonably long life can, as a rule, be bought by time and money, if men will take them in their season. Money avails nothing to a worn-out man, but to a man slowly wearing out it avails everything, when properly used. Time and money will buy health. Let every business man mark our words, and avail himself of the merchandise when it is in the market.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Mr. Theodore Thomas and Music in American Public Schools.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER.

SIR: In the March number of SCRIBNER, Mr. Theodore Thomas makes some very positive and sweeping statements with regard to our system of teaching singing by relative pitch in our public schools, when he says:

"So faulty is that system that it would be better to abolish singing entirely from the schools than to retain it under the present method; it does more harm than good. I consider the system at present followed in this elementary instruction, called the movable *do* system, fundamentally wrong, and experience has confirmed me in this opinion."

Upon this one point Mr. Thomas is in error, and,

from his position and influence, will be likely to do much harm if allowed to go uncorrected.

I can readily understand why he and all other musicians educated by like training should see no reason, certainly no necessity, for ever giving the pitch of C, for instance, more than one name.

I think all good musicians will agree with me in the following statement: that the end to be desired is that the singer should be able, on looking at any musical composition, to hear mentally how it would sound if correctly sung or played upon an instrument. To be able to do this, is to be a musician, so far as singing at sight is concerned.

Now I wish to analyze the process by which, in all probability, Mr. Thomas (who will correct me if I am wrong) has gained this ability. If he played



the violin, for instance, the placing of a finger upon the G string at a certain place gave him the pitch of C, at another place gave him D, and so on all over the finger-board, and every time the bow was applied and those sounds produced, that violin said to Mr. Thomas's ear C, D, and so on with all sounds possible to be produced upon the instrument. The same process of training the ear holds good in the playing of all keyed instruments; the player knows the letter, touches the right key, and the instrument reveals to the ear how it sounds.

Now, when we consider the amount of practice necessary to become a first-class performer upon any instrument, when we realize the thousands, even millions of times that those sounds have been presented to the ear by these instruments, is it at all strange that a person so trained should gain the ability, on looking at the notes, to hear these sounds mentally without the instrument? All this knowledge of pitch is relative, as the pitch of the instrument may vary a semitone from the true standard. The practice with stringed instruments such as are used in orchestral music furnishes the best possible training of the ear, and I think I am safe in saying that no other man in the country has had greater advantages for such training than Mr. Thomas. That he has made the most of his opportunities there can be no doubt. At the same time, though he possess the most accurately trained ear to be found in America, nevertheless, should his orchestra ever be thrown out of tune, no positively accurate pitch being in possession of any of the players, would not even he prefer to use his tuning-fork with which to set the A string of the first violin, rather than to depend upon his memory for the pitch of the sound, providing he wished to use the English instead of the French standard? Until the members of Mr. Thomas's orchestra are able to tune their instruments on the principle of positive pitch; until some one can be produced who can tune a piano on that principle, which is to set the pitch of every note correctly without comparing it with any other note (for this is what positive pitch really means, as applied to singing), let us have no more nonsense about teaching singing by positive pitch.

If the principle of teaching singing by relative pitch is correct, then it follows that anything which tends to break up and destroy the relative association of sounds in the mind is a great hindrance to the learner, and this is just what the fixed *do* does.

Since the introduction of musical instruments has become so general, the number of good readers in singing is diminishing. Vocal music should be taught without an instrument; it should not even be used to "support the voices in pitch." If the singing is not in tune, the vocalization is faulty, and should be corrected. We shall never attain perfection in vocal training and chorus singing until the use of the instrument is dispensed with entirely in practice, except as a test; when the singing is perfect, the instrument as an accompaniment is a great addition.

In England, where the fixed *do* or positive pitch

system prevailed, there has grown up a relative pitch notation called the Tonic *Sol Fa*, which is gaining ground very rapidly. It originated outside of the musical profession as a necessity, and was only intended to be used in elementary singing, and as preliminary to the staff notation. The people could not learn to sing by the positive pitch system. The result has been that nearly all of the oratorios and popular musical works have been published in the relative pitch notation, and this simply because musicians were ignorant of the fundamental principles of teaching singing without instruments.

There is no more need of a relative pitch notation in representing music, than there is of a new alphabet with which to represent the English language. Mr. Curwin told Mr. Mason (now in Japan) that had he known of the American system before he began to work with Miss Glover's Modulator, the Tonic *Sol Fa* notation would never have been known in connection with him. The success of that system is not due to their notation, but to their method of teaching and organization. Mr. Curwin knew not only how to teach but how to organize, hence the influence of the movement.

If there be any lack of results in the teaching of music in the public schools of this country when it is taught by the relative pitch system, it is not due to the system, but to the ignorance of those who have it in charge as to the fundamental principles of teaching singing without instruments. What results can be expected when teachers of music spend the most of the time the first half of the year in teaching notation, theory, transposition of the scales, etc., preparatory to singing the latter half of the year? When little children in the primary schools, before they have learned to read, are given all the different kinds of notes and their corresponding rests, with the staff clef, and letters on the staff to learn for their first music-lesson? So long as musicians think they are teaching music when they are teaching notation, so long as they think they are teaching time when they are teaching the relative length of notes, so long as the proficiency in singing is to be judged by a written examination and the children are supposed to understand what measure in music means when they say "a measure is the space between two bars," so long will the teaching of music in our public schools be unsatisfactory, let whatever system be used.

Mr. Thomas says the movable *do* system "shuts the door to a knowledge of absolute pitch." I will show him pupils taught by this system who, after hearing the pitch of E, for instance, will tell him readily any pitch within two octaves found in that scale, and will represent the same upon the staff, and he may test it on the piano or violin, or with his voice.

The objective method of teaching singing is the only true, natural method. Sounds can be properly taught only as relative mental objects. This method cannot be illustrated in a printed article; it must be learned by observation. I have no hope of convincing Mr. Thomas by any written argument, but if he will spend a day with me in my schools, I will endeavor to convince him that he is, to use his phrase,

"fundamentally wrong" in the position he has taken. He owes it to himself and to the cause of music in this country to inform himself, and if convinced of his error, I know he will put himself right. This is a matter of too great importance at the present time to be lightly treated. If we are to become a musical people, it must be through the instruction of the masses in our public schools. And it means just this: if the methods of teaching singing in the public schools of America are to be influenced, as they have been in England, by such musicians as Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hullah, great as they may be, who have learned to think music through the playing of instruments, and who seem to know comparatively nothing of the mental process by which children are to gain command of their musical powers without instruments,

it will not be ten years before the field will be occupied by the Tonic *Sol Fa* notation.

We must not only retain our American system of teaching through relative pitch, but music teachers must know better how to teach it. Children who are not well established in three-part singing in all of the keys at twelve years of age are not making the progress in music that they should in our public schools, and graduates from our high schools should be able to sing oratorios with as much facility as the average member of our singing societies. This is not too high a standard, but it can never be accomplished with the fixed *do* or positive pitch system. Truly yours,

H. E. HOLT,

A Director of Music in the Boston Public Schools.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Outdoor Parlors.

WHEN I see a house in process of building without a liberal allowance of piazzas, I resent it almost as a personal injury, although there may be no reasonable probability that I shall ever sit under that man's vine or fig-tree. The vine, especially, would be altogether figurative without the material support of a veranda. As good a rule would be, in building first make your piazza, then attach a house to it.

The in-door parlor is sure to be provided for with the usual amount of sofas and draperies; but the outdoor is too often like a rent—the accident of a day. "Shall we run out a railing here and a few steps, and have a veranda?" asks Paterfamilias, in a dubious sort of a way, and his wife usually assents, for she does not dislike the idea; although she would sooner part with this appendage than give up the valuable inclosure at the back of the kitchen, which is so particularly handy as a sort of store-house and a place for the doing of odd jobs.

The enthusiasm comes from the girls, who know the value of a front piazza with a thick green curtain of honeysuckle and wistaria, making a shady retreat through the long June days, and the torrid August noons,—fragrant, like carefully kept linen, with delicious country smells,—clover and fresh hay, in place of lavender and rose-leaves,—strong distilled sweetness of woodbine, faint whiffs of clematis, and roses.

And when the moonlight comes and traces a lattice-work of leaves on the piazza floor, and touches with lambent light each spray and corner,

"Making earth's commonest things appear  
All romantic, poetic, and tender,"

the outdoor parlor is in its glory. It is the most delightful, dreamy lounging-place, where the odor of fragrant Havanas is apt to mingle with the honeysuckle, and the steps are frequently occupied by

half-visitors who could scarcely nerve themselves up to the formula of a regular call. How charming is its twilight darkness to a class of people who do most of their conversation in whispers, and who are seldom characterized as great talkers,—who look upon the brightness of the in-door parlor and its animated groups without any feelings of envy, assured that whatever good times there are in the world they are having them! What would lovers do if there were no piazzas?

Some piazzas are simply an exasperation: so narrow that the steps rudely crowd the front door, instead of keeping their distance, as they should do, and only crossing the front of the house. This is a great mistake; there should be at least *two* sides to a veranda, to allow of one corner, and three if possible; while it should certainly measure four yards in width. We are speaking now of the piazza for a moderate house—moderate in every way. Hudson River castles, and similar mansions elsewhere, have their full complement of generous verandas; it is the middle-class houses that suffer.

We recall one of these mansions, with its magnificent piazza, on which many happy hours have been spent; the delicate trellis-work forming Moorish arches each of which framed an exquisite picture in living green. When flooded with moonlight, the place took on a tone of superhuman beauty. There were many accessories, too, on that piazza—things out of the common way; and selected with an artistic idea of coloring. Hanging-baskets were suspended from every point of the arches, and their tangled vines were masses of verdure and blossoms; while rustic stands filled with plants stood, not in the way of promenaders, but well back against the house. Scarlet cushions on backs and seats made the bamboo chairs luxurious, and a pile of Moorish cushions in one corner arrested the eye and fascinated the sense. They must have been stuffed with poppies to account for their sleep-charming powers;

while the arabesque embroidery on a scarlet ground which adorned them, and the rug spread out below, were a most successful imitation of Moorish splendor.

This curious couch, on which one half sat and half reclined, was quite in demand among the inmates and visitors on those intolerable nights, which are not at all like angels' visits, between the 20th of June and the 20th of August; and the hostess would amiably wish that she had six Moorish beds instead of one. But a single duplicate of the novelty would have spoiled the effect, so far as appearances went.

As a general thing, the furniture of our outdoor parlors does not receive sufficient consideration; it

is either not picturesque, or it is uncomfortable. A rustic chair, uncushioned, is, to a certain extent, picturesque on a piazza, but it is not comfortable; while a bamboo settee is neither one nor the other. Camp-chairs with gay-colored seats are very desirable, if the color and design are good; and two or three cushions in a corner will make a very good substitute for the Moorish pile. A bright-colored afghan thrown over the pile, or on the end of the settee, adds much to the effect. In fact, anything that makes a good contrast with green is desirable on the piazza. Prettiest of all is it to see a child asleep on a gay-colored rug, watched by a Newfoundland dog.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

### CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

#### Robertson Smith's "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church."

THE twelve popular lectures on the Old Testament, delivered during the first three months of the present year in Edinburgh and Glasgow by Professor W. Robertson Smith, and now published, form an important contribution to Biblical criticism. The friends of Professor Smith in the two cities named, to the number of six hundred, joined in a request for the delivery of these lectures, for which an opportunity was afforded in the enforced leisure of the Professor, caused by his temporary suspension from his work in Aberdeen. If, as the preface declares, the average attendance upon the course in the two cities was not less than eighteen hundred, the results of the newer criticism must have been pretty effectually spread abroad in Scotland.

The appearance of such a volume in this quarter of the world is a notable sign of the times. Coming from Germany or from Holland it would have occasioned much less remark; but when a professor in the divinity school of the most conservative religious body in the land of John Knox dares to utter theories like these, the significance of the fact is more than local.

Not that any destructive purpose can be discovered in this volume. The spirit of the writer is reverent and even devout; he handles these ancient writings with no profane or careless touch; his theory of their origin differs from the one that is generally received, but he still believes that they are sacred, and that they contain the germs out of which the doctrines and the institutions of Christianity have been developed. With his method it is equally hard to find fault. He has not evolved his theories from his own consciousness; they are the product of a purely inductive criticism; they rest wholly upon exegesis.

It is by a careful study of the Old Testament, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, by rejecting traditional theories of authorship and date, and by letting the books tell their own story, that he has come to his present conclusions.

These lectures of Professor Smith are at once more popular in form and more full in treatment than the Biblical articles in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," out of which his fame and his misfortunes have arisen. Doubtless the article on the Pentateuch, yet to be written by his hand for that encyclopedia, will cover much of the ground of this volume; but the articles which he has already contributed, including those on The Bible, and on The Hebrew Language and Literature, are more cautious and less opposed to the common view than these lectures.

After indicating in his first lecture the method of a sound criticism, Professor Smith proceeds in the second and third lectures to show that the early Protestants, in their determination of the canon and of the authentic text, leaned wholly on Jewish tradition, and that this tradition is not trustworthy. The chapter on the Scribes makes it plain that the rules on which these great matters were settled in Palestine at about the beginning of our era were altogether arbitrary; while the chapters on the Septuagint and the other ancient versions show that there were many variations in the Hebrew text in the early days. The claim for the Hebrew writings of an almost miraculous uniformity and accuracy is thus shown to be ill founded. Before the time of the Scribes, the Scriptures of the Old Testament, like the Scriptures of the New Testament in later times, exhibited a multitude of various readings. The statement "that many of the Hebrew books have gone through successive redactions; or, in other words, have been edited and reedited in different ages, receiving some addition or modification at the hands of each editor," is supported by a wide induction of passages.

\* The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

After an interesting discussion of the Canon and the Psalter, the author comes to the question respecting the origin of the Pentateuch, to which the last half of the book is devoted.

Every careful student of the Old Testament must be struck with the fact that the Pentateuch, with its full and elaborate ritual, which Moses is said to have written out and deposited in a coffer in the side of the ark, and to which frequent reference is made in the book of Joshua, disappears wholly from sight at the close of that book. Throughout the books of Judges, Ruth, and First and Second Samuel, covering a period of more than four centuries, no reference whatever is made to any laws or writings left by Moses. The word law, the Hebrew *torah*, does not occur in these four books; the name of Moses appears in them barely six times, but nothing whatever is said of any legislation of which he was the author. If Saul or Samuel ever had in his possession any such books as those of the Pentateuch, no mention is made of the fact. Furthermore, the ritual of the Hebrews, so far as it comes to light in the contemporary history, was in continual conflict with that prescribed in Leviticus and Numbers. These facts are hard to explain on the traditional theory of the origin of the Pentateuch, and it is around these facts that the battles of the critics have been fought.

That the Levitical law was never fully enforced until the time of Ezra, is admitted by most intelligent students. It is expressly stated, for example, in Nehemiah viii. 17, that the Feast of Tabernacles was never observed in Israel from the days of Joshua until the days of Ezra. The Levitical law strictly forbids the offering of sacrifices at any other places than the one central altar, and by any other hands than those of a consecrated priest; the history shows that sacrifices are continually offered in many places, and by men who do not belong to the priesthood. These infractions of the ritual take place without rebuke or compunction; the best men of the nation practice them, and reveal no consciousness of any irregularity. The earlier prophets, too, display the same lack of knowledge respecting the observances of the Levitical system.

The striking discrepancy between the Pentateuchal legislation and the actual religious life of the people, as shown in the histories and in the books of the prophets, furnishes Professor Smith with a ground for his theory, which is, that the Pentateuch was not written until the days of Ezra. It is generally allowed that some additions to the manuscript may have been made by Ezra; but the position taken by this critic is that all the important legislation of the middle books of the Pentateuch was framed after the exile.

In his critical examination of the first five books of the Bible, Professor Smith finds evidence of the existence of three distinct groups of laws or ritual ordinances, in addition to the ten commandments. The first is included in Exodus xxi.-xxiii. This simple system of civil and religious polity, adapted to the wants of a primitive agricultural people, served the Israelites, in the opinion of this writer,

until the time of King Josiah. It was under this system, which Professor Smith terms the First Legislation, that Samuel and Saul and David and Solomon and all the earlier kings lived.

In the days of Josiah, only a generation before the fall of the First Temple, the Deuteronomic Code, comprising Deuteronomy xii.-xxvi., was produced. This was the book whose discovery in the temple resulted in a great religious reformation. It embodied the substance of the moral teaching of Isaiah and the other prophets who had preceded him. This code was intended to supersede the First Legislation.

The third body of laws is that which is known as the Levitical Legislation. This is not a compact code; it is scattered throughout the three middle books of the Pentateuch; but, as a whole, these ordinances "are clearly marked off from both the other legislations, and might be removed from the Pentateuch without making the rest unintelligible." They include "directions for the equipment of the sanctuary and the priesthood, sacrificial laws, and the whole system of threefold sanctity in priests, Levites, and people."

Of this last body of legislation, Professor Smith finds the original sketch in the last chapters of the prophecy of Ezekiel. It was upon this outline, he supposes, that the elaborate system of the Levitical law was framed. Yet, a priesthood and sacrifices had been provided for in both the other codes, and, in addition to the ordinances prescribed in those codes, a body of ritual had, undoubtedly, been steadily accumulating, which had been transmitted from generation to generation in the priestly guild. Ezekiel was a priest, and in his sketch of a written law he may have incorporated many of these traditions. In great part, however, his scheme is intended to correct abuses that had existed in the worship of the First Temple. This written outline of a system of ritual was filled out between the time of Ezekiel and that of Ezra, and was then first given in its completeness to the people. It was not, therefore, until Israel "had ceased to be a nation" that the Levitical law in its fullness was accepted and obeyed.

This conclusion will seem rash and incredible to most reverent readers of the Bible, but it must be remembered that it rests wholly upon a comparative study of the sacred writings themselves. It is impossible to indicate in this place the arguments upon which the author bases his theory, but they deserve the attention of all who prize the Old Testament.

Although Professor Smith rejects the common theory of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, he yet regards all this legislation as Mosaic in a true sense, and as also in a proper sense divine. "This divine Torah begins with Moses. As all goes back to his initiative, the Israelites were not concerned to remember the precise history of each new precept; and when the whole system, developed under continuous divine guidance, is summed up in a code, that code is simply set down as Mosaic Torah. We still call the steam-engine by the name of Watt, though the steam-engine of to-day has many parts that his



had not." The Old Testament contains, therefore, the record of a ritual system developed in the Jewish nation under divine direction. Of this system Christianity is the fulfillment. "That the law was a divine institution, that it formed an actual part in the gracious scheme of guidance which preserved the religion of Jehovah as a living power in Israel till shadow became substance in the manifestation of Christ, is no theory but an historical fact which no criticism as to the origin of the books of Moses can in the least degree invalidate." No important theological changes result, therefore, from this new theory; all that is claimed is that the literary structure of the Old Testament fails to indicate the order of the development of Judaism, and that this order must be discovered by a patient application of the principles of historical criticism.

This theory makes some facts of the old record much more intelligible. But a few questions still remain unsolved. The fact that the Levitical ordinances were not observed before the time of Josiah is proof, the author tells us, that they did not exist before his day. But the feasts of the passover and of the tabernacles are enjoined in what Professor Smith calls the First Legislation, and they were not kept during this long period. The Decalogue, also, with its prohibition of graven images, is admitted by this writer to be of Mosaic origin; yet there were teraphim in David's house, and the cherubim over the ark were two symbolical winged figures. And in these glaring infractions of the law which Professor Smith represents them as possessing, the people, even the best of them, seem to be wholly unconscious of transgression. It is plain that the new scheme does not clear up all the old discrepancies.

There is still another objection to this theory of the late origin of the Pentateuch, to which only an allusion can be made. It cannot be denied that the Pentateuch is pervaded with Egyptian ideas and symbols. These are found, not only in what Professor Smith calls the First Legislation, but in the Deuteronomic Code, and in the whole frame-work of the Levitical system. If these ordinances were fashioned soon after Israel came out of Egypt, this fact could be easily explained. Under the divine direction, Moses might have incorporated the forms and emblems with which he was familiar into the ritual of the Hebrews. But if the Pentateuch was produced at so late a date as is here assigned to it, it is difficult on any rational theory to explain the large proportion of Egyptian elements found in its composition.

#### Talleyrand's Correspondence.\*

TALLEYRAND occupies a peculiar position in the minds of many Frenchmen. He is intensely admired and thoroughly detested. It cannot be otherwise than a subject for national pride that the ablest statesman of the wonderful period between the Revolution and the second Restoration should have been a French-

man. And particularly at the time of the Congress of Vienna, when France was beaten in the field, had lost confidence in Napoleon, and did not dare hope for anything from a Bourbon, whose restoration was the work of her foreign enemies,—particularly at that moment must it have been a salve to defeat that Talleyrand should take the place he did at the conference of kings and statesmen at Vienna. By audacity and cleverness, as well as by the force of past services and the sheer weight of his genius, he overtopped them all. At the same time, what Frenchman can regard with complacency the career of an ecclesiastic who violated all the rules of his church, and as a statesman served Napoleon and the Bourbons apparently without the slightest show of a sentimental preference for persons and principles? Rightly or wrongly, he was accused of speculations in various fields, by which he amassed a great fortune, and to become rich as well as successful is a little too much for poor human nature of the ordinary stamp to stand. The editor who has put out these letters between Talleyrand and Louis XVIII. belongs apparently to those in whose eyes the defects of Talleyrand outweigh his merits. He wishes to be impartial, but more than one hint leaves it plain that he at least does not set Talleyrand at the head of French statesmen.

M. Pallain is, however, an admirable guide, assisting the brevity of the letters with extracts from published correspondence of other participants, adding copious notes at the end of each letter, and supplying a most valuable index of the names of persons mentioned, each name bearing a short biographical sketch. Too much praise cannot be given to this feature; similar care would have greatly increased the pleasure of the Rémusat and Metternich memoirs, especially in England and America, where the events and actors of the Empire are not so well in mind as they may be on the European continent.

It is true that Talleyrand himself paints his effect upon the statesmen at Vienna in these letters. But how well he does it! And how cleverly, in a few words, he keeps his royal master impressed with the fact that Louis XVIII. is to him a great man as well as a good. The contrast could not be greater between the fussy, antiquated, dry replies of the King, and the clear and encouraging as well as deeply respectful epistles of Talleyrand. The latter knew well the ambition of Prussia and the inchoate designs of Russia. The wrangle was over Saxony. Should the King of Saxony be regarded as a traitor, and Russia take his land, or as a victim of Napoleon, and be restored to his throne? The quarrel was complicated by the desire of the Russian Emperor to make his part of Poland a semi-independent kingdom, without regard to the effect it would have on the other portions of Poland seized by Russia and Austria. It was regarded, very naturally, as either the scheme of a sentimentalist or the brand that was meant to start another European conflagration. Russia, Prussia, and England had pretty much agreed to terms, Austria being in her usual wavering condition, when Talleyrand pounced down upon the statesmen. His second letter to the King gives him the clew to

\* The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna (hitherto unpublished). Preface, Observations, and Notes, by M. G. Pallain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



the situation, and chronicles his dislike of and contempt for Metternich, which Madame de Rémusat also shared. He says:

"I am convinced that Russia and Prussia are making so much noise and talking so big merely to find out what is thought, and that if they see that they stand alone, they will think twice of it before they carry things to extremity. Unhappily, the person who is at the head of affairs in Austria, and who lays claim to the regulation of those of Europe, regards as the infallible mark of superior genius that levity which he carries on the one side to absurdity, and on the other to a point at which, in a minister of a great state, and in circumstances like the present, it becomes a calamity."

Evidently the humor of Metternich was of too heavy a quality to suit the grizzled veteran in diplomacy, who had known him intimately for a long time, and, doubtless, estimated him for what he was worth. He has little sympathy for the happiness that Metternich naively expresses in his own memoirs, at having fought all his life against Napoleon, and, according to his own account, at last worsted him. If we are to believe Talleyrand's account of the first informal meeting of the statesmen, as given the King in Letter III., it was Talleyrand who met this vanquisher of Napoleon, and disposed of him without trouble. After a sharp questioning as to why some ambassadors were absent and others present, Talleyrand permitted the first approach to the all-important subject of the Congress.

"The object of to-day's conference," said Lord Castlereagh to me, 'is to make you acquainted with what the four Courts have done since we have been here.' Addressing M. de Metternich, he said, 'You have the protocol.' M. de Metternich then handed me a paper signed by him, Count Nesselrode (for Russia), Lord Castlereagh, and Prince Hardenberg (of Prussia). In this document the word 'allies' occurred in every paragraph. I pointed out the word, and said that the use of it placed me under the necessity of asking where we were, whether we were still at Chaumont, or at Laon, whether peace had not been made, whether there was any quarrel, and with whom. I was answered by all, that they did not attribute a sense contrary to the state of our actual relations to the word 'allies,' and that they had only employed it for brevity's sake. On which I impressed upon them that, however valuable brevity might be, it ought not to be purchased at the expense of accuracy. The tenor of the protocol was a tissue of metaphysical arguments, intended to enforce pretensions which were supported by treaties unknown to us. To discuss those reasonings and pretensions would have been to embark upon an ocean of disputes; I felt that it was necessary to repel the whole by one peremptory argument; so I read several paragraphs, and said 'I do not understand.' Then I read the same paragraphs through, very carefully, a second time, with the air of earnestly striving to penetrate the meaning of a thing, and said, 'I do not understand any the more.' I added: 'I hold to two dates, between which there is nothing: that of the 31st of May, on which the formation of the Congress was stipulated, and that of the 1st of October, on which it ought to meet. All that has been done in the interval is foreign to me, and does

not exist for me.' The answer of the plenipotentiaries was, that they cared so little for the paper in question that they asked nothing better than to withdraw it; upon which M. de Labrador (of Spain) observed that nevertheless they had signed it. They took it back, M. de Metternich laid it aside, and there was no more about it."

Thus it was that Talleyrand "bulldozed" the ambassadors of the Allies at the first meeting to arrange for the Congress. His acting seems to have been perfect, and he writes proudly of it. At an interview with the Emperor of Russia, he turned his face to the wall, and pretended to be convulsed with sorrow for poor Europe, since that potentate would not abate his favorite schemes for Poland.

"I turned toward the wall near where I was standing, leaned my head against the paneling, and exclaimed, 'Europe, unhappy Europe!' Then, turning once more to the Emperor, 'Shall it be said,' I asked him, 'that you have destroyed it?' He answered me, 'Rather war, than that I should renounce what I hold.' I let my arms drop in the attitude of one grieved indeed, but resolute, and with the air of saying to him, 'The fault is none of ours,' I kept silence, which for some moments the Emperor did not break. Presently he said, 'Yes, rather war.' I remained in the self-same attitude. Then, lifting up his arms, waving his hands as I had never seen him do previously, and in a manner which reminded me of the passage at the end of the *Éloge de Marc Aurèle*, he cried rather than said: 'It is time for the play; I must go. I promised the Emperor; they are waiting for me.'"

He could thus show an emperor in a ridiculous light, yet always maintain the right tone toward his master, the King. One letter is rounded with a compliment sweet to a character like that of Louis XVIII., and, on the whole, truthful. Speaking of the festivities at Vienna, he writes:

"Royalty certainly loses some of the grandeur which is proper to it, at these gatherings. To meet three or four kings, and a still greater number of princes, at balls and teas, at the houses of private individuals, as one does at Vienna, seems to me to be unbecoming. It is in France, alone, that royalty preserves the *état* and the dignity that render it at once august and precious in the eyes of nations."

In many ways, this publication is important and timely. It forestalls the Talleyrand memoirs, which have been again delayed; it supplements the other memoirs now out; it throws the most authentic light on persons and motives. To the ex-minister of Napoleon, that fallen adventurer is only "the man of Elba." Neither he nor the King is undignified when the "man of Elba" upsets their army, reaches Paris, and turns their guns on themselves. The letters will not alter opinions about any of the actors; they deepen the impression of Talleyrand's greatness and trickiness, of the pedantry of Louis XVIII., and his inefficiency, of the shallowness of Metternich. We touch solid ground in this book, instead of being at the mercy of conjectures as to the truth of documents, as we are in the Rémusat

memoirs, and as we may have to be again when those of the greatest of the statesmen of that day see the light.

John Burroughs's "Pepacton."\*

SINCE poetical mottoes for books hold their own in spite of ridicule, and have of late shown a tendency to increase rather than lessen, Mr. Burroughs might have put out as the sign for his latest volume the lines of inimitable Herrick in the "argument" to the *Hesperides*:

"I sing of brooks, of blomoms, birds and bowers,  
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.  
I sing of dewes, of raines, and, piece by piece,  
Of balme, of oyle, of spice and amberreece."

But, perhaps, on the principle that good wine needs no bush to catch the eye of the wayfarer, Mr. Burroughs can dispense with the support of even so admirable a poet as Herrick. To speak of Herrick and a modern writer of prose in the same breath, may strike one as treason, rank and deep, yet the reader is always at liberty to make the *intervallum* as *longum* as he chooses. All that is necessary is to consider whether Burroughs has not a certain polished simplicity that reminds one of Herrick, if one can bridge with a comparison the difference between poetry and prose; between a city man who was forced to live in the country, and a countryman who is out of tune in a town; between a parson who writes verses savoring strongly of frivolity, and a layman who looks at nature with an enthusiasm not far from religious. Those who can leap these wide divergences will find a likeness in the pleasant fillip both give to the mind. If Herrick wanders in a stately English garden, varied, like Bacon's ideal country-place, with some spots less orderly and fine, and if Burroughs deals with the untrained life of American woods and fields, still it is nature that forms the teacher of both, and, therefore, the closer one looks at them the nearer they converge. Perhaps, after all, it is the common trait of simplicity which is and which is not the result of art, or else consists of a blending of art and artlessness which no one has yet been able to unravel.

Like Herrick, the least pretentious, the shorter chapters are often those that linger in the memory. This passage, for instance, has observation and moral blended charmingly:

"Yet it is pleasant to remember that, in our climate, there are no weeds so persistent and lasting and universal as grass. Grass is the natural covering of the fields. There are but four weeds that I know of—milk-weed, live-forever, Canada thistle, and toad-flax—that it will not run out in a good soil. We crop it and mow it year after year; and yet, if the season favors, it is sure to come again. Fields that have never known the plough, and never been seeded by man, are yet covered with grass. And in human nature, too, weeds are by no means in the ascendant, troublesome as they are. The good green grass of love and truthfulness and common sense, are more universal, and crowd the idle weeds to the wall.

"But weeds have this virtue: they are not easily discouraged; they never lose heart entirely; they die game. If they cannot have the best, they will take up with the poorest; if fortune is unkind to them to-day, they hope for better luck to-morrow; if they cannot lord it over a corn-hill, they will sit humbly at its foot and accept what comes; in all cases they make the most of their opportunities."

The writer whom Burroughs is perpetually compared with is Thoreau. The latter is more minute; perhaps he was more original. But to-day the style of Burroughs is more charming than that of the recluse of Walden Pond. His own charming style, not his discovery of the errors of others, is what attracts one to Burroughs. He catches poets in all ages tripping. Virgil is wrong in his account of the commonwealth of honey-bees. Bryant, who was before all else a cautious writer, either confounds the yellow and white violet, or is in error in giving distinct fragrance to the former. Presently some one will catch Mr. Burroughs tripping in his turn. Unless the present writer is greatly mistaken, Mr. Burroughs is hasty in his charge against Bryant's "Yellow Violet," for the yellow violet, like many other flowers reputed scentless, occasionally gives out a faint perfume if gathered in sufficient quantity. It is not every one who can detect the perfume of some wild flowers. Very probably there are days, and hours even, when the most scentless have more aptitude in that way than at other times, and it is almost a certainty that under some circumstances of soil and position, perfume is developed in flowers more abundantly than is the case with ordinary members of the same kind. Burroughs says nearly as much himself, for in "A Bunch of Herbs" he notices the fact of the occasional fragrance even of the common blue violet and the hepatica, and the short-lived fragrance of the sugar-maple.

But the main criticism to be made on Mr. Burroughs's criticisms is the fact that in our country the difficulty of knowing all the facts, even about one order of flowers, is enormous. What is true in the Berkshire hills may not be exactly the fact in the Catskills, and when one gets to New Jersey and Maryland, not to speak of Virginia and farther south, the field becomes so large that only the dryest scientific compiler of statistics on botany can hope to know a large measure of the facts. Add to the variations in birds and flowers of the same kind on the Atlantic sea-board the unrecorded facts about those of the Mississippi Valley, and then consider what a totally different flora and fauna the extreme West presents. European birds and flowers which were long supposed to have no cousins in America are now found to have near relations in the farther West. Hence Mr. Burroughs cannot expect, nor be expected, to prove always just in his strictures on American poets, unless he localizes each poem, and can point out that for that State or water-shed, the facts do not agree with the words. Everything is on such a large scale here that poets, critics, and readers have a hard time. What pleasure can there be for a Californian, who sees with his own eyes, and reads poetry, to be reminded of what he sees about him

\* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in the close observations of the rustic sights and scenes of Massachusetts, found in the poems of Bryant and Lowell? Audubon was a poet-naturalist, and made a wide sweep over the Atlantic and Mississippi States, yet he is often inexact and still oftener unsatisfactory. It teaches us that the closest observer of nature always has something more to learn, and that caution is never more necessary than when correcting the observations of poets.

Still, if care killed a cat, caution ends by killing the finest literature. If there be one quality more than another that makes Mr. Burroughs's papers on nature charming, it is their unpretentiousness. Dealing with such charming topics, it would be strange indeed if some of their perfume and reserve did not enter into his prose. "An Idyl of the Honey-bee," and "Springs," may be read again and again. Perhaps the paper of all to be recommended in the hot weather is the closing chapter, on "Winter Pictures."

#### Norris's "Matrimony."

POSSIBLY it is the contrast which it forms to other novels of the spring, or, perhaps, merely because it has a family likeness to the novels of Thackeray, but the novel of Mr. Norris is very welcome, in spite of one or two drawbacks to its perfection. One disadvantage is its length—not excessive, it may be, when printed in the large type of the ordinary three-volume novel and read in those English country homes of which Mr. Norris is the satirist; but to the livelier tastes of citizens, and to the more ardent temperaments of Americans, so much leisure in the spinning out of a plot by no means elaborate constitutes a blemish. The flavor of Thackeray is too strong to be overlooked or ignored, nor has any reviewer failed to notice it. The trace of George Eliot is less perceptible, but it exists, nevertheless, and may add its share to the pleasurable sensation of the reader by reminding him of favorite authors without offering so much likeness to them as to suggest plagiarism. Mr. Norris looks about for himself with his own eyes, and has his own opinions on things in England and on the Continent. If the people he sees are, in the main, the same as those of Thackeray and George Eliot, it is not his fault, nor, when we consider how freshly he has redrawn them, need it be called his misfortune. The modern English country life, the daily existence of somewhat provincial people in the south of England, who do not go regularly to London for the gay season, find in Mr. Norris a new chronicler who has some of the sub-acidness (miscalled cynicism) that Thackeray displayed, mixed with an equal amount of kindness on the larger lines of generalization. If he shows marriages unhappy in the greater number of cases, he has types of ridiculously happy unions; in those cases he often presents the well-known incongruity of partners which so frequently appears, as if to make game of the wiseacres who prophesy happiness or unhappiness in the future, according to the charac-

ters and circumstances of the married couple. The heroine, who is kept not too prominent, is a person of refined passion rather than of intellect. She is true to, and finally marries, a shallow-pate whom unscrupulous women can influence, but whose good-heartedness endears him to most people he meets. The dog-like affection and reverence he has for the heroine, whose character he cannot be supposed to appreciate except in general, and whose music-making charms him without his understanding what she would convey, show, in this secondary hero of the novel, a type of man of which every one can find an example. The heroine is made less shadowy by the episode of Hirsch, a gambler mixed up with the early life of Marguerite's step-mother, against whose rascality her friendship for him and his for her shine with a contrast that deepens the purity of the pure and lightens the iniquity of the knave. The hero is her brother, like herself brought up under peculiar circumstances, owing to the long residence abroad of their parents, to the fact that they are half Italian, and to the peculiar existence of their father, separated but not divorced from his little flibberty-gibbet of an untruthful Polish wife. Between him and Daniel Deronda there is a general resemblance. But it is to be noted that Norris allows it to be seen that people thought this youth a prig, and shows him a man at last, while George Eliot treated Deronda's priggishness without relief. The father has some of the characteristics of Grandcourt. But all these characters, their acts and speeches, are seen through the spectacles of an elderly bachelor—a gossip of London clubs, an amiable man of forty, who makes himself useful in country-houses and squares the account with himself by thinking art things of his neighbors. On his shoulders Mr. Norris cleverly shifts the cynical views of life at English country-houses. Apparently, one may divide this existence into two rough groups—life in those houses where severity and gloomy respectability reign supreme and where scandal is of a ferocious and scowling type, and life in those where games and rude horse-play, practical jokes and romping are the order of the day and night, and where the scandals done outweigh the scandals talked. There seems to be, if we are to trust the old bachelor, who knows every house of Lynshire, no middle ground between these two, and the results, to those who have made an Arcadian estimate of English country life, are sure to be disastrous in the extreme. Those who revel in the rose-colored pages of "Bracebridge Hall" will do well to give this novel a wide berth. Irving certainly had a smoother style; the scenes he depicts are those on which any well-regulated mind loves to dwell, and what he says of English country life ought to be true, if it is not. On the other hand, Norris has an uncomfortable way of recalling the foibles of people about us, and of deepening those impressions of the naughtiness of human beings who have leisure and wealth which Fielding and Thackeray made before him. He disturbs our dream of the perfectibility of the family and township life, and gives a rude shock to scaffoldings built on the plan of Bracebridge Hall, if he does

\* *Matrimony*. By W. E. Norris. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

not bring the roof-tree of that most respectable and desirable edifice about the ears of its ideal owners. But it is fair to say that Norris does not show that sympathy with things English that many of the greatest writers of English fiction have shown. He has foreign ideas. He knows the *boulevards* as well as the south of England, and criticises from a foreign stand-point. It is likely that his novels have small success in his own land, and will find chiefly, if not only, in America readers whose perspective is sufficiently distant to allow of an estimate of what is good in his work and what is overdrawn. His important figures in this novel are all of a mixed type,—not pure English,—changed either by blood or education, and they are opposed to strictly English types by no means to the advantage of the latter. Whether Mr. Norris has promise is a question. He certainly has achievement of no mean degree of excellence.

**Dr. Robinson's "Studies in the New Testament."**

It would not be strange if "Studies in the New Testament," by an active minister, should "seem like sermons"; but if they seemed to be good sermons that would not greatly discredit them. Though these papers of Dr. Robinson's were not prepared for the pulpit, they might well have been used in it; if they are a little more colloquial and pictorial than the average sermon, they are for this reason a little better suited to the pulpit than the average sermon.

Dr. Robinson's style is picturesque and entertaining; his illustrations are copious and generally pertinent; his sympathy with human beings is warm and genuine; and his insight into spiritual things often quick and sure. Some of his descriptive and hortatory passages border on the sentimental; the warmth of his imagination tends, now and then, to a perverid rhetoric; but these slight blemishes probably add to the effectiveness and popularity of his essays.

Dr. Robinson's interpretations of Scripture are for the most part unusually felicitous, and his native wit and mental alertness make him an entertaining teacher. Many of the studies, as those on "Christian Love," "Piety Tested at Home," "The Christian Citizen," "Saving Faith," and "Love as a Force," are full of stimulating and practical suggestions. Against the unordained ministry, and its present assumptions of authority and function, he makes bold to utter a sturdy protest. "We do not believe," he says, "that the mass-meeting system is the best for converting souls, and retaining those who are apparently gathered. Some of us distrust this whole system of promiscuous assemblies in 'gospel' services, with laymen giving 'Bible-readings,' as flinging reproach upon the churches. Is there no gospel anywhere but in them?" And the story for whose truth he vouches—of the man who went into raptures over the preaching of Moody in the Hippodrome, declaring that "if the regular ministers

would preach as that Moody does, they would have half the town running after them," and then discovered that the preacher whom he supposed was Moody was his wife's minister, whom he had never heard—gives point to the contention of the author that there is a savor of cant in the clamor for more popular "gospel" services.

**Palustre's "La Renaissance en France."**

IN spite of civil and foreign wars, dismemberment through the policy of independent princes, and conquest by English kings, France still contains a wide range of ancient monuments in her churches, abbeys, town halls, and ruined chateaux. It is the pleasant task of M. Léon Palustre to describe, in the temperate language of a man of taste and with the quiet interest of an archæologist, such of these remains as belong to the great movement in the arts which the exiled Greeks are believed to have started in Italy in the fifteenth century. Though steam was not, and though travel was difficult and slow, both in France and from France into Italy, it did not take so very long, after all, for the fresh notes of the Renaissance to reëcho throughout the northern kingdom. Much more of the architectural and sculptor's work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has perished than remains behind, even in a mutilated condition. And for that result, unfortunately, the changing taste and want of good sense on the part of priests, monks, nobles, and kings, not to speak of well-meaning burghers, have much to do. Yet it is evident that from the large material left M. Palustre can pick very striking and suggestive examples; these have been handsomely and firmly etched for the work by M. Sadoux and others. He begins above the French line in Flanders, for the very good reason that to understand the architecture of the nearest French districts the reader needs to know something of the conditions of the building and the sculptor's art there. Flanders, Artois, and Picardy furnish pictures and interesting, lightly touched disquisitions for the first installment, while monuments in Isle-de-France occupy the following seven: Normandy, Brittany, Guienne, the Orléanais, Languedoc, and Burgundy with Franche Comté, are among those to be reviewed, each in two installments respectively, and the work will be complete with the thirtieth installment, and consist of three thick tomes. A word might be said of the colored initial letters, large type, and great wide-margined pages of this *édition de luxe*, were it not almost a matter of course that a book of the kind issued by Quantin would have all the tasteful accessories usual in such cases. It is only in France that such editions are not rarities. Yet attention may be called to the fine double-page picture by Sadoux Lancelot of the ruined bridge and gallery of the Château de Fère, in the Tardenois, for the etching; to that of the chapel of Tilloloy, for the sake of the curious façade itself,

\* *Studies in the New Testament.* By Charles S. Robinson, D. D., pastor of the Memorial Church, New York City. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* *La Renaissance en France.* Par Léon Palustre. Dessins et Gravures sous la direction de Eugène Sadoux. Paris: A. Quantin. Tome I. Livraisons 1-3. New York: J. W. Bouton.



and, for curiousness of figure and face, to the portrait of the sculptor Jean Trupin, sculptured at Amiens by himself, with his chisel and mallet in hand, cutting out a figure in stone. Judging by the early numbers, this will be a most fascinating and instructive work.

#### Scudder's "Stories and Romances."

THERE is a vein of healthy and unaffected sentiment in Mr. Scudder's stories. His characters, all vividly drawn, without any attempt at startling originality, trace themselves gently against a background of Boston brick wall or New England rural scenery. They are the children of the soil, and possess the mental and physical features which the literary tradition has seized upon as being especially characteristic of New England. The author takes a situation which appears to him interesting, and his quaint fancy and delicate humor never fail to make it equally so to his readers.

The first of the stories, or, we should rather say, of the romances (accepting the term in the sense in which Hawthorne used it in his preface to "The House of Seven Gables"), is entitled, "Left over from the Last Century," and must have been composed while Mr. Scudder was under the spell of the "Twice-told Tales," or the "Mosses from an Old Manse." At all events, no one would deny that the idea of a young man becoming so completely absorbed in his grandfather's history as actually to repeat a portion of his life under modified circumstances, belongs to the order of inventions which we have come to associate with the name of Hawthorne. There is not the remotest suspicion of borrowing, but merely an atmosphere, or spiritual *aura*, as Goethe called it, which agreeably recalls the master of romance. Especially quaint and charming is Antipos Wigglesworth's antiquarian courtship of the granddaughter of the lady whom his grandfather had loved, by means of the defunct lady's letters to the defunct gentleman. "A House of Entertainment," the second of the series, is distinctly not a romance but a novelette, and contains many pleasant and mildly entertaining pictures of Shaker life. "Accidentally Overheard" is the story of a young gentleman who hears a lady, whose face he fails to see, declare to a female companion that she is in love with him; and the rest of the tale is naturally devoted to the hero's efforts to clear up the perplexing mystery.

In "A Hard Bargain," Mr. Scudder is, we think, at his best. The description of the old, rusty-looking *habitués* of the ancient and respectable pharmacy, who eat lozenges and choke over their own feeble wit, suggests an intimate acquaintance with the life of small towns, and is so forcibly localized that one has only to shut one's eyes to make the whole scene, with its minutest details, vividly, and, as it were, corporeally, present. The old miser Bice, too, who has bartered away his soul, and is anxious to buy it back again, is a very happy inspiration, and the vengeance which overtakes him at the death of his child, which he has starved on cheap arrowroot, is as poetically just as it is psychologically true and convincing.

The remaining four sketches in the volume are inferior to those which we have selected for criticism, although "A Story of the Siege of Boston" exhibits a minute familiarity with pre-revolutionary men and manners, as, indeed, we would expect from the author. "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John" points a sound moral, but we can find no special significance in the juxtaposition of the names of the four evangelists. "Do not even Publicans the Same?" deals with an original experiment, undertaken in good faith by a somewhat fantastically conscientious young man, who attempted to carry out literally Christ's injunction to invite the poor, the maimed, the blind, and the lame to dinner. Mr. Haggood brought together a motley company of six, answering all the requirements of the Biblical command, and would undoubtedly have had a more successful dinner if the spirit of the present age were as sincerely democratic as that of the earliest Christian era.

We cannot but regret that this pleasant little volume ends with a discord. For "Nobody's Business" is utterly untrue, both to the laws of reality and of fiction, if interrupted at the point where the author drops the thread of his discourse. Of course frauds, like the one perpetrated by Bardwell, may be temporarily successful, but in that case, Mr. Scudder owed it to his readers to pursue his history up to the moment where the vengeance of Fate overtakes him, as inevitably it must.

#### An Exhibition of Wood-Engravings.

AN exhibition of wood-engravings is to be given in the Boston Museum next fall, under the management of that institution. For the following details we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony:

BOSTON, May 26, 1881.

The exhibition is to open October 15th. Proofs should be sent to the "Curator of the Art Museum," on or before October 10th. It is intended to make the exhibition representative of the present status of American wood-engraving.

It will embrace all contributions sent that come from responsible sources or from American publishers.

There will be three or more of the galleries devoted to the exhibition.

Should the number sent from any individual engraver be excessive, and the room devoted not warrant, then a jury shall select the best, in its judgment, unless special instructions are sent covering special conditions of the reproduction, giving every contributor an equitable space on the walls.

It is intended to give the name of the subject, the artist, the engraver, and the owner, in the catalogue. For this purpose it is desirable that the whole story should be written on the back of each proof, and the directions as to the place where they shall be sent at the close of the exhibition.

Later, the Museum will issue circulars, of which a number will be sent to your office, asking your kind cooperation.

I ought to add that, aside from the current status of the art, it is intended to make the exhibition historical; so, for that purpose, all engravings of the past will be gladly welcomed.

The Museum is fire-proof, and will carefully guard all contributions.

\* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Recent Progress in Iron Founding.

WHILE there is no change of importance to be observed within the past fifty years in the methods used in simple iron founding, it may be observed that American practice in this ancient art has recently risen to a remarkable degree of perfection. The very fine castings produced by some of our stove foundries suggested the application of cast-iron to the reproduction of various art-works in bronze, silver, and brass. Experiments were recently made in an ordinary stove foundry with such tools, materials, and labor as could be found, and using some antique brass-work for patterns. Very great pains were taken to secure the best materials for molding, fuel and iron, and the work was given to skillful stove-founders who had never been employed on any art-castings,—the aim in this respect being to bring the work to a commercial, as well as art basis. The result was sufficient to warrant an exhaustive series of experiments, to ascertain what degree of fineness could be obtained with such men and materials. Antique swords and ornamented helmets, brass sconces, Persian bronze and silver plaques, Japanese bronze trays with foliage in low relief, and many other fine works, were tried as patterns and with marked success. An examination of the foundry, while in operation, and a large number of castings in imitation of these and other works, warrants the belief that a new field of art-industry is now fairly established in this country. Among the pieces seen in cast-iron were the "Siege of Troy" shield by Cellini, a copy of a brass plaque with head of Shakspeare, showing very fine work in imitation of fabrics, a work in *repoussé* after Teniers, some copies of medallions ornamented with foliage and flowers, and designed for wall decoration, and a copy in iron of a bronze Japanese tray, only one-sixteenth of an inch thick. All the work is in simple cast-iron and is not designed to have any special finishing. Some of the work was polished to show the natural color of the iron, and others were copper-plated and oxidized, or otherwise treated to imitate other metals. In the work no novelty of materials or methods is employed, and the results are obtained wholly by skill in manipulation and in choice of metal. The iron used is chiefly American, with a slight mixture of Scotch pig. The castings have already attracted great attention among architects and others interested in metal work, and will no doubt do much to bring fine copies of decorative work of this class within the reach of all.

### Improvements in Boat-Building.

THE materials of which canoes are made in this country are wood, paper, and canvas, with a decided preference for wood. The method of putting the wood together has been copied from common row-boat building, and the greater part of the canoes here are made on the "lap-streak" plan. Within the last two years a new method

has been tried, and sufficient time has now passed to enable canoeists to form an opinion of its merits. The idea underlying the new method of construction is to make a seamless boat of uniform thickness throughout, of the same finish outside and in, and without ribs. The materials are thin veneers, laid one over the other, and firmly fastened together with water-proof cement. The veneers, as far as can be learned from an examination of some of the boats, appear to be taken from the log by cutting round it as in making veneers for wall decoration. Three veneers are used, placed at right angles so as to break or cross the grain of the wood, the two outer veneers being placed with the grain at right angles with the keel of the boat. No joints or seams can be seen on the boats, and the inference is that, in cutting the veneer, a log as long as the canoe is used, and the strip is sufficiently wide to form one half or side of the boat. These veneers, when cemented and cut to shape, are placed under heavy pressure and molded into the exact shape of half a canoe. Two of these sides are then brought together over the keel, and the keelson is laid over the joint, and the whole is fastened together by screws passing through the keelson and through the veneers into the keel. By this arrangement, the joint between the two parts of the seamless sides is made secure from actual contact with the water either without or within. The keel is level, and continuous from stem to stern, and the joints between the two pieces of veneer at the ends are closed by brass moldings riveted on and making the stem and stern-post. This method of construction gives a seamless, water-tight boat, precisely alike on both sides, admirable qualities for speed, dryness, and cleanliness. There are no corners and hidden recesses where bilge-water may lodge. To insure strength and dryness, a deck of the same material is laid over the boat, the joint between sides and deck being closed by a bar on the inside and a light molding on the outside. In the canoes examined, sealed compartments at each end make them safe, as it has sufficient flotation for safety, even when full of water. Canoes of all models, both for paddling, sailing, cruising, and hunting, are made in this manner, and even row-boats of moderate dimensions. The canoes examined were of the "Shadow" model, and, while there appears to be some objection to this model for a paddling canoe, the general opinion seems to be that the method of constructing the canoes is admirable, as they are light, strong, safe, and durable. The workmanship and fittings of the boats appeared to be excellent.

### Regenerative Gas-burners.

AT the time these gas-burners were first made the subject of experiment, some account was here given of the principle on which they were constructed. They have now been greatly improved, and

on trial have effected a great saving in gas by obtaining more light from the same quantity burned in the same time.

The gas and the air needed for combustion are heated by the flame of the lamp. In the center of the lamp is a glass vessel, having a metal top or chimney. Surrounding the top of this chimney is a cylinder of white porcelain, having a flange or projection around the lower end. The gas escapes through a ring of small holes just under this cylinder, and when lighted the jets unite and form a ring of flame all around it. The bottom of the glass vessel opens by means of a horizontal pipe into another pipe that passes outside of the lamp and upward to the chimney. The course of the draft is, therefore, downward through the cylinder, and on its passage it heats the gas and the air needed for combustion. This is the principle of the well-known regenerative furnace. The luminous intensity of a flame depends on its temperature, and by heating the gas before it is burned, and by heating the air needed to feed the flame, the temperature is raised greatly, at a decided gain in the light. From experiments made recently in Paris, it appears that the useful effect of one cubic foot of gas in an ordinary street burner equaled 2.55 candles. In the regenerative lamp, the same amount gave 6.76 candles.

#### Counter-Seat

THE legislature of this State having passed a law compelling store-keepers to provide seats for their employes, it has been suggested that our inventors should bring out and patent a seat suitable to the narrow space behind a counter. The suggestion may have been made in a spirit of grim humor, yet it is true that patents are often given for things that never should be patented. This providing a store-seat seems to be one of these cases, because the royalty that might be charged on the seat would tend to check the introduction of a wise and humane measure now enforced by law. The space behind a counter is usually too narrow for a chair or stool. A flap-seat, hinged at the back and held up by cords or a hinged prop beneath, would take up valuable room when not in use, and would involve time and trouble in raising or lowering. There is a bracket-seat secured to an upright casting of iron, designed to turn freely on a pivot, and allowing the seat to swing under the shelves or cases. This seat is, however, patented. Now, as a suggestion made in print and freely given to the public becomes public property, it cannot be patented, and another plan is here proposed, in the hope that it may prove of general value. It has been suggested to us by a medical inspector in the navy, that a flat board be arranged in the casing holding the shelves or drawers, behind the counter, as a horizontal slide, designed to form a seat when drawn out, and to be pushed back when not in use. At the back of the seat should be a cord passing over a pulley and having a weight suspended from the end. By such an arrangement the person wishing to use the seat would draw it out, and keep it in place by sitting upon it. When no longer needed, the mere act of rising would release

the seat and it would be drawn back by the weight. Such a seat should have a stop to prevent it from being drawn too far out to give a secure bearing, and a sunken finger-catch, for taking hold of it in pulling it out and to save the inconvenience of a projecting handle. It is believed that this suggestion covers the ground contemplated by the law, and it has the merit of cheapness and convenience. Unless patented by some one before the 20th day of July, 1881, this form of counter-seat is to be considered as public property, and any one can use it without let or hindrance.

#### Novel Gas-producer.

IN the manufacture of iron rods and wire it is the custom to pass the iron through a bath of sulphuric or muriatic acid, to clean it and remove the scale formed in rolling. This results in a formation of hydrogen gas, which is suffered to escape, as a troublesome and hitherto useless by-product. From recent experiments, it appears the escaping gas may be caught and made useful. A loose-fitting hood is placed over the bath, dipping into the acid and making a sealed cap for catching the gas as fast as it is formed. The gas from this simple producer is led by a pipe to a well formed of iron pipe loosely filled with charcoal, over which water is allowed to trickle. This makes a washer for the gas, extracting the sulphurous acid or other impurities. It is then carried through a second well, filled with coke, over which a stream of naphtha, or gasoline, is flowing. This answers for a carburetter, and the gas thus cleaned and enriched makes a good illuminating gas. In the wire works in which the new experiments were first tried, twelve pickling baths gave four thousand cubic feet of gas per day. This was more than sufficient to light the works at night, and the surplus was burned under the steam boilers. From the reports obtained, the utilization of the by-product of the pickling vats appears to be a practical success, effecting a material saving in fuel and gas.

#### Electrical Soldering-Iron.

THE rapid introduction of electricity in all our large cities naturally suggests new applications of the current and new tools for making the heat, light, or power available in useful work. One of the most promising of these tools is an electric soldering-iron for use in tin-shops and at the jeweler's or mechanical dentist's bench. It consists essentially of two metallic conductors placed side by side, with a small space between them for insulation, and joined at the end by a small piece of platinum or other refractory substance having a high electrical resistance. A handle is provided, having the proper insulation and binding screws for the wires. A simple form of switch is also provided, for regulating the current. When the current flows through the tool, the platinum point is raised to a high temperature, and may be used to melt gold, silver, or solders. The idea is an excellent one, and appears to have been suggested by the Jablochhoff candle. It will, no doubt, be ultimately applied in a number of modifications to a wide field of useful work.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Republicanism. (Three Generations.)

#### FIRST.

'SQUIRE CECIL, at his high-arched gate,  
 Stood with his son and heir;  
 Around him spread his rich estate,  
 Near rose his mansion fair.  
 And when a neighbor, ragged, sad,  
 Unlearned, passed that way,  
 The father turned, and to the lad  
 These kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,  
 How thankful we should be  
 That our republic gives a chance  
 To fellows such as he!"

#### THIRD.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,  
 And swept in silken sheen;  
 Her courtiers thought a maid so bright  
 And beauteous ne'er was seen.  
 Aloft she held her haughty head,  
 Surveyed her Paris clothes;  
 "And I must patronize," she said,  
 "Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!  
 In Europe, now — but oh!  
 In this republic, we're compelled  
 To meet all kinds, you know!"

#### To a Critic.

My love is not as your love is,  
 Her eyes are brown, not blue;  
 Her ringlets rival jet itself,  
 Your love's are gold of hue.

My love is not as your love is,  
 She is a tiny thing;  
 Yours, Juno-like, steps stately by,  
 And men gaze, worshipping.

My love is not as your love is,  
 She sings at eventide;  
 Your love, with fair and placid face,  
 In silence doth abide.

My love is just as your love is,  
 She has a heart as true;  
 And my love—well, she loveth me,  
 And your love loveth you.

#### Aphorisms from the Quarters.

IT don't take no prophet to rickerlec' bad luck.  
 Dey don't hab no loafers in de martin-box.  
 De wire-grass lubs a lazy nigger.  
 Dar's right smart 'ligion in a plow-handle.  
 Twelve er'clock nebber is in a hurry.  
 Nebber 'pend too much on de blackberry blos-  
 soms.

Don't bet on a 'tater-hill befo' de grabblin' time.  
 Heap o' good cotton-stalks gits chopped up fum  
 'sociatin' wid de weeds.

Many a nice corn-silk winds up wid a nubbin in  
 de fall.

A chicken-roos' is de debbul's steel-trap, an' a  
 grassy corn-row is his flower-garden.

De mornin'-glories aint pertickler lubly to a man  
 wid de back-ache.

A sore-back mule is a poor hand to guess de  
 weight ob a bag o' meal.

A fork in a strange road don't make a man any  
 better Kwis'chun.

To-morrer's ash-cake is better'n las' Sunday's  
 puddin'.

'Taint easy to find a man dat kin git mo' 'tention  
 arter he's dead dan de Chris'mus 'possum.

Countin' de stars don't he'p de meal-box.

De man dat always takes de shortes' road to a  
 dollar, ginually takes de longes' road fum it.

All de jestic in de wul' aint fastened up in de  
 cote-'ouse.

A blind mule aint 'fraid o' darkness.

De dinner-bell's always in chune.

De wood-pile don't grow much on frosty nights.

A man dat pets a libe cat-fish aint crowded wid  
 brains.

De Pen'tench'ry's got some folks dat knowed how  
 to call horgs too well.

You can't spile a ripe punkin by 'busin' it.

De bullfrog knows mo' 'bout de rain dan de  
 olmanick.

De little backer-wum is de bes' fixed for hidin'.

De cheapes' way to he'p a man 'long in de wul'  
 is to pile up flowers on his tombstone.

Heap o' folks is like crawfishes; dey lub to back  
 water, but dey wont stan' no crowdin' for all dat.

Dar's right sharp good schoolin' in de tail ob a  
 'possum: nebber let go a thing long as dar's a  
 chance lef'.

'Simmons gwine take deir own time 'bout gettin'  
 ripe.

Some corn-stalks is like lots o' folks—dey fling all  
 deir power into de blades an' tassels.

You can't medger a nigger's wuk by de 'mount o'  
 singin' he does at de shuckin'.

A good 'possum-dog may tell a lie by accident,  
 but you can't proobe it on him ef de tree's holler.

De farmer dat nebber smells de day-break kin git  
 'long wid a mighty little gin-'ouse.

A fat mule an' a straight furrer.

De 'coon puts up de bes' fight; but de 'possum is  
 heap de smartes' an' is got de bes' edication.

WE have learned that the sonnet by Benjamin  
 Disraeli published in this department for June,  
 originally appeared in 1839, in Heath's "Book of  
 Beauty."